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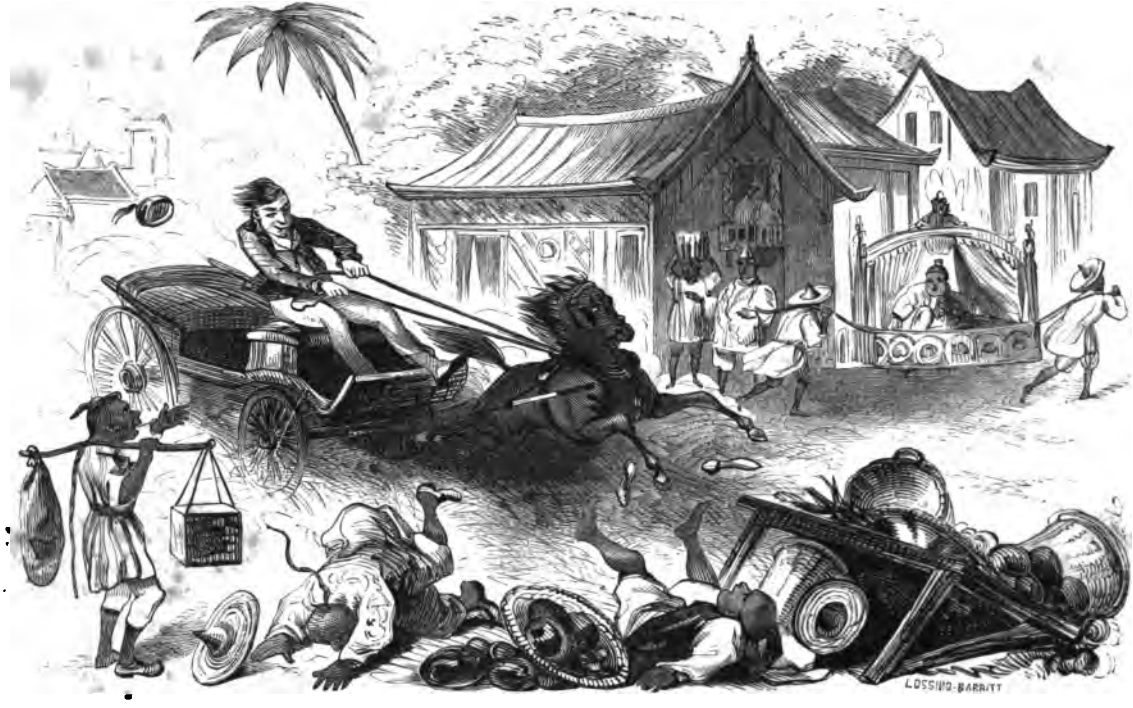

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& Adventures
OF
GILBERT GO AHEAD,
IN FOREIGN PARTS
WRITTEN by HIMSELF.
AND EDITED BY
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PREFACE.

THE following pages, recording the remarkable adventures of MR. GILBERT GO-AHEAD, in Foreign Parts, having been written by himself, have passed through my hands for revision only. My duty has mainly consisted in the correction of a few verbal errors, and occasional delinquencies in grammar. I have ventured also, to expunge some of the writer's colloquial and familiar plainness, and to substitute language more suited to the dignity and gravity of history. MR. GO-AHEAD, as he frankly confesses at the outset, is no scholar, and hence he will not complain that I have taken these liberties. I have, as far as I deemed proper, permitted the text to stand as it was, conceiving that a few sprinklings of the author's characteristic style, will augment rather than diminish the raciness of the narrative.

I feel bound to say, that some persons who

have looked over this work, have considered the whole story as partaking too much of the marvellous, for full credibility. For my own part, without pretending to vouch for every thing that is here written, I may be permitted to say, that all which Mr. Go-Ahead relates, is within the bounds of possibility—nay, when we consider the somewhat reckless and daring character of the adventurer—it does not outrage probability. If such a man were to go to the countries he speaks of—such accidents, incidents, and adventures as he describes, might certainly happen to him.

At all events, his descriptions of countries, scenery, manners, and customs, are strictly accurate, and may be safely trusted as such. As he carries the reader into portions of the world but little known, and yet highly exciting to our curiosity, I think the work may be safely commended to the lovers of amusement, mixed with instruction.

Peter Parley.

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THE ADVENTURES OF

GILBERT GO-AHEAD.

CHAPTER I.

The Beginning.—My Native Town.—My Birth and Christening.—First Start in Business.—The Clock Business.—A Crash.—Deliberations.—Start for China.—Bring up at Singapore.

As I am about to give an account of my adventures in foreign parts, and as I am a very plain-spoken sort of a man, it seems proper that I should begin at the beginning, and tell how I came into the world, and how I got my education. This will, I hope, furnish a good excuse for any want of skill in the manner of telling my story.

Several miles north of the city of New Haven, on the old road to Middletown, there is a broad, straight street, running over a sandy plain. It is decorated on each side with a row of Lombardy poplar trees, most of which are dead, half way down. Some are reduced to mere stumps, but they serve to make up the row. The houses are few and far between, mostly of a brown complexion, though some half-dozen were painted white in their early days.

Now, it was in the year 1827, on the 4th day of July, that the aforesaid poplar trees were planted by the patriotic and public-spirited citizens of Sandy Plain; and on that very 4th of July, as I have been credibly informed, I was born. Of

course, coming into the world in the midst of such stirring events, my mother expected great things of me, and by the time I was six years old, she had put it strongly into my head that I was destined to make a figure in the world. The poplar trees grew apace, and so did I. Not to go into particulars, I may say, that—by the time I was ten years old—in running a race, flying kites, snaring quails, and smoking out woodchucks, I went before any of my mates.

My family name was Gilbert, and I received the baptismal title of Joseph Head, after my grandfather by the mother's side. School-boys are always full of fun, and it was not long before my companions turned Jo Head into *Go-ahead*—a title which stuck to me very readily, as it was supposed to suit my somewhat heedless and adventurous character. As I grew up, it became, in fact, my principal title, and, by the time I was sixteen, my name was turned round, and the whole neighborhood called me *Gilbert Go-ahead*.

Thus impressed by early teaching, and by the very name I bore, with the idea that I was to do something in the world, I set forth from Sandy Plain, stocked with the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and, big with expectation, commenced my adventurous career. I was first engaged as a porter in a store on Long Wharf, in New Haven. My employers ran a line of packets to Charleston, South Carolina; and, at the end of six months, I made a trip in one of their vessels, called Ben Beecher, having in my especial charge two thousand corn brooms, one hundred barrels of potatoes, one hundred and sixty strings of onions, two gross of wooden buckets, nine pigs, and a three-year-old colt, together with a general cargo of yankee notions.

I managed the business greatly to the satisfaction of the several owners of the articles. I had no difficulty in getting employment of this kind, and, in the course of a few months, made three similar trips to Charleston. I next went as supercargo to the West Indies, on board the brig Scraper, belong-

SETTING FORTH FROM SANDY PLAIN. Page 10.

ing to the well-known firm of Dig & Pinch. On this occasion, I took out, among other things, four dozen clocks, made at Bristol, Connecticut, by Messrs. Turner & Lathem. These succeeded admirably; and, on my return, I had an offer from these gentlemen to go into the clock business altogether. This I accepted, and for eighteen months was occupied in selling these articles in the Southern States. Sometimes I sold a clock for cash, sometimes I exchanged for other articles, and sometimes I set one up, and agreed to come round in a year and take either the money or the clock. When the people had got used to one of these time-pieces, they felt lonesome without it: so I generally found setting one up was as good as a sale. I was in fact very successful, and at last had gained about one thousand dollars. This I lent to my employers, thinking it the safest way of investing my money; but fortune now came near playing me a trick.

One day, soon after I had returned from a southern trip, when I was crossing the bridge at Bristol, one of my friends met me and said, "Have you heard the news?"

"Not at all," said I; "what is it?"

"Why, they say the clock business is wound up."

"That's better than if it had run down," said I.

"I don't know that," said my friend. "The fact is that Turner & Lathem have stopped!"

I said little, but went to the establishment of these gentlemen, and found the story to be true. I plead hard for my money, but without avail. They finally offered me two hundred clocks; and, as I could do no better, I took them—as full payment for my loan of a thousand dollars. I now began to consider what was to be done; and, not having fully made up my mind, I went to New York.

As I walked along the wharves, I saw a vessel up for China. I immediately began to think of taking my clocks to that country. I had heard of some being sold there at fifteen or

twenty dollars apiece, and began to reckon up the money I should get from such a venture. "Two hundred clocks," said I, "at fifteen dollars apiece, will be three thousand dollars. I'll lay this all out in tea, and I'll get twice as much as I gave for it—that will make six thousand dollars. I'll work my passage out and back; so I'll have no expenses but freight, duties, &c. —call these one thousand dollars. That leaves five thousand, net and clear. This would be a nice sum, and would set me up in Sandy Plain. How proud father and mother would be, and how all the people would roll up their eyes and say, 'There, I told you so! That Go-ahead Gilbert has come back with five thousand dollars; anybody could see with half an eye that he was born to good luck. But how proud he is! He seems to think himself as tall as a Lombardy poplar.'" At the end of this soliloquy, I had made up my mind. "I will go to China!" said I.

No sooner said than done. At the end of eleven days, my two hundred clocks were snugly packed on board the Hong Kong, and we went out to sea. Nothing remarkable occurred on our voyage. After three months, we found ourselves at Singapore, an island at the southern extremity of a long peninsula which bears the name of Malacca. It is about thirty miles long. The climate is that of almost perpetual summer; and oranges, lemons, melons of various kinds, are abundant throughout the year. It belongs to Great Britain, which, by the way, seems to have got possession of many of the finest spots in these eastern countries.

On the south side of the island is the town of Singapore which is divided into three parts. In the center are the English merchants, with the public offices; to the west is the Chinese quarter, and to the east the Malay quarter. In the latter portions, the people are a strange looking set; living in slight huts or shanties, which appear as if they would be blown away by the wind. The Chinese are smooth, yellow, oily-

little fellows, just such as everybody has seen at Barnum's Museum. The Malays seem to be half savages. Their skin is a dark brown; their hair coarse and lank; their eyes small, black, and sparkling. Their dress is slight, often leaving the shoulders and chest uncovered. The younger children are naked. The English quarter of the place has some good houses of brick.

This town is a great stopping-place for vessels passing between India and China, and has intercourse, by means of trading vessels, with numerous ports along the Asiatic coast, as well as those in the surrounding islands. As our vessel remained here about a fortnight to refit her sails and rigging, which had been sadly damaged in a hurricane, I had opportunity to make inquiries, and finally concluded to stop here, and give up the idea of going on to China. I therefore had my clocks all taken out, and immediately entered on my plans for selling them.

CHAPTER II.

Description of Singapore.—Farther India.—Sumatra.—Borneo, &c.—Selling Clocks.—How to get a draught of Goat's Milk.—Bargain off a Clock to a Malay.—Serious Consequences.—All Right.—Quite a Trade.—Set out for Sumatra.—Arrival at Bencoolen.

Before I proceed farther, in an account of my travels, it seems proper to give my readers a brief description of the far-off region in which my strange adventures took place.

As I have said before, the little island of Singapore is at the southern extremity of the long, narrow peninsular of Malacca. To the north are several countries, such as Siam, Birmah, Anam, &c., bearing the general name of Farther India.

These countries are full of people; some in a savage and some in a barbarous state, and having many strange and barbarous customs.

South and east of these countries are a great number of islands, some large and some small. The island of Sumatra is about one thousand miles long, and lies south of Malacca. It is separated from it by the Straits of Malacca, which are twenty-five miles wide at the narrowest part. In passing through this channel, we could see the land on both sides; the mountains of Sumatra rising up like bluish clouds on the right, and seeming to mingle with the sky.

If the reader will consult any school map, he will get a clear idea of the various countries in Farther India, as well as Malacca, Singapore, and the Asiatic islands. To the east of Sumatra, at a distance of about three hundred miles, is the great island of Borneo. To the south of this, at the distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, is the interesting island of Java. There are numerous other islands to the east of these. They all lie near the equator, and some of them directly under it. The climate is nearly the same as that of the West Indies.

I remained about a month at Singapore before I could make up my mind what course to pursue. I sold a few clocks to the English settlers; but in general they were well supplied, and I found but a poor market among them. I went to see the Chinese and Malays, but most of them could not speak a word of English; and, besides, they did not understand the figures on the clocks, nor did they generally appear to care a fig for the time of day; they seemed to let the sun, moon, and stars take care of themselves, while they were occupied in their own concerns, indifferent to time and tide, night and day, wind and weather.

I have found that every kind of information sometimes comes in play. One of my youthful companions at Sandy Plain was deaf and dumb, and being sent to the asylum at

Hartford, learned the language of signs. Being often with him, I acquired some of these, and, one day, at Singapore, I found them of great use. Having one of my clocks on my back, I traveled to the eastern part of the Malay village. I went to a little house made of bamboo, and the weather being exceedingly hot, I approached the door and sat down. The proprietor, who was a short, lean, swarthy man, with no other dress than a striped cotton apron, came out, and seemed to bid me welcome.

"Speak English?" said I, bowing.

"Lakkawak, lakkawak!" said he.

"Well," thought I, "I don't understand lakkawak, so I must now try the universal language of signs." I was very thirsty, and concluded I would ask for some milk. So I imitated with my two hands the drawing of milk from the teats of a cow. The man seemed to understand me immediately. He laughed heartily, and ran off to a field, where he caught a goat by the horns and dragged it to me, as much as to say "help yourself!" I intimated by signs that he should perform the operation of milking. Instead of this, he called his wife, who seemed the exact counterpart of himself, only smaller and rather more fleshy. She soon drew some of the milk into a cocoa-nut shell cup, out of which I took my first draught of goat's milk. I may as well add that I found it very refreshing, though rather thin and watery.

I expressed my thanks as well as I could, and soon found myself on good terms with the Malay and his wife. I then unpacked my clock, wound it up, and set it going. My new friends looked on with wonder and curiosity; but I soon perceived that they did not at all comprehend what it meant. I pointed to the sun and described a vast circle in the air with my finger, meaning to say that it was a time-piece, intended to measure the progress of the sun around the earth. Both man and wife opened their eyes, and exclaimed, "Jig a jig!"

Immediately the wife ran to a corner of the house, where she pulled out a large, fat, frightful image, and set it before me.

It was easy to see that she had mistaken my clock for a god, and she was now proposing to swap her god for mine. This was a poser, and I declined the trade. Several other things were brought and offered to me in exchange; at last she produced about a quart of nutmegs, and three or four sheets of tortoise-shell, and we concluded a bargain. I was then invited to dinner; but, as I learned that it consisted of sago-soup, seasoned with a rat, I affected haste and went away.

I thought I had made a good bargain; but, two days after, as I was in the Malay town, my customer met me with a furious flourish of his fists. A mob collected, and I was speedily dragged to his house. It seems that the clock had run down, and the man accordingly thought his god was dead, which led him to conclude he had been grossly imposed upon. I was on the point of being torn to pieces, when a Malay sailor interfered. He knew a little English, and was acquainted with the use of a clock. He took the matter in hand, and began an explanation. "Rat-it-te-tat, bang-dong-ding!" said he, pointing to the clock. "Hong-kong-hak-tak-pump-pump!" said he, pointing to me.

He went on, apparently in a very eloquent style. At first the audience looked gloomy, but when the truth burst upon them, and the people understood that their neighbor had bought a time-piece instead of a god, they burst into a wild scream of laughter. Even Mr. Malay and his wife seemed to enjoy the joke. The mob dispersed, and I was allowed to depart; but, from that time, I was a marked man, and every time I appeared in the Malay village, I could see the boys and girls skulking away and snickering, and imitating the vibrations of the pendulum with their fingers, saying "tick-tick, tick-tick." I suppose that my name there is Mr. Tick-tick to this day.

At the end of a month, I had sold twenty clocks, for which I had received about fifty dollars in money, with lots of catechu, trepang, birds' nests for soup, sea-weed, tortoise-shells, pepper, and nutmegs. Some of these I traded off to the Chinese merchants, and others I sold to the British traders. I sold one clock for seven ivory gods, which I exchanged with a Chinaman for a chest of tea, which I swapped for feathers of the bird of paradise, and which I exchanged with an American adventurer for one of Colt's revolvers. This I kept; for, though I was a member of the peace society when I left home, in these wild countries, I concluded that the best way to keep peace was to be prepared for war.

Having got my business in a snug shape, I now determined to try my luck in Sumatra. I accordingly entered on board a Chinese junk, bound for Bencoolen, the capital of that island. She was loaded with pearl-sago, agricultural implements, arms, and various other articles manufactured by the Chinese at Singapore. She was a clumsy craft, but of considerable bulk, with three masts, and an enormous double deck. She was manned by about thirty sailors. During the voyage, I took the greatest pains to learn to speak Chinese, and very soon acquired many important phrases. This was necessary, as I was to travel in countries where many people understood this language. At the end of a fortnight, we passed the Straits of Sunda, which are about seventy miles wide, and separate Java from Sumatra.

We now turned northward, and at the end of another week were at Bencoolen. This lies on the western side of Sumatra, and is a well-built town, of twelve thousand inhabitants. It belongs to the Dutch, who hold a large territory here, and exercise a controlling influence over the whole of Sumatra. My adventures in this island were very curious, and deserve a chapter by themselves.

CHAPTER III.

Description of Bencoolen.—Pepper and Sneezing.—Camphor and Comfort.—A Chinese woman offers to marry me.—Battle with a Ram.—The Rajah of Mocomoco.—An Audience.—My first Speech in Public.—A Frightful Event.—Am taken into Royal Favor.—Going to Mocomoco.—The Queen and her Black Eyes.—Am Detained by the King and put in Prison.—A Fair Visitor.—Escape.—A Swift Ride.—The Hippopotamus Line.—A Tiger and a Boa Constrictor.

Bencoolen lies on the south-western side of Sumatra, and contains, as I have said, about twelve thousand inhabitants. It is smaller than Singapore; but, in some respects, it resembles that place. It was established and built by the British nearly two hundred years ago, but it was given up to the Dutch in 1825. Some few English remained, and a considerable number of Dutch are settled in the town. By far the greater part of the inhabitants, however, are natives of various tribes, mingled with Chinese. Most of the city is built on low ground, near the water, where it is said to be unhealthy; but a little farther inland is an immense fortification, called Fort Marlborough, on elevated ground, surrounded by country seats, where the air is cool and refreshing.

I took about a day to survey the town, deliver a letter of introduction, and get my clocks ready for distribution. "There's nothing like industry," said I, and so I was up early the second day, and, by twelve o'clock, I had sold six of them. I got my pay mostly in cash, but I was obliged to barter in some cases. At night, on looking over my affairs, I found I had taken about fifty dollars in money, a good lump of copper, a bag of sulphur, a lot of saltpetre, and about a teaspoonful of gold

dust. The next day I sold four clocks for two bags of pepper and a quantity of camphor. The former, as I moved it about, set me a sneezing, and then the dust got into my eyes and set me crying. A Chinese woman, who happened to see me at this time, asked me what was the matter. I pretended I was weeping to think of one of the girls I had left in Sandy Plain; whereupon, the said Chinese woman told me to stop crying, and, by way of inducement, offered to marry me upon the spot!

After I got over the pepper, I began to arrange the camphor, which reminded me very strongly of what happened in my youth; and I may as well tell it here. One of our neighbors had a villainous sheep, with an immense pair of horns. One day, as the latter was going by our house, I shook my fist at him; whereupon, he stopped, looked me full in the face, drew in his nose, and shook his head, as much as to say, "I stump you to a battle." I had no idea of a regular fight; but, by way of joke, I got down on all fours, and advanced toward the animal, drawing in my chin, and shaking my head as he had done. Quick as thought, the rascal bounded toward me, and, hitting me plump in the forehead with his pate, laid me sprawling upon the grass. I was taken up quite stunned, nor did I recover till I had been well rubbed with spirits of camphor. This incident now rushed upon my remembrance, though it had occurred fifteen thousand miles off, and a dozen years before. Thus it is that the memories of the past pursue us over the world!

In about a week I had supplied Bencoolen with clocks, and was casting about for some other market, when it chanced that one of the native chiefs of the island came to visit the Dutch governor of this place. He was the Rajah of Mocomoco, a small district about two hundred miles to the north. He was a yellow little man, with a flat nose, and long black braided hair. His upper teeth were filed to a point, and colored black;

his under teeth were encased in a plate of gold. He had a long robe or jacket, made of the inner fibre of bark, tied around the waist by a sash, in which were stuck a pair of pistols and a long knife, the stocks and handle being mostly of gold, and richly chased. He had a turban on his head, literally covered with pearls, there being one superb diamond in front. He was attended by about a dozen men, attired something like himself, though in a plainer fashion.

I had never seen a live king before, and it may be well supposed that I looked upon this specimen with great curiosity. I soon began to reflect that the patronage of this potentate would be important to my business in the clock line. It would be very well to be able to say, "that his highness Ram de Bang, the genuine, original, and sublime rajah of Mocomoco had taken, purchased, adopted, and patronized my clocks." The example of royalty, all the world over, is contagious. Who could refuse to buy my time-pieces after such an example? "And beside," thought I, "who knows but there is a chance to open a trade with Mocomoco, which may be useful to our country? This prince seems to have gold, and pearls, and diamonds about him in such profusion, that one may doubtless scrape them up in his country as easily as you can gather pebbles along the sea-shore. I may never meet with such a chance again. 'When it rains porridge, hold up your dish.' 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' 'One thing may as well be done as another,' as Sam Patch said when he jumped over Niagara Falls. 'Go it strong,' as David Crockett said when he hung to the tail of a grizly bear climbing a cotton-wood tree. 'There's nothing like trying,' as the monkey said when he used the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.' This reasoning was conclusive to my mind, and I was resolved to wait upon his majesty of Mocomoco without delay.

I dressed myself in my best black suit, put on my patent leather pumps, hired a Malay to carry one of my best clocks,

and proceeded to the quarters of the king. He was speedily informed that a stranger without wished to see him. In about half an hour I was permitted to enter. His majesty was seated upon a magnificent tiger skin, laid upon the floor. I made a low bow, putting my hands to my forehead, as I had seen the people do here. Ram de Bang looked mysterious. I caused the clock to be set before him. His majesty smiled, stretched out his hand, extended his forefinger, and waved it back and forth like the vibration of a pendulum, saying at the same time, "Tick," "Tick!"

"Your majesty is a philosopher, as well as a great king," said I, in the best Malay I could muster.

"Tick, tick; pully, pully; woolly, woolly!" said he.

"Your majesty is perfectly right," said I, though I did not fully understand what he said. I now proceeded in a very eloquent style nearly as follows: "That are clock, squire Ram de Bang, is a first-rate article, and I lay it at your majesty's feet, free gratis for nothing, though I shouldn't refuse one of them pearls in your excellency's cap, just by way of compliment. This clock is a real time-piece; it 'll go fifteen days in a fortnight, without winding up, besides telling the day of the month. It comes from the greatest country in the universe—the country of George Washington, Ben Franklin, and Sam Slick, who fit the Revolutionary War, druv out the red coats, and established the Fourth of July, as your majesty has no doubt read of in Peter Parley's Universal History. Proud am I, sire, to be the medium of communication between the Universal Yankee nation and the kingdom of Mocomoco. Accept, sire, this tribute of respect, and hand it down to the latest generations, that it was given to you by Gilbert Go-ahead, of Sandy Plain, New Haven county, Connecticut, aged 21 years, 6 months, and four days!"

It is not possible for the reader to understand fully the beauties of my speech, which was delivered mostly in the

flowing language of the Malays, and which, on account of its sweetness, is called the *Italian of the East.* At any rate its effect upon Ram de Bang seemed to be agreeable, for at first he opened his eyes, and then he shut them, and fell into a profound snooze. Perhaps the extreme heat contributed to the soothing effect of my eloquence.

The whole audience, except myself, soon followed the example of the rajah; and, not to be outdone in politeness, I sat down, stretched out my legs, and pretended to be asleep. A deep silence reigned over the scene for about ten minutes. The clock, which was standing in front of his majesty, went on ticking as if nothing had happened. Now you must know it was what is called an *alarm-clock*, and I foresaw that great events were near at hand. I had taken care to set the alarm so that it would go off in about fifteen minutes. At length the time arrived; Whur-r-r-r-r-r-r!—went the clock, as if it were suddenly taken with a fit. The effect was electrical; up jumped his majesty, and up jumped every one of his attendants. In a moment their blades and pistols were brandished in the air; every one cleared out from the clock, as if it had been a boa constrictor, or a crocodile. Two or three pointed their pistols at it in the most ferocious manner. His majesty seemed to divide his suspicion between me and the time-piece.

At last I waved my hand in a manner to request patience. I wished with all my heart that the clock would hold its tongue, but on it went in a most furious style. At last it stopped, and then I had an opportunity to speak. I was finally able to pacify the king and his retinue, and made them understand the purpose of the alarm. When his majesty fully comprehended the ingenious device, he smiled graciously, took off a superb diamond ring from his finger, and presented it to me. With many profound bows I took my leave, having found an opportunity before I went, to invite some of the officers present, to pay me a visit.

At the end of the week I had closed my business at Bencoolen, and shipped the remainder of my clocks for Acheen, a large town about five hundred miles to the north-west, and capital of the most considerable state in Sumatra. I had made arrangements to sail with them the next day, when two of Ram de Bang's officers called upon me, and gave me an invitation on the part of the rajah, to accompany him and his suite to his capital of Mocomoco. This request was too flattering to be refused, and in two days we departed. Our whole company consisted of about twenty persons, and four small horses, for the use of the rajah, his two principal officers, and myself. The rest went on foot.

We traveled near the sea-coast for a dozen miles, and then, turning to the north-east, passed over a hilly country, covered with small huts, and surrounded by plantations of pepper. We passed several streams, on the borders of which were numerous villages. The inhabitants appeared to be a mild and inoffensive race, spending a great part of their time in dozing in the shade of palm trees, mingled with their children: they seemed to me almost like flocks of sheep with their lambs, letting time slip by, thinking only of the demands of appetite. The weather was enchanting except that it was very hot in the middle of the day, during which period everybody seemed to go to sleep as we do at night in Yankee land. The moon was nearly at its full, and most of our journey was performed between sun-down and sun-rise. The scene around was strange, but beautiful. "This is a very curious expedition," said I to myself, fifty times. "Here is simple Gilbert Go-ahead, of Sandy Plain, in the state of Connecticut, who has got round t'other side of the globe, and here he goes as the friend and favorite of the king of Mocomoco, to pay a visit, by special invitation, to his capital." When I looked around upon the wild, dark group at my side—when I gazed upon the landscape, and observed trees and plants, strange and

unknown to the land of my birth—when I remembered that I was at least fifteen thousand miles from my home and my kindred—I felt a sadness, a sense of desolation, which drew tears to my eyes. But these soon passed away, and my natural cheerfulness returned.

After two or three days our road began to wind among hills. As we advanced these increased in elevation, and at last we were threading our way among mountains whose tops seemed to touch the clouds. The land was heavily timbered in the little valleys and gorges, but the peaks of the mountains consisted of bare and desolate rock, dark and brown like iron ore. We soon had crossed the mountain territory, and began to descend over a waving country to the north and east. We now met with villages, consisting of rather barbarous people, and at the end of ten days we reached Moc-Moc, or Mocomoco, which, however, is to be distinguished from the place of that name, lying in the western part of the province, and the sea coast. The rajah was received with great rejoicing by the people. On reaching his palace, which consisted of about fifty huts, joined together and covered with palm leaves, he passed through a long file of soldiers, who closed the ceremony with shouts and a prodigious banging of gongs, drums, and horns.

I stayed at this place about a fortnight, being kindly treated by the king, and introduced to his principal queen. The latter was veiled, but she permitted me to see one of her eyes, which was very black and pretty. I thought she winked at me, and supposing it to be the custom of the country, I winked back again. The next day the lady privately sent me four large pearls, with her compliments. "This is a great country," thought I, "where a man can get pearls just for winking his eyes at a queen."

I now announced that I desired to depart, but to my amazement the king informed me that he expected me to

remain at Moc-Moc. I assured his majesty I had no such intention, and must immediately take leave. Upon this the king rang a small hand-bell, and four stout fellows entered. In a moment I was bound hand and foot, and taken to a solitary prison made of stakes set in the ground, and covered with plank. Here I remained a whole week, without seeing a single person, my food, consisting of melons and figs, which were thrust into my room through an opening in the wall.

One night I was awakened from a sound sleep by a noise at my door. The bolt was drawn aside, and the door was softly opened. I perceived in the darkness that a slight female form entered.

"Who are you?" said I.

"It matters not," was the reply, "but listen. Do you desire your liberty?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, I give it to you on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you take me with you."

"And who are you?"

"The Queen of Mocomoco."

"The lady of the black eyes?"

"The same."

"Why should you go; you are a queen here—I am only a Yankee pedler."

"What is that?"

"I sell clocks."

"Bah! You are not a conjurer, then? You are not a prince—you are not of royal blood?"

"Not a bit of it, madam; I am only one of the people."

"What a fool I am!" And saying this, the lady slammed the door and departed.

I now made a great effort, broke the leathern strap about my feet, and left my prison. It was about midnight, and a

general stillness pervaded the city. I made a wide circuit, for fear of pursuit, and at last came to the bank of a river, which I afterwards learned was the Jambi. The stream was about a hundred yards in width. I was a good swimmer, and seeing what I took to be a rock, about half way across, plunged in, and soon reached that point. What was my amazement, as I sat astride of the seeming rock, to perceive that it was in motion. Its course was, at first, down the stream, the waters rippling and foaming around me as if I had been in a boat. I concluded that I was taken with vertigo, and that, at any rate, the safest way was to hold on. Pretty soon I perceived that I was carried toward the northern bank of the river. Holding fast to the mysterious object which bore me on, I speedily found myself carried to the shore. The wonder was now explained; I was mounted on the back of a hippopotamus!

"Well," thought I, "this is a streak of luck." I knew the creature was not vicious, and the best way was to ride as far as he was going my way. He trotted off at a good brisk rate, taking a northerly course, which was the direction in which I desired to go. It was rather hard holding on, as his back was round, and his shoulders worked up and down like a saw-mill. However, I hugged hard with my legs, and occasionally, in emergency, put my arms around his neck. Thus we journeyed on smartly for three quarters of an hour. I got some bad scratches from the trees and bushes, but as I traveled gratis, I could not find fault. Suddenly my companion came to a small lake, into which he plunged, rolling over at the same time, to make sure of getting rid of me. This left me imbedded in the mud, and I only escaped suffocation by a hard struggle. On the whole I can't recommend the hippopotamus line in Mocomoco, though it is cheap and expeditious, under some circumstances.

Morning soon approached, and I continued my journey.

A RIDE, GRÁTIS

The country was covered with patches of forest, and occasional spaces of thick matted shrubs and grasses. Among the latter were winding paths, formed by the wild animals that frequent it. I concluded that I had better remain here during the day, for the sake of security against the pursuit of the Mocomocoans. I had made myself a kind of bed at the foot of a tree, and was about sinking into a sweet sleep, when I heard a rustling in the bushes at a short distance. Looking before me, I saw a young tiger stepping softly through the grass. Suddenly a huge serpent sprung upon him, and wound him in its terrible folds. The tiger uttered one hideous yell, and expired. I did not dare to stir, but lay still until the serpent had strangled his victim and partially swallowed him. Thinking that his mouth was too full to allow him to think of me, I retreated and got out of the jungle as fast as my legs could carry me. For two days I pursued my journey in a northerly direction, toward the mountains, and began to hope that I should soon be able to reach the Dutch settlement of Pedang, on the western coast; but this expectation was not realized.

CHAPTER IV.

A dreary Situation.—My Stock in Trade.—The terrible Battas.—Gloomy Reflections.—I take Courage.—Meeting with a Monkey and his Friends.—A beautiful Night.—A Rencontre with Savages. I am taken into Captivity.—Strange adventures in a Cave.—Marvellous Escape.—Come to a Town and am surrounded by the People.

Having reached the top of one of the mountains, I found myself greatly fatigued. I lay down beneath the thick shade of some cedars, and feeling tolerably secure from immediate danger, soon fell asleep. After a long nap, I awoke, and began to consider my situation.

This was dreary enough. I had left Moc-moc in such a hurry as intirely to forget my bag of gold dust, my revolvers, my Sunday clothes, and many other articles of value or necessity; all the earnings of three months' labor, and the product of at least fifty clocks, were gone forever. I had lost my hat in my ride upon the hippopotamus, and one of my shoes had been left sticking in the mud. In searching my pockets, I found nothing remaining but a three-bladed knife, a small pair of pincers, a file, nine screws, half a yard of brass wire, a paper box of friction matches, the four pearls given me by the Queen of Mocomoco, three horn buttons, two yards of twine, sixteen percussion caps, an inch of lead pencil, and a brass locket with a braid of hair and a daguerreotype in it—the history of which I shall not give at present.

Well, was not this a sorry inventory for a man on the top of a mountain in Sumatra? At first, I laughed outright—for you must know that nature had given me a cheerful heart. But a man cannot live by laughing, and soon my mind took a more serious turn. "What am I to do?" said I. 'Twas a puzzling question. From my elevated position, I could see, far to the south-east, the country of Lampong, broken with mountains, and extending to the sea-shore. To the eastward of this, along the line of the coast, I could trace the faint images of settlements upon the borders of the river Moosee, at the mouth of which, some hundred miles off, lay the Dutch city of Palembang. To the west, my view was interrupted by mountains rising far above my head.

My desire was, as I have said, to make my way to Padang, a Dutch town on the western side of the island. From this place I thought I might easily go to Acheen, where my clocks had been shipped, and with these I could again try my fortune. But difficulties beset me on every side. The interior of Sumatra is seldom visited by white people, and is in fact wholly inhabited by the native tribes. Some of these I knew to be

very savage. I had heard terrible stories of the Battas, who make horrid feasts of prisoners, whom they roast and devour with great relish; of the Rejangs, who worship wild animals, and are addicted to many ferocious customs, and of other savage races, practising every kind of cruelty, especially upon strangers. I knew the recesses of the country to be infested, also, with wild animals, even more dangerous than these savages.

I spent nearly a whole day in considering what was to be done. I almost gave myself up as without hope, and lay down upon the ground, determined to make no effort for deliverance. But, after a time, I began to feel very hungry, and this brought me to my senses. I resolved first to get something to eat, and then to set out for Padang. In this extremity, I did not forget the good lessons my mother had given me; so I knelt down under a cedar tree, and prayed to God for help. It is very strange what comfort often visits the poor and desolate wanderer, from the feeling that there is One in Heaven who will listen to the prayers of his children. I felt new strength and courage, and began my journey, hoping to find some wild fruits on my way.

I descended the slope of the mountain, and soon reached a little narrow valley, filled with wild palm trees. As I was passing along, I suddenly heard a terrible cry, as if half a dozen Malays were shouting after me in the woods. I immediately skulked in the tall grass; but, before I had time to look around, I heard a rattling among the branches of a tree above me, and, instantly, a huge cocoa-nut came down bang, at my side! I looked up in the tree, and there sat a queer-looking little gentleman, gazing full in my face, and seeming to be laughing at me.

"Oh, ho! Mister Monkey," said I, "it is you making all this noise; well, well, I forgive you with all my heart, for you have sent me a capital supper." So saying, I picked up the

cocoa-nut, and, retiring to a little distance, crushed it, and made a hearty meal. Having done this, I returned to the tree, and beckoned to the hospitable monkey to come down and shake hands with me; but he set up a furious yell, and I saw three or four of his neighbors jumping, leaping, and swinging along the branches of the trees—all fixing their grinning looks upon me. Supposing they intended a united attack, and annoyed by their clamor, I bade them farewell, and, after some pretty tall walking, crossed the valley, and began to ascend the mountain before me.

The night was dark, except that the stars shone with a brilliancy unknown in New England. Most of them consisted of groups I had never seen before. Several of them looked three times as large as our Yankee stars, and, in fact, appeared like little glimmering moons. Aided by their partial light, I was able to continue my journey. In the morning I reached the top of the mountain, and had an unbounded view to the west. As the sun came up from the blue mist that covered the ocean, a scene of grandeur, which I cannot describe, was presented to me. In a short time, I was able to trace the mountain tops, that rose like huge elephants along the center of the island, and, to the west, I fancied I could discover, among various settlements, the town of Padang. I breakfasted on some cocoa-nut meat, which I had brought with me; and, after a nap of four hours, began to descend the mountains.

I had fancied that I might reach Padang in two days, but I soon found my progress more tedious than I had expected. The ground was exceedingly irregular; and, what had seemed to be a smooth slope, was, in fact, a series of rocky ridges, deep ravines, and a wild labyrinth of woods and thickets. The farther I advanced, the more intricate and confused was my course. At night, I was involved in a maze of trees and shrubs, surrounded by steepling rocks and jutting precipices.

The scene was indeed terrific; but I had no choice, and cast

about for some place where I might spend the night. I soon found an opening beneath a large rock, which seemed to be the entrance of a cave. I explored this for a short distance, and, having gathered some branches of large-leaved trees, I made myself a bed, and prepared for my repose. I was greatly fatigued, and fell asleep, but was soon awoke by the noise of several voices. Gazing around, I saw half a dozen wild-looking men entering the cave upon their knees, and passing very near to me. They disappeared in the recesses of the cavern, which, however, sent forth a lingering echo of their noisy conversation.

I remained silent for some time, and then concluded to steal away; I had proceeded only a few steps, however, when I was met by three other savages. They uttered a terrible shout, which called the men out of the cavern, and I was immediately surrounded and captured. I was taken into the cave, and a torch being lighted, I was examined with great wonder and curiosity. Their language was a wild jargon, and I could understand very little of it.

It seemed, however, that they were gold-washers, and lived among the mountains, to gather the particles of the precious metal, which they found in the sands of the little river, which rippled through the valley. They concluded to keep me for two or three days, when they would return to their village, and make a feast of me. I was, therefore, tied hand and foot, and laid in a remote part of the cave. My captors now occupied themselves in tying up their gold dust in little bags. They then ate their supper, put out the torch, and finally went to sleep.

With me, it was no time for repose. The horrible prospect of being roasted and devoured by these cannibals, filled my mind with horror. What could I do to escape such a dreadful fate? To break my bonds with a violent effort, and rush upon these men was my first project. Such a scheme, how-

ever, seemed altogether too desperate. I lay at least two hours, devising all sorts of plans; at last, I thought of my friction matches. "That's a bright idea of yours, Gilbert Goahead," said I; "you wasn't made a Yankee for nothing; 'necessity is the mother of invention.' These are very superstitious people, and I'll frighten them, if I don't give them a singeing."

The darkness was intense; yet, such was my excitement, that I could see the projecting angles of the rocks, and distinguish the prostrate forms of the enemy upon the floor of the cavern. With a tremendous effort, I broke the bark thongs which bound my wrists, and easily sundered those around my ankles with my knife. I now crept forward, like a cat, and placed a lighted match at the tail of each coat of the savages. These garments consisted of the inner fibres of bark, and were very combustible. I then retreated to a deep nook in the cave. Every match but one took effect. The scene that followed beat every Indian fire-dance that ever was heard of. First one jumped up, and then another, and another, till they were all on their feet; each looking like a two-legged comet, with a fiery train behind. Such a slapping, screaming, running, and jumping! I am very sorry to say that I could not help laughing at the scene. Luckily, it was soon over. In the space of a few minutes, the savages had cleared out from the cavern, leaving me in possession of the premises. I picked up their little bags of gold—deeming them a reward for the entertainment I had given—and put them carefully into my pocket.

Taking advantage of the darkness, I left the cavern, and, scrambling through forest and glen, found myself at a considerable distance from the scene of action as the dawn approached. For three whole days, I pursued my journey through the wilderness; keeping, as I supposed, in the direction of Padang. On the third day, I came to the open coun-

try, and saw several villages scattered along the banks of a river. I had little doubt that these belonged to the Dutch settlement, and that I should find myself safe among the people, whom I expected would be partially civilized. I therefore proceeded towards one of these places.

As I approached it, I noticed a great hubbub among the people. Everybody seemed to be racing and chasing about; men and women, girls and boys. Pretty soon I saw a long line of men issue from the town. These suddenly commenced running toward me, and I speedily found myself encircled by an army of at least three hundred men. These were mostly without weapons; but a few of them had clubs, knives, and pistols. They did not approach me at first, but kept at a distance, uttering wild cries, throwing up their arms, and performing all sorts of antics; at last, they all knelt down, put their hands to their foreheads, and bowed before me with an air of reverence!

"Oh, ho!" said I to myself, "those vagabonds of the cave have run away, and have told their story to these people, who take me for a fire-king. Well, there's nothing like luck. Who knows but what I shall turn out a rajah, and wear a turban sprinkled with diamonds. 'What can't be cured must be endured!'" Scarcely had I ended this train of reflection, when a new scene was presented.

CHAPTER V.

How I extricate myself from a difficult situation, and am named Fire Cloud.—Menankabow.—Products of Sumatra.—Description of the Malays.—Their Persons, Dress, Houses, Tools, Arts, &c.—The Village of Bang-de-Bang.—Rice, Pepper, and other Spices.—Sugar Cane and Camphor.—Mechanical Inventions.—I go on a Hunting Expedition.—A Beautiful Scene.

From what I had heard of the inhabitants of this part of Sumatra, I supposed the people who now surrounded me to belong to the State of Menankabow, which was once the most powerful in the island. This proved to be correct, as we shall see hereafter.

I conjectured, from their appearance, that the people around me were not very savage; I supposed they had heard the adventure of the men in the cave, and took me to be a sort of fire-witch. This idea was strengthened, when I saw two or three persons come out from the crowd, each having the hinder part of his coat or jacket burnt off for about six inches. These turned round, so as to show me what had happened, and one of them made a sign, as if his skin had got singed as well as his garment. I was glad to perceive that the sufferers appeared to be rather filled with reverence than revenge.

The people now began to advance, and the circle to grow smaller; this gave me some alarm, and I thought it best to establish my authority over the people. The season was hot, and the tall grass around was dry as tinder. I stood on a bare knoll, and was therefore safe from a stratagem I immediately put in practice. Seizing a handful of the herbage, I set fire to it with a match, whirled it wildly in the air, jumped

up three times, uttered an Indian war-whoop, and scattered the blazing stubble around. It smoked for a second, and then, in several places, the flames leaped up, red and hissing, like the tongues of so many serpents. In a short space, a wave of flame swept over the field on every side. No sooner did the rabble see the fire gliding toward them, than they scampered like sheep before a wolf, in all directions. In a few minutes, I was left alone on my hillock, complete master of the field!

After a laugh, hearty and long, I began to consider what was best to be done. "Shall I take to my heels and run away?" said I, "or shall I put on a bold face, and march into the village?" 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' 'Courage and luck are trumps that win every game.' "In short," said I, concluding the debate with myself, "as there's nothing else to be done, I'll march upon the village, and take it, or be taken myself."

I did not hesitate, but proceeded directly toward the river, along which the houses, erected upon stakes some ten feet high, were standing. Nearly the whole body of the rabble had gathered into their dwellings, and nothing could exceed the curiosity of the people, as they saw me approaching. As I came near one of the huts, I could see at least a dozen pair of eyes, peering at me from the doors, and holes left for windows. There were men, women, and children, of all sorts and sizes. I waited for a time, and then beckoned to one of the men to come down to me. He looked very shy, and so I sat down on the ground. After a time, he came out, put down his ladder, and with a very doubting air, approached me. I spoke to him in Malay, and he answered in a language so similar, that I readily understood him.

We now entered into conversation. Soon after several other men came out, and then I saw the women, and finally the children, coming down the ladders in all directions. I was shortly surrounded by a great number of persons, who seemed to gaze on me as a prodigy, at once interesting and

dangerous. At last, the principal men of the village came, and invited me to a sort of public reception. This took place beneath a long edifice, consisting of poles set into the ground, and covered with palm leaves. Here I was addressed in a respectful manner, and invited to take up my residence among the people. I was christened Fire Cloud, in their language, which I found to be a very respectable title. After the ceremonies, I had a hut assigned to me, of which I took immediate possession, and where I soon found myself very comfortable.

As I spent some weeks in this place, I had a good opportunity to study the manners and customs of the people, which are very curious, and of which I shall give some account. The country, as I had conjectured, belonged to the rajah of Menankabow. This state is less powerful than formerly, but it still contains several hundred thousand inhabitants. It is under the actual control of the Dutch settlement of Padang. Here the rajah resides a great part of the time, but he occasionally lives in his provinces, chiefly among the hilly country, bordering on the mountains. There are numerous villages, mostly in the low valleys, and generally along the banks of rivers. The houses are built upon stakes, partly to avoid the serpents, scorpions, and other venomous reptiles, and partly to be secure in times of inundation. The people are generally Malays, and are of a gentle character in the low and cultivated districts; in the mountains there are many savage and ferocious tribes.

Sumatra is a wonderful island, not only for the richness and abundance, but also for the variety of its products. It yields gold, copper, iron, sulphur, and naptha; it produces more pepper than all the rest of the world, thirty millions of pounds being annually raised; camphor, India-rubber, cocoanuts, bamboos, sugar, rattans, rice, coffee, hemp, various gums, and a great variety of grains, are abundant. A large part of the camphor, used throughout the world, is obtained here.

The people of Menankabow may be taken as a sample of the Malay population in general. They are small, thin, and dark yellow. The men have a light beard, and what grows, is carefully eradicated by quick-lime. The hair is jet black, and regularly anointed with cocoa-nut oil. Some of the higher rank are of a tolerably fair complexion; the eyes are very black and clear. On the whole, the forms and movements of the people exhibit great ease and grace—but the countenances are often rendered hideous, by having the noses flattened in infancy. Sometimes the mothers make the ears of their children grow out from their heads, like those of calves.

Their dress was originally woven of the inner fibres of bark, and this is still used to some extent. Cotton cloths, made in the European manner, are now common. The garments of the men are short drawers, a close fitting vest, and a cloak or coat, extending nearly to the knees, with a sash around the waist, in which a *kris*, or dagger, is worn. The head is covered with a small turban, or an umbrella hat, somewhat in the Chinese fashion. The women wear a bodice, long petticoat, and a cloak with long sleeves. The ladies wear gauze veils, ornamented with figures of filagree. Both sexes blacken their teeth, and file them to a point. The great men sometimes set the under row in plates of gold.

The furniture of the houses is very simple, chiefly consisting of fine mats, serving as beds, low tables, a few dishes of earthenware, with brass waiters and iron pans. There are neither spoons, knives, nor forks. The diet is mostly rice, sago, and fruits. The flesh of cattle and calves, goats and fowls, is eaten, usually seasoned with curry. There are some manufacturers of earthenware, daggers, cotton, and silk. In working gold and silver filagree, the people have great taste and skill; even in the remote village where I dwelt, there were several artisans, who produced beautiful articles.

I was quite astonished to see the simplicity and rudeness of their tools. Their instrument for wire-drawing, was a piece of an old iron hoop; an old hammer-head stuck in a block, served for an anvil. Two nails tied together at one end, answered for compasses. For a bellows, they blew through a long joint of bamboo. One day, when a considerable quantity of metal was to be melted, it was put into an old iron pot, some fire was kindled beneath, and four men, each with a bamboo in his mouth, lay flat on the ground, and blew away at the fire with all their might. Yet the ornaments produced by these people were exquisite. Some are sent to Europe and America, where they docorate the persons of fine ladies in the parlor and ball-room.

In many other things, these people are unskilful. They know nothing of either painting or drawing. Their only mode of curing diseases, is by charms and talismans. They have a musical taste, but their instruments are Chinese, consisting of pipes, guitars, drums, and gongs.

I have thought it best to give an account of the manners and customs of this strange people in one continuous sketch, and have therefore got a little before my own personal story. I spent some time in the village of Bang-bang, which, as nearly as I could find out, signified the Double City, as it consisted of two little promontories, jutting into a broad expanse of the river. The whole population was about seven hundred. At first, the people, as I walked about the streets, seemed to regard me with awe. The children would hide behind the trees or corners of the houses, and as they peered out, I could hear them say, "There goes Fire Cloud!" This shyness, however, wore off, and I was soon on easy terms with the whole neighborhood, and engaged in most of their sports and many of their occupations.

Their rice fields, or *sawahs*, consist of low wet grounds, which are trod into a kind of pudding, by turning in buffaloes,

which are here used instead of oxen. There is some upland rice, the ground for which is turned up with a sort of pickaxe, or rude plough. The rice plants are first struck in good soil, and then transplanted to the fields, and set out in rows; this being done in showery weather. The product is immense—one seed sometimes producing a hundred and forty-fold.

Among the various spices of Sumatra, the most important is that of black pepper. This grows on a kind of vine, which attaches itself by small fibres to other bodies, like the English ivy. It has large, heart-shaped veiny leaves, with long slender flowers, succeeded by the berries, which we call pepper-corns. White pepper is the same product, picked early, soaked and dried in the sun. Two crops are produced in a year. The pepper is cultivated in gardens, carefully cleared of weeds. Great pains are taken in watering the plants.

Another kind of spice is the betel-pepper, which resembles the black pepper, though the leaves, flowers, and seeds are much larger. It is used in various ways, and is esteemed a necessary of life, among all the nations of Southern Asia. The leaf is chewed to create a kind of intoxication, not unlike that produced by smoking tobacco. The leaf, as well as the seed, mixed with lime and the *areca* nut, is chewed by everybody,—men, women, and children. The people carry this ingredient constantly about with them, and serve it to their guests on all occasions.

The prince offers it in a gold stand, and the poor man in a brass box, or matte bag. Many of the betel stands are very curious and costly, containing various small vessels, for holding the nut, the leaf, and the *chunam*, or quick-lime. Great ceremony attends the presentation of the betel. To omit giving it, or to reject it, when offered, would be a gross affront. It is a point of etiquette for a poor man always to taste the betel, before he speaks to his superior. I tried this

mixture several times, but it seemed to scald my mouth, and made me so giddy I could scarcely stand. Yet children of half a dozen years, being used to it, took it freely, and seemed to relish it mightily.

Sugar-cane is cultivated to some extent, but only for chewing so as to get the sweet juices of the plant. Hemp is grown, and made to yield a liquor which imparts a kind of intoxication, which often amounts to a trance. Some persons live nearly half their time under the influence of this delirium.

In the forest, there are a great many valuable kinds of trees, among which, the most remarkable is the camphor tree. From this, both camphor gum, and camphor oil, or pitch, are taken. I went into the woods with the camphor hunters, several times. It is not every tree that produces the gum, and therefore deep incisions are often made in several trees before any gum is found. In one instance, we cut down a tree, fully six feet in diameter, and got out of it twenty-two pounds of gum. We found it extending through the heart of the tree in masses as thick as a man's arm.

I paid considerable attention to the various manufactures. I was able, from my Yankee ingenuity, to introduce several improvements. I built a regular work-shop for one of the goldsmiths, in which I constructed a bellows, according to our fashion. It worked admirably, and made a roaring blaze. All the people came to see it, and every body said it was a wonderful invention. The workmen were, however, evidently afraid of it. They said it might do for Fire Cloud, but it was too much like thunder and lightning for them. They, therefore, refused to use it, and went on puffing through their bamboo tubes.

After staying at Bang-bang about four weeks, I became very anxious to pursue my journey to Acheen. I found, however, that the people were very unwilling to have me leave, and Mattey, the chief magistrate, declared that I was too useful to be permitted to quit the place. He offered me

a wife, a house, a horse, four earthen dishes, a brass saucepan, an iron pot, two pigs, and a small rice plantation, as inducements to remain. My situation was again somewhat embarrassing. The distance to Acheen was several hundred miles through a rugged country, entirely without roads, and occupied by villages of barbarians, or covered with forests, abounding with wild animals. I determined, nevertheless, to depart as soon as I could find a good opportunity.

One day, I went with a party of about six men upon a hunting expedition, our design being to remain several days in the mountains. The hunters had bows, arrows, and spears, and two of them had old rickety fowling-pieces. As I was always on the watch for a chance to run away, I took what little property I had with me, consisting of five ounces of gold dust, some beautiful specimens of filagree ornaments, and my four Mocomoco pearls. I had also adopted the Malay dress, even to the turban, and being pretty well browned by exposure to the sun, I hoped to be able to make my way as a native of the country, through any of the unsettled districts I might have occasion to pass. I had a long keen dagger in my belt, and was provided for the hunt with a spear, bow, and quiver of arrows. I had also six friction matches, which I esteemed, on account of former success, more important than all the rest.

We took our course to the north, through a long narrow valley, and, after traveling some twenty or thirty miles, turned toward the mountains. These consisted of long ridges, rising one behind the other, between which were valleys, burthened with heavy forests. Passing two or three of these ridges, we came at last to the most beautiful spot I ever beheld. It was a deep vale, shaped like a bowl, about five miles in diameter; the blue mountains rising aloft in the sky, inclosing it on all sides. In the center was a lake, covered with a thin pale mist; as we looked down upon it from the heights, several cataracts,

appearing like ribbons of silver, leaped into it from the shaggy sides of the mountains.

The higher peaks were darkened with cedars and pines; a little lower down were forests of camphor, mango, and Malay apple trees, with many others, whose names I did not know. The level bed of the valley seemed overspread with palms, and the whole air was filled with perfumes. Parrots of various forms and hues, doves of many colors, yellow-billed cuckoos, golden pheasants, and a variety of other gorgeous but nameless birds, sang or fluttered among the branches of the trees; at the same time, the air seemed filled with troops of brilliant butterflies and other insects. The mingled wildness and beauty of the spot, without human inhabitants, and the dwelling-place only of untamed birds and animals, rendered it exceedingly interesting.

CHAPTER VI.

Rare Sport.—The Lake.—Curious Game.—Elephants.—A Paradise of Birds.—Battle between a Crocodile and Tiger.—I meditate an Escape.—Meet with a Horrid Monster, and make a Curious Acquaintance.—Pursue my Journey, and am pursued.—How I was saved from a Tiger.—James Grinnel.—Am taken Ill, and have a remarkable Nurse.—Meeting with an Elephant.—Make Friends with him, and take a Journey on his Back.

We reached the beautiful valley just at the break of day, and our hunting immediately began. It was rare sport, for the animals were very numerous: my first shot was with the bow at a golden pheasant. The bird was standing near me, and, so far from being afraid, he began to strut, and spread his tail and feathers, just like a peacock. The creature seemed

to think that I was a stranger, and must needs be delighted with his gaudy attire. After he had gone through his pantomime, I gave him the arrow, which passed entirely through his body. My next shot was a wild-cat, without any tail; I brought him down from the branch of a tree, but he was only stunned, and, as I picked him up, he gave me a scratch, and ran off.

In an hour, our party collected for breakfast. We had altogether six pheasants; one wild-cat, without a tail, and one with a tail having six knobs upon it; one small deer, and three tupayas, resembling large weasels. My readers may imagine that I am telling a mere fancy story; but, if they will read an account of Sumatra, they will find that many strange and peculiar animals inhabit the island, including all the species which I describe.

After our meal, we descended into the lower parts of the valley; the scene here became still more interesting. The palm trees grew in groups, with openings between, giving the place the aspect of a garden. The lake lay shining and smooth before us; small flocks of water-fowl were seen gliding upon its surface, and long-legged birds, of the heron kind, stood around its margin, either looking into its crystal waters for fish, or perhaps dreaming of pleasures past and to come. This general aspect of repose was broken in the distance by three or four tapirs, which seemed to be basking near the shore. Their long noses, extended nearly like the trunk of an elephant, were thrust out, sometimes sending the water in columns into the air. When they saw us, they ran to the shore, and disappeared in the woods. They had the general appearance of hogs, but were as large as small cattle.

This whole region seemed to be teeming with animal life. We saw the tracks of rhinoceroses in the soil, of which, there are two species here. Not long after, we caught a glimpse of one of these enormous creatures, but he did not permit us to

approach him. We found paths, winding about among the trees, made by the wild animals which come to the lake to drink. In one of these places, we found the tracks of elephants. My imagination was now greatly excited. In my native state of Connecticut, I had never seen a wild animal larger than a woodchuck; it therefore produced in my mind very strange emotions to be in the midst of a country, where I knew myself to be surrounded by troops of these enormous quadrupeds.

As we proceeded, we constantly met with flocks of doves of splendid colors—the argus pheasant, elegant in form, and even surpassing the peacock in richness of plumage, with troops of warblers, thrushes, and fly-catchers, singing and fluttering on every side. It really seemed as if I were in fairy-land, and I thought to myself how charming it would be to spend a whole life in this valley! Just as my mind was filled with these thoughts, I saw the water of a little river at my side suddenly become agitated. Immediately after, the long head and glassy eyes of a crocodile were poked out towards me; with its huge, open jaws, the creature leaped to the land, and made a dash at me; I jumped quickly aside, but his bound carried him into the midst of my companions. At the same moment, a tiger issued from the bushes, and made a spring towards them. This double attack was too much, and, uttering a terrible yell, they all scampered off. I was left alone, and, thinking my time for escape had come, I took to my heels, and ran away in an opposite direction.

Shortly after, I paused to take breath, when there appeared before me, the most horrible spectacle I ever beheld. An enormous serpent stood in my path; its head elevated to the height of six feet, while its eyes glared, and its forked tongue threatened me like a small red flame. The scales behind its neck rose up, and assumed the color of polished gold: it was, at once, superb and terrible. For a moment, I thought it

must be the Evil One, and it crossed my mind, that here was the garden of Eden, which was still inhabited by the tempter of our first parents.

But after a few moments, my panic passed away, and drawing my bow, I sent an arrow at the serpent, which entered his throat, and passed out just below his scales. The creature took the hint, and immediately wound himself off through the bushes. I thought it best to leave the beautiful regions around the lake, and made my way toward the hills in a direction opposite to that in which I had come. I soon approached an elevated knoll, upon the top of which were three small palm trees.

It was now very hot, and being much fatigued, I determined to pause here for rest and repose; but as I came near the place, I saw what I conceived to be an old man sitting on a log beneath the trees. We did not see each other, till I had come within twenty feet of him. When he saw me, he started, and made two or three bounds, as if to run away, but he suddenly fell to the ground, and seemed too feeble to arise. I perceived, at once, that it was an orang-outang, and that for some cause, he appeared to be extremely weak. At first, I prepared to pierce him with my spear, but the creature looked at me in a kind of beseeching way, and I ventured to go near him. He grinned at me fiercely, and threatened me with his long, hooked fingers. His right arm hung by his side, as if it were broken and useless.

I approached the creature gently, and he soon became pacified. He looked so much like a human being, that I could hardly think of treating him like a beast. He had a piteous and melancholy expression of face, and it really seemed as if he were about to speak, and implore my assistance. After gazing at him for some time, I went to the palm trees, and sat down. In a few moments the creature followed, and taking a station about four yards off, sat down also. I

now gave him a piece of broiled fish which I had in my bag; this he took in his hand and ate greedily. This seemed to establish a good understanding between us.

I now stretched myself out in the shade, and my friend Orang did the same. After two hours, I got up, and walked away. I had been gone about half an hour, when, as I was walking in the woods, I heard something behind me. I turned around, when behold, my new acquaintance was there! He grinned from ear to ear, which I suppose was meant for a smile, and at the same time pointed to his lame arm with a look of distress.

I approached him and feeling of it, saw that one of the bones was broken just above the wrist. I immediately prepared to perform the surgical operation of setting it. I cut a number of small sticks which I reduced to the form of splints —these I placed around the fractured limb, and tore a piece of cotton from my shirt, which I placed over them. I then secured the whole with a cord. It was evidently that I gave the creature some pain, and two or three times he uttered a snappish growl, or grunt. But it was plain that he placed confidence in the operation, and he only meant his ejaculations as expressing a desire that I would hurt him as little as possible. When the whole thing was arranged, he held up his arm, and after examining it carefully, seemed to approve of what I had done.

It was now near sunset, and being anxious to get rid of my patient, I made a gesture to signify that he should leave me. I then proceeded up the hills, still involved in the forests. I continued to travel till near midnight, for the moon was shining with great brilliancy, and I could find my way almost as well as during the day.

I was not a little disturbed, however, to perceive a dark figure in my rear, keeping at the distance of about fifty paces. Sometimes, it assumed the form of an aged man, bent with

years, and sometimes, it had more the appearance of a quadruped, ambling along upon three legs. It was, of course the orang-outang, who had conceived a violent friendship for me. It is said that love begets love, and accordingly I began to feel an affection for this poor beast. I therefore stopped, and he soon came up. I determined to keep him with me as long as I remained in the forest, thinking that he might perhaps be useful.

I now began to make preparations for the night, by gathering some leaves and branches of trees. Having made myself a bed, I prepared another for Orang. I then gave him a broiled fish, and a piece of sago bread. When he had eaten them, I made a sign for him to lie down, which he did, first, scraping up a bunch of leaves for a pillow. Having made my supper, I also retired, and was soon asleep.

It was not long before I was awakened by a rude shake of the shoulder. Opening my eyes, I perceived that my companion was in great alarm, and had consequently disturbed my repose: I turned my eyes to the point at which he was gazing in great terror, where, beneath the thick bushes, I saw two eye-balls glowing like coals of fire. I could also perceive the outline of a tiger, crouching, as if about to spring upon me. Quick as thought, I lighted one of my matches, and applied it to the dry leaves of my bed. As the blaze rose in the air, the tiger slunk away, and my friend Orang uttering a sound between a whistle and a scream, disappeared also. I remained by my fire till morning, and then proceeded on my journey.

My way was now between the ridges of the mountains, yet I made considerable progress. I journeyed several days, when at last, I felt very weary. I had also some symptoms of fever. Fearing that I was going to be ill, I looked about for a shelter, which I soon found in one of the numerous caverns of a mountain. I made myself a bed

with some difficulty, and lay down. In a short time, I was under the influence of a raging fever. My mind wandered, and I became incapable of rising. Though bewildered in mind, I became conscious that I was attended by a nurse.

Somehow or other, I seemed to be at Sandy Plain, and in my delirium I fancied my attendant to be no other than James Grinnel, son of the toll-gate keeper, and one of my companions. We used to call him *Grin*, and falling into my old habits, I bestowed that title upon my nurse, Orang. He several times brought me water in a cocoa-nut shell, which I believe saved my life. In three days, I began to get better, and at the end of a week, I was able to resume my journey. I had now adopted Grin as my servant, and felt myself to be traveling in considerable style.

Keeping a north-westerly route, and avoiding the villages, which I could see on the lower plains, I pursued my journey steadily for about twenty days. I was now satisfied that I was in the Acheen country, and was very anxious to get down to the coast, so as to avoid the terrible Battas, whom I have already mentioned. But it often happens that we plunge into the very dangers we are seeking to avoid. One day, as we were traveling through a wooded glade, lying between two mountain ridges, we came suddenly upon an elephant, not twenty paces from us. I turned aside; but the animal saw me, and immediately pursued me. I soon reached an open space, with a single tree near the middle of it. I ran across this space, and mounted the tree. The elephant came up instantly, and, putting his tusks against the trunk, shook it violently. I lost my hold, and was suddenly jerked to the ground.

I gave up all hope of escape, expecting to be trodden to death by the enormous beast. To my utter amazement, the animal stood quite still, putting out his trunk toward me in a very respectful manner. Altogether, his look seemed to say

that he was quite sorry for what had happened. After a short space, he suddenly twined his proboscis around my waist, whirled me in the air, and set me down astride of his neck. Having waited a few moments, he started off at a tolerable pace. He kept his trunk turned up, as if to catch me in case there was danger of my falling.

Striking into one of the paths of the forest, he proceeded more rapidly—Grin keeping up, with some difficulty, behind. This creature sometimes went on two legs, and sometimes on all fours, for his arm was now quite recovered. He seemed in excellent spirits, and I concluded that it was all right, though I had no idea how this droll adventure was to end.

In about an hour we had descended from the mountains, and now reached a low valley; at a short distance, I saw quite a settlement standing on the borders of a river. The elephant made straight for this place, and, just as we entered the town, Grin jumped up behind me, and held on with both arms by my waist.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at a village of the Battas.—Battle between Grin and the Boys.—Continuation of our Journey.—An unexpected Dinner.—A Terrible Adventure.—I am taken by Mountain Robbers.—Preparations to eat Me.—Help from an unexpected Quarter.—Escape.—Arrival at Acheen.—Great Reception.—Fate of Poor Grin.—Description of Acheen.

The village into which I was carried consisted of about one hundred and fifty people. Like all the towns and villages in Sumatra, it was built upon the banks of a river, and, as I afterwards learned, belonged to the kingdom of Acheen,

which occupies the north-western coast of the island. The great mass of the inhabitants belong to the tribe of Battas, who are, at once, the most civilized and the most ferocious people in these regions.

My triumphal entry into the village, mounted on an elephant, with Grin squatting behind me, speedily drew the attention of the people in the streets. A shout ran from shanty to shanty, and a mob of men, women, boys, and girls was soon collected in my train. The elephant took no heed of this, but plodded straight on. Grin, however, seemed to be somewhat uneasy, for one of the boys hurled a stick at him, which whizzed very close by his ears. He therefore turned round, and stood upon all fours, and faced the rabble with an indignant countenance.

This was bad policy, for it provoked a general assault; at least a dozen boys and girls began to pick up sticks and throw them at him. One of them struck Grin across the ears, which seemed to be an insult not to be endured. Quick as thought, he leaped from the elephant, and fell in the very midst of the young assailants. Giving a cuff to the little rascal who had thrown the offensive missile, he sent him reeling to the ground; he then bounded forward, and, at one spring, was again seated upon the elephant.

But a storm of sticks and stones immediately followed, and Grin, like an able general, saw the necessity of rapid retreat. He accordingly made three or four scratches in the thick hide of the elephant, which seemed to be perfectly understood by that sagacious animal. He flapped his enormous ears, brandished his little tail, and then fell into a walloping trot, which soon left the village and the enraged rabble in the distance.

For at least six hours we continued at a round pace, following a pretty straight course to the north-west. If we deviated, it was to avoid some mountain range, some marshy thicket, or impenetrable forest. It was quite obvious that my conductor

THE ATTACK OF THE BATTAS UPON GRIN. Page 50.

was acting upon some settled plan. What this might be, I could not exactly determine; for, though I could talk Malay and Chinese, yet I had not acquired the language of elephants.

However, one thing was very clear, this huge beast was traveling in my direction, and, for some reason or other, he liked my company. I had heard that the Acheenese, who are a very ingenious people, had succeeded in taming elephants, and making them useful as beasts of burden; and I thought it very likely that my four-footed friend was one of these, which had strayed away, and was now returning to his master. It will be seen in the end that this conjecture was partially true.

We proceeded on our journey till late in the afternoon, when the elephant stopped in a little valley, shaded with palm trees. He then put up his trunk, evidently inviting me to descend, which I did. Grin followed my example. The elephant went to the bank of a river near by, and, plunging in, walked and rolled about, occasionally spouting columns of water into the air with his trunk, as if it were the pipe of a fire-engine. After bathing for half an hour, he came to the land, and made an enormous dinner of the large succulent leaves and plants that grew along the margin of the stream.

Grin mounted a cocoa-nut tree, and speedily threw down a large nut. This I appropriated to myself. He, however, descended, and threatened to take it from me. For a moment, I expected a serious battle; but when the fellow saw my glittering blade ready for the encounter, he paused, then turned suddenly away, mounted the tree again, and having provided himself with another cocoa-nut, crushed it upon a stone, and quietly made his meal by himself.

Overpowered with fatigue, I speedily fell asleep, and for a long time was buried in repose. At last I was awakened by wild shrieks, which filled the whole forest. It seemed to be midnight; yet, though there was no moon, the brilliant stars

spread a faint light over the scene. By this, I saw, at a little distance, about a dozen dark figures wrestling with my friend Grin. He seemed to have wrenched a club from one of his assailants, and was laying about him with uncouth but ferocious menaces.

The men stood aloof for a moment, and Grin, seizing the golden opportunity, bounded through the ring and fled. In his escape he passed near to me, which instantly drew his enemies upon me. Before I had time to form any plan, either of escape or defence, I was attacked, thrown to the ground and pinioned, with knees upon my chest, and rough hands at my throat.

I was very speedily bound with strong cords, fastening my arms to my sides. I was then permitted to rise, and forced to come along with my captors. At a little distance we found the elephant, which, it seems, they had entrapped, and fastened to a tree by a cable around one of his hind legs. The creature appeared utterly subdued, and when they placed a noose around the end of his trunk, drawing it smartly, so as evidently to give him pain, he still made no resistance.

The language of these people I did not fully understand; but, as they kept talking with each other, I was not long in comprehending my position. My captors were a band of Batta robbers, who infested the mountains. It seems they had made an expedition into the country around the city of Acheen, and besides carrying off a large amount of gold, silver, jewels, and other goods, had stolen an elephant from one of the rich planters, and forced him to carry them away into the mountains. I was now able to understand the whole story of the elephant, which I had met in the woods, and which had brought me so far on my journey.

It seems the creature, after being taken and carried away, had escaped from his captors, and wandered in the wilderness for some time. When he met me, his social disposition and

domestic habits led him to become my companion and friend, It appeared also, from the conversation I heard, that Grin had been partialy tamed, and had taken advantage of some good opportunity to escape into the woods. His wound in the leg made him docile, and returned him to his old habits of submission, when he fell in with me.

While I was thus able to read the story of the elephant and orang-outang, I was at no great loss to understand the fate to which I was destined by my present masters.

It may seem incredible that any human beings can be so ferocious as to east the flesh of their own race, but the fact is certain, that this was once a common practice with the Battas, a people living in the kingdom of Acheen, and occupying the north-western part of the island. Every man guilty of certain crimes was doomed to be eaten alive. At the ceremony, the officers of justice presided, and the person most injured cut the first slice, seasoning it with salt, pepper, and citron. Finally the chief magistrate cut off the head, and carried it away in triumph.

This custom has been abandoned by the more civilized Battas, but I knew it to be still practised by the wild hordes of the mountains. If I had entertained any doubts, they would have been dissipated by what I heard, for I was able to gather from the chattering around me, that my captors were only waiting till night, when they intended to have their horrid revel.

I was left, bound hand and foot, during the day, and the elephant also continued tied to his tree, though at a considerable distance. My situation was indeed most appalling. After the robbers had slept several hours, they began to prepare for my execution. They arranged a rude table or platform of dried sticks and logs, beneath a thick, massy group of cocoa-nut trees; this I knew was intended for the feast, and here, I was to be roasted and served up for the meal.

The night at last set in, and a blazing fire was kindled near by. As the plot thickened, I saw the savages dancing, strutting, and making wild gestures around the festal board. At length, I was taken from the ground and carried to the pile of sticks. I was so firmly tied as to be utterly helpless. I had given up all hope, and made no resistance. Being laid on the platform, the savages seized some of the blazing faggots, and, brandishing them over me, again began their horrid dance.

At this moment, I heard a rustle in the cocoa-nut trees above me. Looking up, I saw, reflecting the glare of the fire, a fierce countenance, horrible to look upon. I thought, at first, that I was losing my senses; but soon I discovered that the hideous image was no other than Grin. He sat couched on his legs, with an enormous cocoa-nut in his hands. I can hardly tell why, but the presence of this creature inspired me with a gleam of hope.

I made a slight movement to try the strength of the cords that bound me. It seemed to me that I had the power of Samson, and I determined not to yield my life without an effort. Slipping one of my hands loose from my side, I was able to get my knife, which was hid in the leg of my trowsers. I had only time to cut the cords which bound my feet, when the savages came around me, each armed with a long glittering blade. One hideous looking fellow, apparently the chief, glared on me as if he longed to begin his feast.

"So," thought I, "you are to have the first slice: we shall soon see how this will end." The robber stood a moment preparing to strike his blow, when suddenly a terrible noise, half howl and half scream, burst from the trees. Then fell a huge cocoa-nut, plump on the head of the chief, dashing him to the ground. At the same time, a gigantic figure was in the midst of the astonished group, yelling and sweeping about with ferocious gestures. The scene was too frightful and too unaccountable for the nerves of the Battas. They, naturally

enough, imputed these sudden events to supernatural agents, and fled in uncontrollable terror into the woods. I soon cut my cords, released the elephant, mounted his back, and, with Grin behind, we departed.

My sagacious carrier seemed perfectly to understand the whole matter. Dark as it was, he threaded his way in the woods, choosing the open glades, and spreading out his legs into a kind of rolling gallop. He kept his trunk turned back for me to hold on by. As to Grin, he let him take care of himself. The poor fellow was several times swept off by the bushes, and, when this happened, I fancied I could hear a gurgling laugh in the huge bowels of the elephant.

By daylight, we had entered upon the open, level country, and I could now see the ocean, spreading far to the north. By noon, we reached a broad river, and I could discover a large town, on the opposite bank. In plunged the elephant, and, first walking, and then swimming, like a hogshead, he brought us to the other shore. In a few minutes, we were in the main street of Acheen; and, once more, I was safe among a people who acknowledged, in some degree, at least, usages of civilization.

Our arrival caused no little emotion among the Acheenese. When my adventures were made known, I became quite a hero. Hundreds of people came to see me; among whom, were the king and one of his fifty wives. The owner of the elephant soon claimed his property, but he had the grace to give me a kriss, or dagger, beautifully wrought, and set with a circle of rubies at the hilt. Its value was, at least, a hundred dollars. As to poor Grin, I put him in charge of the captain of the American ship, Bald Eagle, lying at the mouth of the river, some twenty miles from the city, for the stream is so shallow as to allow none but small vessels to come up to the place.

I gave special directions to have him carried to an old

maiden aunt of mine at Sandy Plain, begging her to take care of him for my sake. I wrote a full biography of him; told all his good qualities, and, as she was a very good Christian woman, I fancied that she would take a deep interest in his welfare. My aunt had a small property, and it was generally thought she would leave it to me. I had been accustomed to cultivate her favor, and fancied this present of an orang-outang would advance me greatly in her good graces.

But we often make mistakes where we deem ourselves most acute and sagacious. So it chanced in this case. A year after Grin was shipped, I got a letter from home, telling me that he arrived safely, and was placed under my aunt's care. For a time, the fellow behaved well enough, but pretty soon he began to grow mischievous. He had a great turn for mimicry, and was very apt to do every thing he saw my aunt do. He would sit in a chair, put on her spectacles, open the bible, and appear to be reading it with great devotion. He would often steal to my aunt's side, when she was on her knees at prayer, and do just as she did. When he was caught in these tricks, he put on a very long face, and pretended to be perfectly serious and sincere. All this was tolerated; but one Sabbath day, the fellow got one of my aunt's old bonnets, put it on, and walked behind her to meeting. She did not see him; but, as she went up the broad aisle, she observed the whole congregation in a titter. Looking suddenly behind her, she beheld Grin, walking on his hind legs, and very manifestly imitating her air and gait. The fellow made off as soon as he saw the fire in my aunt's eye; but the congregation could not get over it. Even the minister was on the point of bursting into a laugh in the midst of the sermon, and the nerves of the choir were so disturbed, that they were obliged to omit three verses of the first hymn.

This soon brought matters to a crisis, for it got into a penny paper, and was the occasion of a great deal of wicked fun. My

aunt sent Grin to a museum, where he soon after died; but his skin was stuffed, and forms one of the chief curiosities of the place. She then made her will, in which, she bequeathed me six cents, giving the rest of her property to religious institutions!

I found the city of Acheen to contain about forty thousand people, mostly natives. The houses are chiefly of bamboo, set on poles, some ten or fifteen feet high, along the margin of the river. There are many trees among them, and, at a little distance, the place looks like a forest. The people are fond of the sea, and many of them are pirates. They write on leaves of bamboo, with the point of a dagger, beginning at the bottom of the page.

They supply all Sumatra with fire-arms, which they manufacture. Their fillegree work is famous. They are Mahometans in faith, and their city is the Mecca of all the Sumatran worshippers of the Prophet. The kingdom is independent, but was formerly much more extensive than at present, even claiming dominion over the whole island.

I obtained my clocks, shipped from Bencoolen to this place, and, in four weeks, sold them all. I now took passage on an Acheen sloop for Singapore; but it was a long time before I reached that place, as further chapters of my story will show.

CHAPTER VIII.

I set out for Singapore, but go another Way.—Dangerous Position.—A Talk with Myself.—I am taken ashore at a small Island, and sold to the Chief.—Became the Slave of King Mighty Mug.—I escape, and arrive at Java.—Description of this great Island.—Batavia.—Find Myself in a Destitute Situation.—Low Spirits.—Am revived by a Squirt Fish.

The little vessel in which I had embarked for Singapore was manned by seven men, all natives of Acheen, and a wild looking set they were. Their eyes were black, sparkling, and snaky; their hair coarse, black, and hanging in shaggy locks over their foreheads. They were short and thin, but exceedingly active. The schooner was rather a crazy craft, built of small poles, somewhat flattened, and bound together, partly by intertwined withes, and partly by bolts of copper. The two sails were of matting, very much in the Chinese fashion. It was quite curious, however, to see how well the active sailors contrived to make this rickety vessel glide along over the waters. Something was happening all the time to keep them employed; either a bolt broke, a withe gave way, a leak increased, or a rent was made in the canvass. Nevertheless, these incidents and accidents were met by great skill and ingenuity, and, for a time, no serious difficulties occurred.

At the end of three or four days I noticed that the course of our vessel, instead of being to the north-east, as it ought to have been in order to reach Singapore, was to the south-east, almost in the opposite direction. When I spoke of this to the captain, he made me a shuffling reply, and as I mentioned it the next day, he told me to hold my tongue, that he was

commander, &c. I now began to feel great anxiety. It was very clear that I had put myself in the power of a set of knaves who might, perhaps, murder me for my money, which was over a thousand dollars.

I now began to watch my shipmates, and soon perceived that they were watching me also. We continued our course, with light breezes for a week, so near to the land that I could sometimes see the azure tops of the mountains on our larboard side. I had no difficulty in perceiving that we were running down the western coast of Sumatra. Occasionally we passed by small rocky islands on our right. I soon made up my mind that I had got into one of the little pirate vessels which issue from Acheen, and scour the coast in quest of plunder. Of course, my situation was critical. If I was in the hands of pirates I could hardly expect them to spare my life or my property. In this state of things I had a good many thoughts, something like the following:

"Ah, Gilbert Go-ahead, you once thought yourself born to good luck, but you are always getting in scrapes, and are about the unluckiest dog that ever was heard of. Why, since you landed at Singapore you have had a constant succession of adventures, dangers, accidents, and disappointments. Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, are you not, after all your imagined Yankee caution, a careless, imprudent, short-sighted ninny? How much better would it have been for you to have staid at home in Sandy Plain, than to have come off here to be plumped into the sea by a band of half-naked Malays. Well, well, when your hand is in the bear's mouth it's no time to consider how it got there. When you are in a trap, the question is how to get out. It's hard weather, Gilbert, but don't give up the ship! Remember how you gave the slip to Ram de Bang, at Moc-Moc; how you ran away from the Battas at Bang-Bang; how you escaped the fiery serpent; and how you dodged even the wild robbers of the mountains.

After all, courage is the best shield in the hour of danger; so, cheer up, Gilbert, cheer up, and, perhaps, it may all come out right at last."

Such was the general tenor of my reflections. I had, indeed, no doubt of the bad intentions of the captain and his men, but I had hope of meeting some English or Dutch vessels going to Bencoolen, which might give me a chance of escape. We had now been out to sea ten days, when at evening, we drew in close to the shore of a little island covered with low palm-trees. In the dusk, I could see a few small huts, made of bamboo, and as it grew dark, I could discern several lights. We were soon in shallow water, and as I was looking upon the preparations to land, two of the sailors rushed suddenly upon me, threw me down, and by the aid of two others, bound me hand and foot. I was then taken by the whole troop to the shore, the party wading up to their waists. We soon reached the village, where a good deal of bustle had been occasioned by our arrival. The place proved to be a settlement belonging to a petty chief who owned the island, and whose capital was about two miles distant. I was carried thither, and, to make a long story short, I was sold as a slave to the Rajah, for sixteen bags of black pepper! The bargain being consummated, my Acheen friends departed, taking all my property with them. I gave them a hearty good-by in English, for when a man is angry he is apt to speak his native tongue.

It is necessary that I hasten along, or like Sally St. John's courtship, my story will be without end. I remained three weeks in this island, which I christened Ladies' Finger, from its resemblance, in shape, to that charming feature of the charming sex. When I publish my map, it will be seen off the outer coast of Sumatra, bearing about south-west by west from Bencoolen. It is sufficient to say, that having been employed by the Rajah, whose name was Mighty Mug, or something

very like it, in polishing his nose-rings, scaring away his fleas, and fanning him while asleep from the influence of opium, I swam out to a Dutch vessel on her way to Java, and being received and kindly treated on board, was landed at that island just six weeks and three days after I had left Acheen.

Of all the islands in the Pacific, Java is one of the most interesting, on account of its history, its productions, and its present state. It is about half the length of Sumatra, and is somewhat more than a third as large. Its extent is about equal to that of the State of New York. It is separated from Sumatra by the straights of Sunda, seventy or eighty miles wide. It has a range of volcanic mountains, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet high, running through the center. The marshy districts around the mouth of the rivers, are cultivated with rice. Coffee is raised in great quantities, and large amounts are shipped to the United States and to Europe. Indigo, cotton, tobacco, Indian corn, cinnamon, olives, and other fruits, are produced. Wild animals abound in the unsettled regions.

The population is enormous, being estimated at nearly ten millions! Most of them are the native Malays, with some Chinese, Arabs, and others. There are native princes in the interior, ruling over several bands. These, however, are subject to the Dutch, who hold dominion of the whole island, though the entire number of Europeans does not exceed 17,000. The capital is Batavia, at the north-eastern point. There are numerous manufactures; but the chief products are agricultural. The exports are valued at thirty millions of dollars a year. I had often heard of Java before I reached the island, but I had formed no adequate idea of its vast population. Think of almost one-half as many people as live in the whole United States, cooped up in a territory not much more extensive than the State of New York!

I found Batavia, at which place I landed, to be a considerable city, containing about fifty or sixty thousand in-

habitants, three thousand being Europeans, chiefly Dutch, one thousand Chinese, one thousand Arabs and Moors, two thousand negro slaves, and the rest natives of various tribes. Never have I seen a more motley population. The climate is very hot, and many of the natives go almost naked, especially the children. The town is situated in a marshy spot at the mouth of the Jaccatra river, and is very unhealthy. It is intersected by canals, like the towns in Holland. There is very little difference in the heat between winter and summer. The Dutch have built a stadt-house, numerous hospitals, and several churches. The Mahometans have a mosque, and the Chinese several temples. There is also a newspaper published here. The trade of the place is very extensive.

When I first landed and saw around me evidences of civilization, I felt great relief. "Now," thought I, "I shall get along very well: I have got clear of the savages, and, of course, I shall find friends." But these pleasant fancies soon faded away. I discovered that money is a very necessary thing where people live in good houses, and have churches, good clothes, and many other good things. These are sold, not given away. I went to a hotel, and told my story. The landlord replied civilly that he had no room for me. I was totally destitute of money, and had no property but the clothes I wore. Even my cap had been given me by a sailor, after my arrival, in exchange for a ring of coral I chanced to have on my finger. I walked about the town for some time, looking at every dwelling, and peeping into every man's face, hoping to catch some idea that might answer my present turn, and help me out of my difficulty. Thus I walked on for some hours, and, at last, getting a little tired and out of spirits, I sat down upon a log that lay partly on the land and partly in the water. I was on the skirt of the town, and some distance from any dwelling. It was past midday, and the sun was very hot.

This, however, I did not mind. Sitting on the log, all alone, I

pursued my meditations for some time. My usual cheerfulness had deserted me, and I was giving way to despair, when a small fish, gliding along in the crystal water, attracted my attention. He sauntered about for some time, as if he had lost his way, or was in search of something he could not find. He swept round and round, in a circle, several times, and seemed in such a bother that I had a fellow-feeling for him, as if his situation was really similar to my own. "Well," said I, mentally, "I have heard that Timour, the Tartar, took counsel of an ant, when he got into trouble, and, perhaps Gilbert Go-ahead may find a school-master in a fish. At any rate, I will see what the fellow will do. It must be pleasant to live in such a beautiful element as this pure water, and be able to go where you like only by a wag of the tail; yet the want of hands, feet, and legs must be a considerable drawback. It's true you save gloves, shoes, and pantaloons, and, to one like me, who has no money, this is a valuable consideration. Yet, after all, I should hardly like to be a fish, except for a short time, and by way of experiment, to see how it feels.

Just as I had finished this reflection I saw my scaly little friend gradually rise to the surface of the river. When he had come up so that the rim of his lip was visible above the water, he remained still for an instant, put his body in a line with a fly on the log, a foot from him, and then let drive a column of spray, which struck the insect, and brought him half way down to the fish's mouth. The latter leaped at him vigorously, but the fly was a burly blue-bottle, and escaped, though by the skin of his teeth. He soon came back, and took his station nigh the spot he had occupied before. Again the crafty sportsman drew near; again took deliberate aim, and again discharged his liquid arrow at his mark. The fly escaped, as before, but he was well spattered, and, whirling wide in the air, took a final departure. But other flies were seen standing or creeping along the side of the log, and the

shining little sportsman made shot after shot, though for a long time without success. At last, a fat Dutch-built fly, greatly resembling the burgomaster of Batavia, whom I had seen, was brought down by the fish, and taken into his jaws at a snap. As the fellow floated lazily away, I fancied I could see a smile of the greatest satisfaction beaming along the golden tissues of his gills.

Small things have often great results. This little creature, whose species is well known in Java by the name of the *squirt-fish*, had set me a good example. He failed nineteen times, but the twentieth was crowned with success. I hailed the incident as an omen of good, and, rising from my seat, departed for the city.

CHAPTER IX.

Join a company of Bird-nest Hunters.—Journey across the Island of Java.—The Seasons.—The Cultivation.—Green Corn and Home-sickness.—An Internal Sermon.—Description of the Country.—The People.—Cost of a Wife, a House, and a Farm.—A Rat Catcher.—Magnificent Birds.—Scenery among the Mountains.—Dreadful Thunder Storm at Night.—The Subdued Tiger.—A Delicious Morning.—Beautiful Country.—The Upas Tree.—Wild Animals.—The Ape, the Crocodile, and the Anaconda.

As I was passing along from the remote and somewhat solitary quarter of the city, where I had received a lesson in patience and perseverance from a fish, I chanced to meet two persons dressed like sailors, one a Malay and the other a Chinese. We fell into conversation, and they told me that they were to start the next day to join a company of bird's-nest hunters on the south of the island. Without much reflection

I proposed to join them, and an arrangement was immediately entered into. I was to receive thirty cents a day, and one-tenth part of the value of the nests I might collect.

Perhaps all my readers are not aware that among the many curious animals in the East India Islands, there is a kind of swallow which builds its nest in clefts and caves along the rocky coasts, and that these, being formed partly of a glutinous matter, are collected and sent to China, where they are greatly admired for seasoning soups. The object of our expedition was to collect nests of this kind.

In two days our arrangements were made, and our party, consisting of five persons, left Batavia and proceeded in an easterly course toward the destined hunting ground. The distance we were to travel was about 200 miles. Each man was supplied with a sack and a small quantity of dried meat, some pounded maize, a small bag of pepper mingled with salt, and about three dollars in money. The main body of the hunters had gone forward some three weeks before, in two small vessels, accompanied by the Dutch commissioner, for it must be understood that all these swallows, as well as their nests, belong to the government. As these vessels had the poles, hooks, ladders, ropes, and lines, and all other equipments, the little party to which I was attached were laden only with the articles that I have mentioned.

We set out before sunrise, and for about an hour traveled along the paved road which the Dutch have constructed on the eastern bank of the Jacatra river. When the sun came up we were on a considerable highland, from which we could see Batavia and the surrounding country. The port appeared crowded with vessels from all parts of the world, and among them were a great number of Chinese junks. The low part of the city seemed sunk in the mud, but the new town, on the hills behind, had a pleasant appearance.

The seasons in this part of the world are divided into

the wet and dry. The wet season begins in October, and extends to March. The dry from March to October. Two crops are produced each year. It was now April, and the people were busy with their farms and gardens. As we passed along we saw them employed, some in cultivating rice, and some in producing sugar, while others were attending the plantations of coffee.

It was curious to see the several crops in different stages of progress, standing side by side. For instance, we saw one little farmer ploughing a rice field. By the side of it some men were sowing another. Next to this they were transplanting the shoots. In another field the grain was in flower. In another it had the yellow hue, indicating its approach to ripeness; and close by this the old men, women, and children were busied in reaping still another.

The rice is cultivated in the low grounds. The coffee plantations spread over the uplands, and seem to occupy a great part of the country. The fruit grows on a small tree, which attains the height of twelve or fifteen feet at the age of five years. In Java it is planted in rows, between which there are rows of the dadap tree, to shelter it from the excessive heat of the sun. Coffee is in fact, one of the great products of Java, and a considerable portion of that which is used in Europe and America, is from this island.

As we continued our journey we saw the inhabitants occupied in the production of various other articles. Some were cultivating sugar, some pepper, some tobacco, and some other things. I saw one nice field of green corn, which made me feel homesick. I plucked off one ear, the seeds of which were in the milk, and ate it down to the cob. It seemed to me the most delicious morsel I had ever tasted. Oh, how did the sweet visions of bygone corn and beans rise upon my imagination! And then came to mind the old brown house in which I was born and brought up. There stood the old elm

in front, and on its extreme branches the nests of the golden robins seemed dancing in the breeze. In the rear was the home lot—the scene of many a childish adventure, still fresh in remembrance. At its western extremity were the bars, which I had let down and put up a hundred times for the cows or the old mare, as they were taken from the pasture, or returned to it. The shape of every bar was now present to my mind, and one that was crooked, triangular, and troublesome, both to get in and get out of the socket which held it up, seemed actually before me. And all these imaginings were called up by a breakfast of green corn! I believe I was born a philosopher, and therefore I fell into long musings, in which I very naturally discovered a remarkable resemblance between the *bar* of which I have just spoken, and myself.

"What am I, after all?"—such was my train of thought—"but a crooked stick, so full of twists, and turns, and knots, that it can't lie still? Now, had I been like other people—had I been the straight stick instead of the crooked one, in our family, I might have been at this moment at home, helping my friend along in the world. I might have been safe, and comfortable, and useful, instead of being an outcast and a wanderer, here in this out of the way place, called Java, trudging on foot, with four little fellows who can't spell crucifix, and that too on an expedition for the purpose of catching swallows' nests for Chinese broth! Well, well, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' 'What's bread in the bone can't be got out of the flesh. 'Long legs will run.' 'A sitting hen can't keep company with swallows.' 'I was born to be a traveler and there's no help for it.' 'What's done is done.' Here I am, and now I may as well make the best of circumstances."

Such were my meditations as we continued our walk at an even and moderate pace. We had left the high road, and were pursuing a kind of foot-path winding among villages and scattered farm-huts. All the dwellings of the peasants

were slight edifices, resting on bamboo-pillars, the sides and roofs being thatched with rattans, palmetto leaves, and wild grass. The beds are of mats, with loose rolls of palmetto for pillows. On these the people sleep without undressing. In the larger houses there are slight wicker partitions.

The people, in their labors, appeared cheerful and happy. The women and children were in the fields, performing the lighter tasks. Buffaloes, instead of oxen, were used for ploughing. In the gardens I saw a great abundance of beans, sweet potatoes, yams, and fruits. In some places there were plantations of pistachio nuts, cinnamon, betel-leaf, &c. Java is exceedingly rich in its soil, and is very productive. The price of labor is about six cents a day for a man, and about half as much for a woman. Many things are very cheap. A farm, a house, a wife, a pair of buffaloes, four goats, five pigs, a plough, a rake, a hoe, two sickles, and all the furniture and fixtures of the establishment may be bought for fifty dollars! Rice is the great article of food, and for ten cents a day a man may live like a prince.

In the course of five hours, we had traveled fifteen miles. The heat was now very great, and we therefore got into the shade of some wild palmettoes, that we might take our rest. After a very moderate meal, we lay down. I was soon asleep, but suddenly awoke, and feeling something cold gliding across my throat, I arose, and to my horror, saw that a snake about six feet long had been crawling over me. The noise I made waked up all my companions, who asked what was the matter. I pointed to the serpent, who was now hiding himself under the grass. "Poh!" said one of the Malays, "it is only a cat."

"A cat indeed!" said I, "what do you mean by calling this serpent a cat?"

"Because it catches rats. These creatures are favorites with us: they live in our houses, and we often feed them

with milk. They save us from the rats, which are terrible thieves, and would gnaw our houses down, if we had not these snakes to defend us?" Upon this, my companions composed themselves to sleep. I could not, however, close my eyes. I sat apart, and after a while, the serpent I had seen, put his head out of the grass, and finding all quiet, silently took himself off.

Toward evening our party arose, and we continued our journey. The country grew less and less cultivated, and at night we found ourselves in a thick forest of teak trees, not a single human habitation being in sight. Here we spent the night: the next day we were up early, and soon began to wind among the mountains which occupy the middle portions of the island. Between the ridges we found numerous settlements, the people being in a rude state, but of a gentle character. Some of the hill-sides and valleys were marked with indiscribable beauty and fertility. Here were the abodes of countless flocks of doves, wild peacocks, and birds of paradise. Never have I seen such gorgeous displays, as among these feathered tribes. They were little accustomed to be hunted, and many of them allowed us to come quite near to them. They would sit on the low branches of the trees, turning their necks, burnished like rubies and emeralds, in the sun, as if on purpose to excite our admiration. There were at least ten kinds of doves, some of them not larger than our robins, and they were the most gentle, amiable little fellows I ever saw. It was quite curious to see the doves here, away in this remote country, always billing and cooing, and making love to one another, just as they are in our country.

On the fourth day of our journey we reached the top of the mountain ridge. On one side, the whole country was covered with a kind of whitish mist, but on the other, we could see the land sloping away to the sea. The air was here bracing and delightful. On the left, to the north, we had a view of

the state of Surakarta, which is still held by its native princes, though they acknowledge the sovereignity of the Dutch. We could distinctly trace the Solo, which is the chief river of Java, and runs through the capital of this province, to the sea.

The scenery among the mountains is very wild. The whole region seems to consist of volcanic ruins. The rocks appear like melted stones and metal thrown out of a furnace. Many of the peaks and ridges rise in dark and shaggy masses, up to the clouds, and totally without verdure. One night, we found it necessary to sleep in a ravine between two long mountain ranges. At sunset it threatened to rain, and therefore we made our bed high up the slope of a cliff, rather than in the bottom of the gorge, as this might be inundated, in case of a heavy shower.

We were all fatigued by clambering up the rocks and descending the shingling sides of the mountains; and therefore we soon fell asleep. About midnight, we were awakened by terrible noises, which seemed alike to fill the air and the bowels of the earth. Suddenly these sounds ceased, and the most death-like stillness prevailed. The darkness was also intense. While we all stood waiting to see what might happen, a sudden flash of lightning filled the whole valley with an ocean of light. The next instant the thunder broke in terrible peals, shaking the hills, and seeming to rock them to their very foundations.

In a few moments a deluge of water fell, and plunging down the steep and jagged sides of the mountain, foamed, fretted, and thundered to the bed of the ravine below. Huge masses of the cliffs were forced from their positions, and descended, with the maddened torrents, down the gorge. One of them struck the Chinese who was standing near me, and he disappeared with the rushing mass, not even having time to speak a word or utter a cry. The scene was indeed terrible, for total darkness prevailed, except that occasionally a

stream of fire was struck out in the collision of the rocks, and the waters, whitened into foam, flashed dimly in the gulfs through which they sped. The roar that filled the ear, was rendered still more hideous by the yells of wild animals, forced from their dens, and either wounded or perhaps crushed by the descending fragments. In the midst of this scene, which made me almost sink to the earth, bewildered and overcome, I suddenly saw what appeared to be two balls of fire, at no great distance. They evidently moved, and I could see that they were approaching me.

I may as well say that I wished myself, just at that moment, at Sandy Plain. Indeed, the thing was so terrible, and so unaccountable, that at first I concluded it must be a dream. Nevertheless, it was a fearful fact. There were the two balls of fire, and now they were within six feet of me. My excited vision enabled me to perceive that they were the eyes of a huge tiger, which I had reason to suppose was about to spring upon me. In this I was mistaken. The creature approached me on his belly, creeping submissively like a cat or a dog, to my feet. Another flash of lightning enabled me to see the huge beast lying behind me, in a subdued and timid posture. It was evident that he had been overcome with fright at the terrible convulsion of nature, and with the instinct which often leads the most savage beast to crave the aid of man, he had now come to put himself under my protection.

I took courage by this incident. "This creature is taught by nature," said I, mentally, "to seek shelter of man in the hour of danger; and does not even a Higher Intelligence call upon man himself to ask protection from the Father of all, in similar emergencies?" With this thought I turned my mind to the only source of true comfort, in those perils which often attend us, and when God alone can give us succor. I hardly need to add, that my earnest prayer was answered by a degree of relief and self-possession. Humbled by the displays of

His power around me—conscience-smitten at the thought of my forgetfulness of One who weighs the very mountains in a balance—while yet he watches over each of His children—I committed myself to God, in hopeful confidence of His protection.

In this condition, I remained for three-fourths of an hour, when the dawn began to break, and the waters to subside. As the sun rose, the clouds had passed, the torrents had subsided into rills, and the hoarse thunder into plaintive babblings. The tiger had crept from his place at my feet, and I saw him, restored to liberty and self-confidence, leaping along the ridges of the distant cliffs. Setting out with my remaining companions, I now pursued my way, and I was happy, at the approach of evening, to find that we had now left the mountain region behind us. I had often heard of the terrible thunder storms in the mountains of Java, but their actual terrors I had never imagined, till I witnessed them.

Our route now lay through fertile but uncultivated districts, covered with rich forests of teak, palms of various kinds, and numerous trees of which I had never heard the name. Some of the woods were covered with creeping plants, which hung in rich and flowering festoons from tree to tree, making the whole scene appear like the decorated palace of some fairy queen. It was in this seeming paradise that I saw the deadly *upas*, which is not a tree but a creeping shrub, so fatal as to be imagined to kill the birds that fly over it. Its poison is, indeed, most intense, but the idea of its infecting the air, is fabulous.

The forests in this quarter are the feeding-ground of numerous large quadrupeds, such as the rhinoceros, wild buffalo, wild ox, wild hog, deer of various kinds, &c., &c. Here, too, the serpents, which are abundant in Java, reach an enormous size, sometimes measuring thirty feet in length. There are tigers, both black and striped, with abundance of crocodiles to

be found in the marshes. The orang-outang is also met with, though it appears to be rare. Monkeys of various descriptions teem in different parts of the island: in the wild districts I have just described, they seem to people every forest and valley.

We had no weapons for hunting; and, though we saw a great many of the animals I have just mentioned, and had some adventures with them, these will hardly require to be told. I must, however, give an account of one little affair, half comedy and half tragedy, in which a monkey, a crocodile, and a boa-constrictor were the leading characters.

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by several rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and every thing could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape, of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought, he leaped plump upon the snake, which fell with a plash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately began between the parties in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the waters boil with his furious contortions. Winding his folds round and around the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two fore legs, and, by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet both were unwilling to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time, the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree,

and several times, coming close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs, uttered an elvish yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent were gradually relaxed, and, though there were tremblings along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile, also, was still; and, though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of mocking faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and, taking a stone from the edge of the lake, he hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and, as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly toppled over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and, taking to the trees, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

CHAPTER X.

Description of the Coast.—Method of taking the Soup Bird's-nests.—Fearful story of a Young Malay.—Set out for Borneo, and arrive at Sambas.

I am afraid I am wearying my readers with my long and tedious travels. I must therefore hasten on with a rapid stride. The latter part of our journey was sometimes through wooded and watered tracts, the abode of immense numbers of bitterns, wild geese, and ducks of strange forms and hues, and sometimes through uplands, covered with forests, or subdued by man, and made the scene of a rich garden-like cultivation.

At last, we approached the coast, which consisted of a rocky barrier, terminating in lofty cliffs, at whose bases the ocean thundered with a never-ceasing roar. Here, at the south-eastern point of the island, was to be the scene of our labors; and, here we found about fifty persons, engaged in collecting swallows' nests. In order to understand this operation the reader must imagine the shore to consist of rocks rising abruptly from the sea to the height of three or four hundred feet. These have been worn and hollowed into a thousand fantastic forms by the sea: sometimes they hang in beetling cliffs over the surges below; sometimes they present deep fissures, winding into the rocks; and sometimes caverns, like chambers, are discovered, in which the ebbing and flowing tides keep up their hoarse and melancholy murmurs.

It is in the deep and dark fissures and excavations that the swallows build their nests; and here, in these giddy and dangerous places, it is the business of the nest-hunter to seek his treasures. To aid him in this pursuit, he has ladders made of ropes, hooks, poles, and various other implements. With these, he creeps down the cliffs, and, in case of need, swings over them, often being suspended in the air by his rope-ladder, while the waters, three or four hundred feet below, seem fretting and foaming in their impatience to receive and swallow him up.

When I first swung myself over one of these dizzy precipices, and looked down to the distant waters, the blood rushed to my heart so suddenly as almost to deprive me of my senses. I felt, indeed, as if I was lost, but in a moment I recovered my self-possession. After this I gradually became familiar with my dangerous vocation, and was really delighted with it. The swallows resemble our chimney swallows, and are exceedingly numerous. The nests are made of earth and a glutinous substance with which nature has abundantly provided this curious bird. It seemed to me quite tasteless, and I imagine the fond-

ness of the Chinese for it, arises rather from fashion than any real flavor or peculiar nutriment to be found in it.

I spent two months in nest-hunting, and, though some accidents and incidents took place, nothing happened of sufficient interest to require notice here, with one exception. There was a young Malay among our party, who was noted for his courage and daring. He was a smooth, oily, little man, about two-and-twenty years of age. His hair was black as jet, and he wore it in a very full and bushy fashion. This fellow was one day hanging over the cliff, at least three hundred feet above the water, being suspended by a single rope. This was held by three men above. He chanced to look up, and he saw that the rope just over his head, having been rubbed across the edge of a sharp rock, was nearly cut in two. One of the three strands was already severed, and another was so fretted as to appear to be upon the point of breaking. His situation was terrible. He shook the rope, to intimate to the men above that he desired to be drawn up, but without the slightest expectation of being saved. He closed his eyes, to keep out the horrors of his situation. What was his astonishment, at length, to find himself on the height above! The last strand of the rope alone remained, but that was sufficient to save him. Such, however, was the shock he had received, that his hair began to turn white at the roots, and, in a short time, his bushy, black tresses were all as white as those of a man of seventy. The fellow was a sight to see; and ever after he went by the name of Cotton-head.

Having worked out my time at nest-hunting, I took advantage of an opportunity offered by a vessel going to China, and sailed for Borneo, which lies north of Java. The distance is about three hundred miles between the two islands, but as we were bound to Sambas, on the west coast, our voyage was, at least, a thousand miles. We were four weeks in performing it, but the weather was delightful, and, as we sailed tranquilly

along, I enjoyed it very much. I had, in truth, become a little tired of wandering, and getting into all sorts of strange adventures, and awkward difficulties. It now seemed to me that it would be very agreeable to go home and settle down in Sandy Plain, as a contented and useful member of society. But, alas! my restless and headlong propensities were not yet wholly wrought out of me, and new dangers, accidents, and escapes were before me.

CHAPTER XI.

Description of Borneo.—Minerals.—Vegetable Products.—Animals.—Inhabitants.— The Dyaks.— Labuan, Sarawak, and Sir James Brooke.—Other Tribes.—Borneo Proper.—The Soolooks.—Products of this Country.—Description of Sambas.—I return to Singapore.—Disagreeable Reflections.—Address to a Clock.—I determine to go to China..

Borneo is altogether a very remarkable place. It is the largest island in the world, excepting only New Holland. It is eight hundred miles long, and seven hundred wide, and contains about seven times as much land as the whole state of New York. The number of inhabitants is between three and four millions. Along the coast, the land is generally low and muddy; in the interior, there are many hills and extensive plains, with several ranges of mountains, some of which rise to the height of thirteen thousand five hundred feet. There are upwards of one hundred rivers, many of them navigable.

This island is rich in minerals. Diamonds are found in several places, especially in Landak. One has been found here worth a million of dollars, and was the property of a petty chief in the neighborhood. Antimony, iron, and tin are also

obtained in abundance. Lying under the equator, the climate is hot. The soil is generally fertile, producing various trees, among which are ebony, iron-wood, mangrove, cocoa, betel, cinnamon, and sago. The camphor tree is a native, and grows to a great height, being sometimes sixteen feet in circumference. The gum is obtained in the center of the trunk, in the same manner as in Sumatra, which I have already described. Rice, maize, sugar-cane, plantain, and many other tropical fruits are cultivated. Here, as also in other islands in this quarter, is the gutta-percha tree, whose gum is one of the most curious and useful products of the vegetable kingdom. It resembles India-rubber, but it is harder, and, for many purposes, much superior.

The animal wonders of this island are as varied and strange as those of Sumatra. The elephant, rhinoceros, and leopard are confined to the north-eastern corner of the island. The wild ox and troops of wild hogs inhabit the forests. In the thickets, which are here called *jungles*, there is an endless variety of apes and monkeys. Among these is a queer little fellow, without any sign of a tail, and covered with glossy brown hair. He is three feet high, and has an aquiline nose, sticking out an inch and a half from his face. Here also is the orang-outang, as tall and strong as a man. There are several kinds of deer, small shaggy bears not larger than raccoons, and tapirs three times as large as hogs. The marshes produce enormous serpents, and a variety of water-fowls, among which are herons five feet in length. The sea-shores abound with turtles, fish, and oysters. Along the coasts, numerous spermaceti whales are caught by English fishermen.

The inhabitants of Borneo consist of various races. The Dyaks are a savage people, believed to be the aborigines, and are scattered in small bands over the whole island. They are of middle size, with straight, black hair, black eyes, but without beard. The women are often very good looking, and are

mild and amiable. Many of them are married to Chinese settled in the island. Rice is the principal food of the Dyaks, but they eat pork, fish, deer, and other wild animals, which they shoot by means of arrows, blown through tubes. They also use bows and arrows, the latter being sometimes poisoned. Many of them reside in canoes along the shore; others dwell in houses raised upon posts, stuck in the mud. They have no towns, but usually assemble in small groups, or camps of from two to twelve huts. Sometimes, however, several tribes assemble in villages, along the coast and rivers, and are governed by a single chief; but the interior tribes are independent.

The more civilized have adopted Mahometanism; but the savages believe in a future state, where a great part of their enjoyment will consist in owning slaves. They believe, if they can kill a man and get his head, he will become their slave in the other world. Hence, a system of murder has spread among these tribes. No one can marry, without the head of some one having been obtained by himself or his friends. At the funerals of persons of consequence, or when treaties of peace are made between chiefs, slaves and prisoners are decapitated in order to obtain these valued trophies. Piratical expeditions are often undertaken for no other purpose than to obtain the heads of those who may be captured. These hideous relics are dried in the sun, and then hung up in the houses!

Beside the Dyaks, there are various other tribes; some resemble negroes, and have wooly hair. The west coast is occupied by Malays, Chinese, and Dutch colonists. In the north-west there are some descendants of Moors, who emigrated hither from Hindostan. At the north, there are bands of people from various neighboring countries. Along the shores, there are several tribes, whose origin is unknown, living always in canoes, and moving about from place to place.

On the north-west there is a Malay kingdom, governed by a Sultan, who affects great dignity. This is called Borneo proper, the capital being Borneo or Brauni, with 22,000 inhabitants. The people here have some arts, and considerable trade. They cast excellent cannon, and manufacture arms and ammunition. At the present time, this country appears to be under the superintendence of Great Britain, who have founded a colony in this quarter, through the management of Sir James Brooke. This individual first got possession of Labuan, a small island on the north coast, and then was made rajah of Sarawak, a large district north of Borneo proper, by the Sultan of that country. His capital, called Sarawak, has 12,000 inhabitants, some being Chinese, and others, of the various tribes of Borneo. This British establishment is likely to effect great changes in this quarter.

There are several settlements in the north-east, and the contiguous island, made by people called Soolooks. The country abounds in lofty forests and plains, covered with wild cattle, introduced by the Spaniards two hundred years ago. Gold, iron, and tin ore are obtained here, being found upon the surface of the ground. Sago, rice, betel-nut, camphor, wax, pepper, cinnamon, tortoise-shell, swallows' nests, and various kinds of woods, with canes and rattans, are exported from this region. On the eastern coast, there are several small states, some of which are populous.

On the west coast the Dutch have two settlements, Sambas and Pontianak, about eighty miles apart. The former is the place where I arrived, after leaving Java. I found it meanly built, without a single habitation of stone, or any other substantial material. Even the government officers live in low, wooden buildings, covered with thatch. The huts of the natives are raised on posts, the people ascending to them by ladders, which are taken up at night. There are also many miserable dwellings built upon floats in the river. The Dutch are few

in number; the other inhabitants are made up of Chinese, Malays, and various other races gathered from other parts of the island, and the neighboring shores of Asia.

My adventures in Borneo were in no respect remarkable. I heard a great deal about the proceedings of Sir James Brooke, at Labuan, and in the adjacent territories of Sarawak, where he became rajah, and lived like a prince. He had some battles with the pirates which infest the coast, and at last, after many succeeded, in suppressing them. I should have been glad to have visited this British settlement, but I had no clocks to sell, and I was very anxious to get back to Singapore, where I had still a pretty good stock. Having remained at Sambas about four weeks, I embarked on board a Chinese junk, and after a voyage of twenty-one days, we reached Singapore.

I found, on my return to Singapore, all my clocks in good order, but I had some disagreeable subjects of reflection. I had now been absent from home more than a year; I had made great exertions, and suffered many hardships, and had also got rid of more than half my property; and here I was, without a cent in my pocket. This was rather discouraging, especially as I was very strongly inclined to the opinion, that my misfortunes were the result of my own want of prudence, reflection, and care.

It seemed to be high time that I should now adopt a different line of conduct. One day, as I sat in my room, I took one of my clocks, wound it up, and addressed it as follows: "Mr. Clock, for the present, be so kind as to consider yourself as one GILBERT GO-AHEAD, while I play the schoolmaster and give you a few lessons. Whatever you may think of yourself, Gilbert, you are a long, lean, lank, unlucky fellow. You think yourself shrewd, sharp, and up to almost everything; yet here, among nations of barbarians, you have been the sport of fortune, and have come back with an empty

purse; you have been robbed, imprisoned, hunted, chased, and driven from country to country; you have been beset by venomous serpents, have come near being roasted alive by savages, have been carried off by a hippopotamus, and only saved your life by the kind services of an orang-outang.

"Oh Gilbert, Gilbert! what will become of you, if you go on at this rate? Don't make excuses: you are a careless, headlong, break-neck fellow. The best way for you is to give up your roving propensities, sell out your clocks, and go straight back to Sandy Plain. There you should settle down, be industrious, honest, and faithful, and you will be a useful and respected citizen, like your father before you. Don't speak, Gilbert. Tut, tut, not a word! I know very well what you would say. You would pretend that you wanted experience; that your faults have been those of youth and ambition. Perhaps you will promise to do better hereafter.

"Alas, my friend, it is very easy to make promises, and very easy to break them. However, I will not be hard with you, my boy. Here you are, on the other side of the world; and, with even your long legs, you cannot get home in a hurry. Besides, you have got some clocks left, and, if you are wise and discreet, you may do something yet. Let us calculate: you have eighty-one clocks left; these, at thirty dollars apiece, would bring two thousand four hundred and thirty dollars; a pretty good sum, after all. Well, well, there is some hope of you, Master Gilbert, if you will take the right tack. Sell out these clocks as soon as possible, and then go home; but keep in mind your dangerous propensity to run off on new projects, to engage in wild adventures, to look before you leap."

Having given myself this excellent advice, I went forth, determined to follow it to the letter. About three days after, I was walking along upon the wharf, by the side of which I saw a Chinese junk. I went on board, where I found the supercargo, a smooth, yellow, bulbous, little man, not more than

five feet high. I fell into conversation with him, and found that he was making up a cargo for the city of Nankin. Forgetting all my prudent resolves, I made a bargain on the spot, to have him take me and my clocks along with him. Inconsistent as my conduct may appear in the eyes of my readers, I may as well confess the truth. In four days, I was on board the junk, with all my property, and bound for the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER XII

Painful doubts of the veracity of my Story.—Dialogue with my mother. Evidence of my amiable Disposition.—Mr. Prim's Letter.

From this point, I began a new series of adventures; but I hesitated a long time before I concluded to commit them to the eyes of the public. About this time, I met one of my acquaintances, who had come direct from New York in an American vessel. He told me that he had read some accounts of my adventures in the papers, and that there was a great dispute whether the whole story was not a hoax. He told me that he was fully of that opinion himself. He especially ridiculed my account of the ride on the hippopotamus, and the biographical sketches of poor Grin.

This touched me to the quick, for, whatever may be my faults, I do not like to be accused of dealing in round plump fibs. I parted with my friend, with the remark that ignorance is often the father of unbelief, and I have since consoled myself with the reflection that other great travelers, before my time, have been made the subjects of ridicule, even while

telling the truth, because they gave accounts of things that had not been heard of before. I recollected the instance of Le Vaillant, a French traveler in Africa, who was called a romancer because he said he killed a camelopard. They would not believe him, even when he showed them the skin. So it was with Bruce, who went into Abyssinia, and described the people as cutting slices of steak out of the side of an ox, then covering up the place with the skin, and driving the beast along. In both these cases, it has been found, by subsequent travelers, that the authors told the truth, and that the witty sneers of wags and wiseacres were only the idle offspring of ignorance and conceit.

Now obstinacy was never my failing; and, for that matter, it was never the failing of my family. My father was a good, easy man, believing what people told him, and doing whatever they asked, especially if they called him good Gilbert, honest Gilbert, and the like. My mother, whose maiden name was Tight, and was third cousin to one of the firm of Dig & Pinch, I forget which, was what you may call a smart woman, and ruled the roost, not in the kitchen only, but in matters and things in general. She had a sort of masculine pride, which led her to desire power, or at least to be thought to possess it. Nevertheless, my mother, like the rest of her amiable sex, sometimes changed her mind.

I remember a dozen instances like the following, which I will put in the form of a dialogue.

Gilbert. Mother, may I go a-fishing with Ben Hooker this afternoon?

Mother. No! indeed, you shan't.

G. Why not, mother?

M. Because.

G. Because why?

M. Hold your tongue!

G. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, I've pricked my finger!

M. Well, you've done it a-purpose. There, take that! (*Gives me a box with five nails.*)

G. Boo-hoo—boo-hoo—boo-o-o-o-o!

M. Stop that noise, or I'll send you to-bed!

G. Boo—o—ou—ou—ou!

M. Go to bed!

G. Well, I'll go to bed, but do put a rag round my finger first.

M. Let me see your finger.

G. There.

M. Oh! there's blood on it. Why did'nt you tell me?

G. I did tell you.

M. No, you didn't.

G. I did.

M. You did'nt; hold your tongue! There, I have put some rum and sugar on it.

G. Thank you, mother. I always like rum and sugar; it makes the plaguy thing smart, but it tastes good. (*I begin to suck the rag, and mother begins to smile.*)

M. Now, go along.

G. Where's my hook and line, mother?

M. In the table-draw, there.

G. Well, mother, my finger's sore, you know; so, do fix this lead on, and just slip the cork over the line. (*Mother does as I request.*) All's right, now. There's Ben Hooker, coming up the walk! I'm going, mother!

M. Well, go-'long!

G. I'm going a-fishing with Ben Hooker?

M. Go where you please, only don't bother me.

G. Well, jest box my ears first!

M. I will, if you don't go away—what a saucy chatterbox!

G. Do send me to bed, mother!

Here mother turns away, pretending not to hear me—though I see a smile round the corner of her face, and notice

symptoms of a chuckle in the tremulous movement of her short-gown, just above the waist. So my mother was fairly beat—though, had I told her so, she would have gone to the stake, like John Rogers and his family, rather than have confessed it.

Now, gentle reader, such being the characteristics of my venerable parents, will you not consider it pardonable in me, also, to show a little amiable condescension? Although some persons have expressed doubts as to the accuracy of my travels, set forth in the public prints; and, considering these to be reflections upon my honor, I had very properly determined not to continue the publication of my adventures: Still, inasmuch as I am informed, by the following letter, that some people, including at least one schoolmaster, believe me to be an honest and faithful chronicler, and inasmuch as, like my mother, I am of a yielding disposition, I have concluded to continue my account.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Weekly Museum.

MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY, July—

GENTLEMEN:—I understand that some people have sneered at Gilbert Go-ahead's Travels, which have appeared in your periodical, because there are some big stories in them. For this reason the author has got offended, and won't go on with his account. I'm sorry for it. I was greatly amused with Gilbert, and do not hesitate to believe every word of his narration, or, at least, all that he says which is possible and probable, when we consider what a harem-scarem kind of fellow he is, and the strange countries in which he has traveled. Now, I am actually writing from the mouth of Mammoth Cave, where I have dined this day, with seventeen other people. I have explored this wonderful work of nature to the distance of nine miles, and yet have not been to the end of it! I have seen what is called the Devil's Dining Room, and the

Haunted Chamber; I have seen the stream covered with everlasting darkness, where fishes, having no use for sight, are in fact without eyes; I have seen, in this dim solitude. apartments opening one into another, like the halls of an Eastern castle, and lighted by torches, exceeding even Aladdin's enchanted palaces, in their glittering magnificence. Now, what is there in Gilbert Go-ahead's stories so wonderful as all this?

Messrs. Editors, I do not think it well to believe every thing we hear, but it is certainly not well to reject what is merely new. Some people are very credulous in one direction, and very incredulous in others. I know a man who believes every word of Sinbad the Sailor, Jack the Giant Killer, and Puss in Boots, and has made his children get them all by heart. They insist upon it, that "Hei-diddle-diddle!" is a historical narrative; that long, long ago—somewhere about the time of the flood—there actually was a cat in a fiddle, and a certain cow, on a certain day, did jump entirely over the moon. I'm not sure that they couldn't tell you the name of the owner, and perhaps the breed of the beast; and yet this family don't believe a word about geology. When you tell them of the bones of animals dug out of the earth, such as are not in existence now—the mastodon, the plesiosaurus, the petrodactyle, &c.—they say it is all book-gammon, or philosophical jugglery.

Thus it is with many persons; they are naturally inclined to put faith in the impossible, while they reject what is certain, provided it is contrary to their old habits of thought. And to apply this to the matter in hand: I beg to express it as my opinion that Mr. Go-ahead's travels ought not to be suppressed on the ground of want of fidelity to the truth. At least, they give correct descriptions of the animals, the trees, the people, and the scenery of the countries through which he passes; and believing them to be instructive as well as

amusing, I wish you to send him this letter, and beg him to continue the publication of his adventures.

I am, with great respect,

JOHN PRIM, *Schoolmaster.*

Well, this is the letter sent me by the publishers; and though, as I say, I had determined never to print one word more about my travels, I herewith send a continuation of the story, and hope it will fulfill the expectations of my friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

Account of our Voyage toward China.—The China Sea.—The Anambas Isles.—A Typhoon.—A Fearful Night.—Shipwreck.—The Vessel is Abandoned.—Hard Times Ashore.—Take an Account of Stock.—Good resolutions, and a Breakfast of Muscles.—Set off for the Interior of the Country.—My Tavern.—A Congregation of Idolators.—Camboja.—Arrival at Saigon.—Description of this City.—Curious Dream.—Coloquy with a Lobster.—More about Saigon, and the Cambojans.

In a late chapter, I said that I had set out from Singapore for China. The voyage, I may remark, is all the way on the Pacific Ocean, with its bays and straights. Its general direction is north-east, but our vessel, or rather our junk, in working its way over the water, went at all points of the compass.

The weather was generally hot and the winds light, so that we glided on at a snail's pace. In two weeks we had reached the China Sea, and passing near the Anambas Isles, we stopped and went ashore. Here we found a number of fishermen and bird-catchers—and a queer looking set they were. They seemed to be a kind of compound—part bird, part fish, and

part man. They would dive, and swim, and float, as if they actually belonged to the sea. We got a supper of fish, and I tried to sell one of them a clock, offering to take birds' nests and shells in return. The man conceived it to be an idol, or some piece of sorcery, and had I indulged this fancy, he would have bought it; but when I explained that it was a time-piece, he turned on his heel, exclaiming, "What have I to do with time?"

We kept on our way, but in about a week we were beset by a hurricane, which is here called a typhoon. Unluckily we were near the coast, and the wind being from the east, drove us toward the land. The tempest was preceded by a dead calm and a brazen look all over head, with a black line around the horizon. As the evening came on, we began to roll like a barrel; yet there was not a breath of wind. Our little China captain saw that mischief was brewing, and clewed up his canvass. All the sailors and passengers chattered like a flock of parrots.

By and by we saw, to the east, that the sea was covered with foam, white as milk. In a moment we were struck by the tempest, and our junk walloped over on her beam-ends. I was prepared for this, and was on the upper side as she went over. I held on to the ropes and bulwarks, as did some twenty of my companions. For a short time, our ship lay still, as if struck with death; but soon she rose and fell on the waves, which were now rolling with terrible energy. Night had set in, and the darkness was intense, except so far as the phosphoric flashes of the waves gave us an occasional glimpse into the bosom of the deep, or an outline of our staggering and helpless vessel.

I had become used to situations of danger, and my nerves were pretty well braced against the ordinary mischances of the sea; but, altogether, the scene around me now, was so terrible—so grand, yet so fearful—that I closed my eyes involun-

tarily, and, with a calm and humble mind, committed myself to God.

Several hours passed, during which my ears were filled by the roar of the wind, lashing the billows, and the continual thumping of the ship by the waves, sounding like discharges of artillery. Suddenly the wind lulled, the sky cleared, and the stars shone with a strange brilliancy over the sea; but our vessel still lay on her beam-ends, and it was clear that she had no intention of righting. And now new dangers appeared: all around the water seemed boiling as if in a pot. It was obvious we were in the midst of reefs; and, by the light of the dawning day, we could see, at a little distance, the dark forms of cliffs, seeming like giants ready to devour us. Suddenly there was a thump, and then another, and then a stunning crash, which seemed for a moment to take away our senses.

When we recovered, we perceived that our vessel, had been forced on the rocks by the waves, and no hope of her holding together seemed to be afforded. She was at one moment lifted up by the billows, and then let down, as if the sea were in a rage, and sought to pound her to pieces. The poor old thing groaned and creaked, as if she had a fit of the colic, and our little Chinese captain absolutely shed tears at her agonies.

The sailors behaved pretty well, and made strenuous efforts to get the junk off. But, at last, they despaired, and it was curious to notice their conduct. Most of them got their clothes, trinkets, and stock of cash, each tying them up in a handkerchief, and preparing to swim ashore. One or two lost all courage, and threw themselves upon the deck, wailing like children. A little Chinese merchant passenger, wedged himself in between the bulwark and a water-cask, where I saw him holding an idol with his knees, and burning some gilt paper before it. Every man on board, except him, left the ship, and these all succeeded in climbing ashore upon the rocks.

Night soon set in, and the storm began again to sweep over the sea. The coast upon which we had landed was rocky, and bore no traces of being inhabited. For myself, as soon as I got out of the reach of the spray, which came dashing along the shore, covering it at intervals with a white cloud, I sat down, and, after returning thanks to Heaven for my deliverance, stretched myself out on the bare ground, and fell asleep. When I awoke, it was broad day, but the sky was cloudy, and the sea was covered with mist. I saw nothing of my companions, and all my endeavors to find them were fruitless. I shouted aloud, I got upon the top of a high rock, I endeavored to discover and to follow their track, but all in vain. At last, the dismal consciousness of my forlorn situation came full upon my mind. Here I was, on an unknown and wild coast, without money, and without any other clothes than those on my back. I had no other weapon than a two-bladed knife, and all my property beside, consisted of a box of wet matches, three fish-hooks, about half a New York Herald, a gimblet with a split handle, and the locket, which I have already mentioned, around my neck, containing a daguerreotype likeness of one of my friends at Sandy Plain.

What a stock in trade for one in my situation! After holding counsel with myself about an hour, I made up my mind not to despair. I resolved to look about and adopt that line of conduct which circumstances might dictate. I found myself very hungry, and began to look for something to satisfy my appetite. I soon discovered plenty of muscles and small crabs, bedded in the sea-weed between the rocks, and made a capital meal. I then gathered a quantity of them, and tied them up in some long leaves, and set off toward the interior of the country.

After passing a succession of reddish-brown ridges, rising some seven or eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, I came to a wooded region, through which I traveled for a whole

day. At evening I found myself in a small, open plain, and at a little distance, by the twilight, I saw a building. I approached it cautiously, and discovered it to be a temple or pagoda, partly in ruins. Every thing around was silent, and I judged that the place was wholly deserted. The moon soon rose, and, by the light, I discovered the edifice to be still of great extent, though more than half of it was tumbled into shapeless heaps. One portion was in a good state of preservation. The floor here was beautifully checkered with stone or marble, of black and white, and the ceiling showed elaborate sculptures, representing serpents and various grotesque images. In a deep niche of the wall was an idol, resembling a fat, smiling man, squatting down and sitting on his heels.

I walked about the place for some time, and finally concluded to adopt it as a tavern, inasmuch as nobody appeared to claim it as a church. After trying various positions, I found one to suit me pretty well, and fell asleep. Just about daylight, I was awoke by a strange noise, and, looking round, I saw what I took to be an aged man, come hobbling into the temple, helping himself along with his arms, like a child on all fours. It was still dark, and I could only get a faint view of this strange appearance. The personage, whoever he was, went up to the idol I have just described, and kneeling down before it, performed various signs and ceremonies. After a time, he went away. He was soon followed by a procession of about fifty similar personages, all hobbling along, now on two legs, and now on four. Having made all sorts of grimaces before the idol, they also departed. As they were passing out, one of them saw me, and he set up the most frightful howl that ever filled mortal ears. The procession was instantly thrown into all sorts of paroxysms. Some of the party, which I now discovered to consist entirely of apes and baboons, yelled aloud; some scampered up the trees; some jumped up and down;

and some came grinning at me, as if to scare me out of my senses. I was pretty cool, however, for I had been in this sort of company before, and knew there was no danger; and, besides, I foresaw that I should get a good breakfast. It turned out as I expected. One of the monkeys climbed a cocoa-nut tree, and, taking pretty good aim, he threw a large nut at my head. He missed his mark, and, taking the fruit to the pagoda, I crushed it with a stone, and made a delicious meal. Thus the monkey was my servant, though he did not know it.

I had no difficulty in discovering that the country where I now was, had been thickly inhabited at some remote day. The temple had, no doubt, in former times, been frequented by the priests and devotees of the Buddhist religion; and the monkeys, which are great imitators, had kept up their rites and ceremonies after they had deserted it.

I remained a day and night at the pagoda, for the place was charmingly situated. Near by, was a small rivulet of pure water, and along its banks were abundance of beautiful flowers. I had some thoughts, indeed, of taking possession of the place, and spending my life there, but it was to lonesome. The monkeys and parrots were very talkative among themselves, but it was impossible to have any instructive conversation with them; so I took my departure.

I concluded, from what I knew of geography, and what the Chinese captain had told me, that I was in the country of Camboja, which now forms part of the kingdom of Anam. I supposed that, by traveling in a westerly direction, I should come to some town, and be put once more in connection with my fellow men. In this I was right. After wandering for six days' from the time of my shipwreck, I reached Saigon, which is the chief city of this part of the country. The people greatly resemble the Chinese, and I had no difficulty in making myself understood.

Before I proceed, I must make a short digression. Cam-

boja was formerly a great kingdom, but nearly fifty years ago, it was divided between the kings of Anam and Siam. Saigon, which belongs to Anam, is a sort of double city—one half lying on the west bank of the Saigon river; and the other half, three miles off, on a smaller river. The number of inhabitants is said to be 200,000, many of whom are native Chinese. The city is intersected by numerous canals, along which the houses are disposed in straight lines. They are close to each other, and are built of bamboo frames, with walls of mud, plastered over. The roofs are mostly of thatch, though a few are of tiles. Nearly all are of one story.

Some of the streets are paved with flag-stones; and quays of stone and brick extend for a mile along the river. In the stores and shops, I saw Chinese silks, paper, tea, and firearms for sale. There were also a few broadcloths. I did not, however, observe a single article of Yankee production: not a copy of the New York Herald, or Merry's Museum; not an ounce of Baker's Chocolate; not a bottle of Sand's Sarsaparilla; and, more than all, not a single clock, either of brass or wood! "Oh!" thought I, "if my fifty clocks, which have gone down to the fishes, were only here, I would get, at least twenty dollars apiece! What a misfortune! What a waste of property—to view the matter in the light of political economy! Fifty clocks—worth, at least, a thousand dollars—utterly lost to the world!"

This consideration made a great impression on my mind, and the very next night I had a dream about it. I thought I had sunk, with my fifty clocks, into the sea. To my great surprise, I was still alive, and found myself called upon, by a lobster some six feet long, to know the meaning of certain strange round-faced creatures, that had just migrated into King Lobster's dominions. Upon being shown one of them, I found it to be one of my clocks. Strange to say, it seemed to be alive, and, turn it up or down, it kept ticking

away in a most furious manner. About every five minutes it would strike, at which the king-lobster, and all his suite, including lots of crabs, oysters, and clams, would clear out, though they immediately returned.

After a full exhibition, the lobster asked me what this instrument was for. I told him it was to tell the time of day. "What do you mean by the time of day?" said he.

"Don't you know?" said I.

"No—nor you either."

"Bah—but you do, though."

"Not a bit of it, upon my honor!"

"Well, then, I'll explain it. You know the world, on which we live, turns round every twenty four hours?"

"I don't know any such thing."

"Well—but you know the sun goes round the world every twenty-four hours?"

"What is the sun?"

"Surely your majesty is joking: you know all about it."

"This won't do"—said the lobster," growing very red—"this won't do. You are an egregious humbug, to come down here to instruct us, the most intelligent, moral, and religious of fishes." At this moment I discovered for the first time, that all these creatures had but one eye, and that was placed in the snout. I perceived, too, upon further inquiry, that they had only one idea, which was, that they were the handsomest, wisest, and best creatures in the universe; that the world was made for them, and that all beside themselves were vagabonds, cheats, and good-for-nothings. I ought to have known better, but I ventured to suggest that, as I had two eyes, I could see more than they could.

Upon this, his majesty flew into a passion, seized my nose with his right claw, and pinched it so unmercifully, that I roared outright. At the same time all my fingers and toes were attacked by crabs and hideous creatures, each with one

big eye, and biting like so many nippers. When I awoke, I was standing in the middle of the room, all covered with perspiration, and shivering like a leaf. It was some time before I could get over the horrible vision. I have never been able to relish lobster since, either simple or in salad. One good, however, has come of this dream: It has learnt me never to enter into a dispute with creatures, whether lobsters, or not, who have but one idea. I advice others to follow my example, alike at sea and ashore.

But to proceed in my account of Saigon. The market is well supplied with poultry and pigs, and truth compels me to add, young alligators, lizards, frogs, rats, mice, and even worms, all of which are esteemed delicacies. Fruits are various and abundant.

The two parts of the city have different names—one being called Saigon, and the other Pingeh. The latter is fortified, and is the seat of the governor, who rules this part of the country, in the name of the King of Anam. There is here a naval arsenal, which was built some half century ago, under the direction of European engineers, employed by the government. It is really a splendid affair, and here many fine vessels are built. The people have a decided turn for maritime affairs, and seem to me better ship-builders than either the Chinese or Japanese.

On the whole, I may say that Saigon is a very interesting city, and, whenever lines of steamers are established between Asia and San Francisco, they ought to have a connecting line to this place. A great trade may be carried on, for the country produces beautiful woods for cabinet work, several kinds of varnish, cinnamon, cardamoms, pepper, indigo, ivory, silk, copper, and many other valuable articles of merchandise.

The people resemble the Chinese, though they are of a darker color. They are the proper Cambojans, and their country produces the article called *gamboge*, used in painting

and medicine. They are, however, for the most part, ignorant and superstitious.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ingenuity of the Saigonians.—I undertake to build a Carriage for Long-Tongs.—Extraordinary Misadventure.—Embark for Hué in the Boobug.—Two new Acquaintances.—Arrival at Hué.—History of Anam.

I had now been about three weeks in the city of Saigon, during which period I had lived partly upon the charity of an English merchant, who chanced to be there on business, and partly by working for him in writing, packing up goods, &c. As his stay was to be short, however, I became very uneasy about my future prospects.

My anxiety was increased by observing the general ingenuity of the people, which seemed to leave very little chance even for Yankee art and invention. But at last, having noticed that there were no wheeled vehicles in this country, I proposed to a rich person, by the name of Long-Tongs, to build him a carriage. After many explanations, he engaged me to do it, agreeing to give me my living while I was occupied on the job, and to pay me about fifteen dollars when it was done, if the thing suited him.

I went to work, and, at the end of two months, I had produced a queer kind of machine, half cart and half chaise, harness and all. The horses of this country are about half as big as ours, and they are generally used only for riding. I got one of them, and hitched him to my chariot. I then mounted, and took the reins, and gave the animal a very polite chirrup, thus inviting him to proceed. The little beast, however,

only laid down his ears, and whisked his tail. Upon this, I laid the lash lightly over his back. He immediately reared, kicked up, and then dashed forward as if he was attacked by hornets. He took the middle of the main street, which was none of the smoothest, and away he went at a furious gallop.

Never was there such a scene of terror and confusion. John Gilpin's race was nothing to it. It was about mid-day, and the streets were full of people. Some were passing along in palanquins; some were carrying burdens on their heads, and some on bars across the shoulders. Many, along the sides of the streets, were attending their little stalls of melons, poultry, pork, and pickled fish. Straight ahead, amid this mingled multitude, went my vicious pony, upsetting, smashing, and dashing every thing that came in his way.

I had no conception that so small an animal could put forth such strength and speed. The amazement of the people knew no bounds: they had never seen a cart or carriage before, and, when I burst upon their astonished vision, a shout of horror rose around me on all sides. It was with difficulty I could keep my seat; and, as my charger grew more and more furious, I began to look about for a soft place to tumble into. This was provided, however, without any exertion on my part; for, about half-way between Saigon and Pingeh, he plunged into a deep slough, and leaving me and the chariot fast in the mud, he cleared out, and vanished in the distance.

I crawled forth, looking more like a crocodile than a man, for the ditch had furnished me with a jacket and pantaloons of mud, fitting as close as my skin. Several persons soon came up, and a circle was speedily formed around me. They all looked as if they could scarce restrain their rage. Two or three fellows came very close, and thrust their fists in my face. As soon, however, as I rose from the ground, and threatened to chastise them, the mob dispersed in all directions.

Taking advantage of the fear I had inspired, I left the place,

and, passing through a series of narrow streets, I was able to get clear of the town. I now made my way along the banks of the canal, which is about twenty miles in length, and connects Saigon with the river Camboja. I reached this at daybreak, and, at a small village, I purchased a melon, and made a good breakfast.

I had with me about one hundred and twenty *sepecs*, which are the small money of the country. They are made of a brittle metal much used in all the countries connected with China, called *tutenague*, the basis of which is zinc. This resembles silver, and is often passed off upon strangers for that metal. The sepec is of the size of a quarter of a dollar, with a hole in the middle, by which it is usually carried upon strings. Sixty of them are worth about five cents: so that my whole wealth did not exceed ten cents. Provisions, however, are cheap here, and for one sepec I bought the melon of which I made my morning meal.

I had taken care to wash off the mud with which I had been incrusted by my accident, and, now that I saw one of the largest and finest rivers of Asia before me, my spirits rose, and I began to form schemes for my future career. While I was thus musing, a small craft of some sixty tons came floating down the river. I instantly made a sign to the people on board, and she was brought to the bank. I jumped upon deck, and, finding that she was bound to Hué, the great capital of the kingdom of Anam, I made a bargain to work my passage to that place.

The sloop, on which I was now embarked, was named the *Boobug*, which, as far as I could understand, meant the Mosquito. She had three men besides the captain, and two passengers—one a Buddhist priest from Thibet, and the other a juggler, cockfighter, and maker of idols.

I had now a good opportunity to gain information as to the countries which lie on either side of the great Camboja river. This stream takes its rise in Thibet, and after breaking through

the loftiest chain of mountains in the world, it makes its way through rich and populous countries to the ocean. Its whole length is 2,000 miles, and its width, a hundred miles above the sea, is little less than a mile. A great many villages, and some towns, are situated upon its banks. A large commerce with China and Japan to the north, and to the Asiatic islands at the south, is carried on upon it. Sugar, raw silk, ivory, gold dust, silver, gamboge, gum-lac, dye-woods, hides, horns, cinnamon, &c., &c., are exported in vast quantities, and porcelain, drugs, gilt paper, spices, tin, &c., are imported.

For myself, I had hardly heard of the river Camboja before I came hither; and I was now amazed to find the immense wealth which exists along its borders. The countries through which it passes have more than fifty millions of people, and abound in rich and varied products. What a vast field is open here for American enterprise, as soon as we have established steam navigation across the Pacific!

I found much pleasure in talking with the priest. He was a fat, sallow little man, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, which bespoke at once good nature and cunning. We gradually formed an intimacy, and he let me into his plans. It appeared that although he was a priest, he had also a taste for trade, and dealt pretty largely in charms, amulets, and small idols. He had belonged to the temple of Te-shoo-Lomboo, in Thibet, but was now attached to the palace of Pootala, at Lassa—the seat of the Grand Lama, himself. He was the bearer of an important commission from several pious Kootooktoos, or lamas, in Thibet, who had formed a society for the amelioration of the condition of crickets, throughout Buddhadom. It is well known that all animals are regarded with kindness by the pious Buddhists, and insects come in for a special share of their sympathy. A famous Kootooktoo of Thibet, who was assured that in a former state of his soul he had been a cricket, observing that the Chinese had introduced cricket-

fighting, as a sport, throughout the east, determined to deliver these creatures from the cruel and debasing uses to which wicked and worldly men had subjected them. He therefore caused a society for this object to be formed, and my new acquaintance was one of the agents for carrying the new reform to the capital of the Anamese empire.

Notwithstanding his zeal in the object of his mission, my friend the priest, who, by the way, bore the name of Butter Pate, showed me, with great satisfaction, his stock in trade. Among his various articles, were thirteen images of monkeys, every one of which, he assured me, would bring at least 300 sepecs at Hué, inasmuch as they had been dipped in the water in which a holy Lama of Teschoo-Lomboo had washed his hands. The article which he chiefly prized, however, was rolled up in about twenty pieces of gilt paper, and consisted of what he assured me was a piece of the Grand Lama's great toe-nail. This he intended as a present for the head Queen of Anam, and which, he said, would insure him her special favor, inasmuch as it was not only a charm against disease and misfortune, but a guarantee of perpetual beauty.

I hope that none of my readers will turn from these pages with an incredulous smile. Let them read the accounts furnished by travelers who have visited the countries of which I am speaking, and they will see that the strange things here narrated do not by any means equal those which are common in all nations where the Buddhist religion prevails. Nor is it in vain that we become acquainted with these facts; for it is by comparison with the darkness of the heathen lands, that we may better estimate the light of that religion which we enjoy, and better comprehend the extent of that duty which calls upon the Christian world to extend the blessings they enjoy to the dark and benighted corners of the earth.

The juggler, whom I have mentioned as one of the passengers, was from Bootan, and was called Wow-wow, signify-

ing Wizard—a title given him in consequence of his wonderful performances. He had with him two green serpents, which, although very poisonous, he would handle, let them run over his body, and hide in his bosom. He also made them dance, while he played to them on a sort of reed, which sounded like a flageolet. He had six quails, which he had taught to fight like game-cocks; besides which, he had a variety of curious instruments, which he used in his juggleries.

This man, as well as my friend Butter Pate, was going to the great capital of Hué, to exercise his profession. He was a very merry fellow, and told a great variety of stories: he also sung songs, which the priest said were very witty and delightful for worldly men, but not proper to be listened to by such sanctified persons as himself. Nevertheless he did listen, and the twinkle of his eye seemed to contradict his professions.

We were no less than three weeks in performing our voyage of about a thousand miles. At length, leaving the China Sea, we entered the river Hué, and after passing along between highly cultivated banks, studded with numerous villages and country-seats, we reached the capital.

This is really one of the most remarkable cities in Asia. I found it to be about five miles in circumference; the population is from three to four hundred thousand. It is inclosed by a wall, and has fortifications in the European fashion, capable of containing fifty thousand men. The excellent style of the public walks of Hué, as well as their vast scale, have no parallel in any other city of Asia. The great fortress is connected with the city by a broad canal, very nicely executed; several trenches, also, lead from the citadel to the palace of the king, to the public granaries—which are on an immense scale, and filled with grain—to the arsenal, abundantly supplied with guns and ammunition, and to various other state edifices. The canal is crossed by bridges of stone, with stone

ballustrades and marble pavements. The palace is inclosed by a double wall; the whole fortress is surrounded by barracks. On the river, which is four hundred yards wide, are building docks, and a large fleet of galleys. Its banks are extremely beautiful, and the whole vicinity of the city is in a high state of cultivation, producing cotton, rice, mulberry, and various trees. The villages are numerous, and many of them have a pleasing appearance, on account of the light and fantastic construction of the houses, some of which are completely embowered in broad-leafed palms or other tropical trees. The roads and bridges around the city are many of them excellent.

The present kingdom of Anam—a word signifying "*South Country*"—is composed of three distinct portions: Cochin China, the principal country, Tonquin, and Camboja. The two latter have been conquered and made subject to the first, within the present century. A French missionary, named Adran, obtained great influence here, and induced the government to employ French engineers, who executed the public works found at Hué, Saigon, and other places. This remarkable man was made prime minister of the celebrated Chung Shung, who had conquered a great part of Farther India about the year 1800, and in this capacity he caused the public improvements to be made which we have already noticed. He established manufactories of gunpowder, made roads and canals, executed fortifications, offered bounties upon silks, encouraged the cultivation of sugar-cane, opened mines of iron, erected smelting furnaces, built and equipped a navy of gun-boats and galleys, established schools to which parents were compelled to send their children, introduced a good system of laws, &c., &c. Thus the great kingdom of Anam was in a fair way to pass at once from a state of barbarism to a high degree of civilization. But these fair prospects were suddenly blasted by the death of the great and enlightened

Adran. His wise and energetic counsels being whithdrawn, the country relapsed into its former state, leaving, almost as barren monuments, the great works he had undertaken and executed. Some of these were indeed imperishable, and I found many of them in a state of excellent preservation, but the laws, the schools, the arts, had given place to general barbarism.

CHAPTER XV.

I am again in Trouble.—A mysterious Proceeding.—Suddenly find myself in a Scene of Magnificence.—Goa-gong, the Emperor.—Butta Tung, the Cream of Moonlight.—Mr. Penny-whistle.—A strange Apparition—The Saucepan Philosopher.—The little Pill Doctor.—The Cream of Moonlight in an Ecstacy.—I deliver an Address.—Once More in Luck.—The Palace in a Panic.—A Dead Shot.

When I arrived at Hué, I could not discover that there was a single European in the city, nor was there any American except myself. I was soon reduced to a state of extreme poverty, not having a farthing of money, and no article of property, except my jacket and pantaloons of thin calico, an old handkerchief for a cap, an old rusty Acheen knife or dagger, and about three yards of bark twine, which I had manufactured on my voyage to Hué. This was a small stock in trade, and I saw that I must summon all my genius, if I would avoid starvation.

I ruminated a long time on my situation, and mentally discussed a variety of plans and undertakings, as means of subsistence. The mind is doubtless the nobler part of man, but the stomach takes the precedence, as any one may find out, if he will go eight-and-forty hours without eating, as I had done,

Let all the ameliorators of mankind consider that God has so made us that no great mental or moral improvement can be profitably undertaken, till the people are provided with three good meals a-day. If they doubt it, let them take a course of experimental lectures in starvation.

I have heard of some great king crying out in battle, "A horse—my kingdom for a horse!" My case was less heroic, but it was hardly less agonizing, for at last, seeing a fellow going by with a roasted monkey, I beseeched him to give it to me in exchange for my dagger. This he refused with disdain, but after a deal of chaffing, he cut me off a hind quarter, which he grudgingly gave me for the instrument. When I say that I found the flesh delicious, let no one laugh, for a keen appetite and monkey-mutton, are things that agree with one another remarkably well, at least in Cochin China.

The next day my wants returned, and as night approached, I was walking along the banks of the river, half thinking of drowning my sorrows in the stream. While gazing into the waters, which are smooth and tranquil, I heard the dip of oars beneath the dark shadow of the citadel, whose battlements here frowned high in front of me. In a moment after, a boat came into the fair light of the moon, and I could see that it contained two oarsmen, gayly dressed, with a man sitting in the stern, who had the costume of a priest. As he passed, he seemed startled at my tall, gaunt, haggard form, and performed some juggling ceremony with his hands, as if to keep off an evil spirit. A moment after, he made a sign to the oarsmen, who suddenly turned the boat toward me, and it came plump ashore. The priest then spoke to me, and told me to get into the boat. My fortunes were so desperate that I did not stop to reflect, but instantly obeyed. He pushed off, and no one saying a word, we glided along the river, till we came to a gateway in the quay; here a door was opened, and the boat passing in, entered a canal. Proceeding along this for two or

three hundred yards, we came to an archway, under which we passed, and were immediately inclosed in utter darkness. We slid along in silence, excepting only the light slapping of the water against the bottom of the boat, for several minutes; we then stopped, and I was handed out, and made to ascend a winding staircase. We soon came to a vast hall, blazing with lamps. The scene was very magnificent, and I was quite bewildered, as I passed suddenly from complete darkness into such a scene of light and splendor.

My mysterious guide beckoned me to follow, and proceeding across the hall, we entered a long gallery, and finally came to a picture hung against the wall. The man touched a string, the picture swung round, and disclosed an opening at which we entered. Here was a small cabinet—and the man taking off his high conical cap, disclosed the smooth, swarthy features of the Thibetan priest, who had been my companion from the Camboja river to Hué. His eyes twinkled, and a knowing smile played at the corners of his mouth. He now remarked that he had but five minutes for explanation—as he was about to appear before Goa-gong, the emperor, and his beautiful queen, the celebrated Butta Tung. A great ceremony was to take place, and I must perform a part. No sooner were these brief words ended, than we were ushered into the presence of their imperial majesties.

They were both seated on high cushions, richly decorated. On the king's right hand, were about twenty ladies, and on the queen's left, were about as many boys, all gaudily dressed. These were standing. The king was of a deep yellow skin, and attired much in the Chinese fashion, but with a kind of turban-cap on his head, absolutely blazing with diamonds. His look was mild, though he had an air of one who had seen all the good things of the world, and had lost his interest in life. The queen was of a lighter complexion, and had bluish gray eyes, with flaxen hair. These traits, very unusual in

Anam, were thought to constitute her beauty, and the name of Butta Tung, meaning Cream of Moonlight, was given to her by the popular court poet, Penny-whistle, as happily descriptive of her angelic charms. She was dressed in a yellow satin jacket, and blue Turkish pantaloons, seeming somewhat of a Bloomer. Her head was bare, except that a narrow coronet of jet, set with a few magnificent pearls, encircled it. Her hair was braided in four ample tresses, one falling forward over each shoulder, and the others sweeping down her back.

Some fifty persons stood at a respectful distance—seeming to be the nobles of the court. Another group, of which I was one, consisting of a dozen persons, occupied a sort of semi-circular recess at the right hand of the king, and between him and the nobles.

It may be well supposed that I was not a little puzzled at the scene before me, and no less curious to know the part I was to perform in it. Reflecting upon my dress—which was of a very humble character—my pantaloons, especially, which were six inches too short, giving great display to my bony ankles and large bare feet—I felt not a little abashed to see the row of twenty ladies all looking at me, and exchanging smiles and glances with the Cream of Moonlight, evidently at my expense, I stood in the background as much as possible, but as I was a third taller than any body else in the room, my modesty did not shelter me from being a very conspicuous object.

A long half hour passed, when a door at the bottom of the hall was opened, and four servants of the palace entered, bearing a table—and on that table was—guess my astonishment—one of my clocks!

I knew it in an instant. If it had been my own child, I could not have recognized it more readily or more certainly. But how came it here? Ah! that was the question. I had supposed all my clocks shipwrecked and lost in the sea, when our vessel ran upon the rocks on the coast of Camboja. How,

then, could one of them have got to this city of Hué, and fallen into the hands of the king? But it was no time to answer these questions, for, as soon as the table had been placed before his majesty, a person of the court came forward and stated that the object before them had been presented to his majesty, and no one had yet been able to explain its nature or its use. He observed that it had a face with twelve eyes, that it appeared to have no mouth, but it possessed two long black noses, which turned upon a pivot! In looking into its head, he could discover its brains, which consisted of a very curious collection of brass wheels. Whether the thing was dead or alive, he was unable to say. The purpose of the present assembly was to call upon all the sages, artisans, and philosophers, present at the court of Anam, to examine and interpret this astounding phenomenon.

Having thus proclaimed the object of the convocation, an artisan of Hué, a manufacturer of saucepans, came forward and examined the clock. It was laid on its back upon the table. He looked at it, shook his head, and retired. A physician, with a very long, solemn face, now advanced. He was very celebrated for curing diseases with little pills as big as pin-heads; but what was most remarkable, he took the pills himself instead of giving them to the patient. His doctrine was, that all the regular physicians gave too much physic; that the smaller the dose the more powerful the effect; and, carrying out this idea, he came to the conclusion that no physic at all must prove to be the most efficient system of cure for sick persons. To satisfy the imagination of his patients, who naturally thought that something ought to be done, he used to swallow the little pills, making up mysterious faces, and performing various other antics before the sick person during the operation. He also required the nose of the patient to be stopped, for he insisted that all disease crept in at the nostrils.

This man had acquired an immense practice, and had cast

all the other physicians into the shade. He was supposed to to know every thing; and, therefore, as he approached the clock, every body present seemed to be in a state of high expectation. The doctor looked at the face of the clock a long time, as if he considered it a patient. He then took some little pills out of his pocket, and swallowed them. But the clock did not so much as wink. The wise man was bothered. He at last took hold of it and gave it a shake, upon which, it rumbled, and there was a faint sound of a bell! A look of wonder came over every face, and the doctor assumed a very important and mysterious air. He now set the clock upon its legs. It ticked, and the two hands, or rather what were considered the two noses, began to move!

An emotion of surprise and admiration flashed over the assembly. The king uttered a humph! and the Cream of Moonlight clapped her hands! The doctor looked triumphant. What a palpable proof of the efficacy of his system was here! He had taken four of his pills, and the mysterious thing before him had come to life. The argument was conclusive; the physic-giving doctors were confounded; the no-physic doctor was vindicated and established.

But Goa-gong was not yet satisfied. "The thing moves," said he, "but what is it? what is its use?" The doctor could not answer. Several persons, celebrated in art and science, were now called upon, but all were at fault. At last, the Thibetan priest was requested to come forward. He advanced, and kneeling first to the king, and then to the queen, whose acquaintance he had already made, he said, "May it please your majesties, it is my vocation to deal with the hearts of men, and not with the wonders of art. Permit me to point out to your majesties a man from a distant country, who is a curious artist, and gifted in many things. If I mistake not, he can explain the mystery before us." Having said this, and receiving a nod of assent from the royal pair, he caused me to

advance. This I did without hesitation, though I could perceive, amid the general surprise, some sly winking and tittering among the black-eyed ladies of the court, evidently excited by my somewhat deficient and dilapidated costume.

Having made due obeisance to the king and queen, I turned the face of the clock to their majesties. I then opened the back, and, taking the key, I wound it up; I then set it in motion, and, having done so, I proceeded to deliver a lecture upon clocks, as follows:—

"May it please your most gracious majesty, the King of Anam; and may it please the beautiful Queen, so happily named the Cream of Moonlight; may it also please all the ladies and gentlemen here present, this instrument is a *Clock* or *Time-piece*, made to follow the sun in its daily march around the world. The day and night, as you all know, are divided into twenty-four hours. On the face of the clock are twelve marks, indicating twelve hours. Now you observe two long pointers or hands. One moves around the whole circle every hour; the other moves during the hour only, from one point to another. The longer hand shows the minutes, and the shorter one the hours. Thus, in a cloudy day, or even at night, you can, by means of this instrument, tell the time with the utmost precision."

This is a very brief abstract of my discourse, in which I illustrated the subject, and made it comprehensible to my auditors. When I had done, I was rewarded with a nod of approbation from the king, and a smile from the queen, with abundant signs of approval from many other members of the assembly. The little pill-doctor, however, as well as the maker of saucepans, cast upon me withering glances of suspicion and hate.

The assembly now dispersed; but I was desired to stay. This I did, and was directed to set up the clock in the queen's apartment. Having done so, a purse of money was given me,

and I took my leave. The next day, having enjoyed a hearty meal, and clad myself neatly in the costume of the country, I sought out the Thibetan priest, and asked him if he knew how the clock had got to Hué. He told me that as I had informed him of my shipwreck, and the loss of my clocks, he had no doubt this was one of them. From inquiries he had made, he believed that the wreck of the vessel in which I had gone ashore had been visited, after the storm had subsided, by a Siamese coaster; that many articles were found on board and taken away. Among them were a number of my clocks. These had been taken to Bangkok, the capital of Siam, and one of them had been sent by the king of that country, as a great curiosity, to the emperor of Anam.

This seemed a probable story, and, after further inquiries I became satisfied that such was the fact. I began to think of setting out for Bangkok, to claim my property, when unforeseen incidents caused a sudden turn in my thoughts and my fortunes.

I had been frequently called into the palace to regulate the clock, and had received several valuable presents from the queen, so that I had now money and other things to the value of three hundred dollars. I had, however, never said any thing about the *alarm* attached to the clock, for, to say the truth, I was afraid of its effect upon so sensitive a person as her majesty. Unfortunately, I left it one day set in a manner to go off about midnight, and go off it did! The queen was asleep in the same room, and at the distance of only half a dozen yards. As all was hushed in silence, the clang of the alarm-bell sounded to the queen like a discharge of artillery. Her sudden screams of terror awoke the maids of honor; the maids of honor awoke the sentinels; the sentinels called the soldiers. In rushed the latter, exclaiming, "What is it? where is it?"

"Oh, it's that terrible thing there!" said the ladies.

"Where? where?" said the guard.

"There! there!" was the reply of twenty voices.

And, sure enough, the unhappy clock spoke for itself, clanging away as if to arouse the whole city. This was enough. Four of the guard took aim, and, at one discharge of their muskets, shattered it into a hundred pieces. In an instant, the painted face, the curious wheels, the varnished case, lay in fragments scattered over the floor. But the cry of thieves, murder, insurrection, fire, pillage! had rung through the palace, and a scene of terror and confusion followed, which words cannot easily describe. It was not till the day had fairly dawned, and the grisly visions of night had vanished, that quiet was restored.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Dark Day.—I get into Prison, and get out again.—I set out for Bangkok, Capital of Siam.—My Arrival.—Description of the City.—The chief Temple.—The Priests.—The Palace.—Description of the Country.—Situation.—Climate.—Vegetation.—Minerals.—Animals.—White Elephants.—Population of Siam.—Dress.—Manners.—Government.—The King a God.—Religion.

About eleven o'clock in the morning of this day, while I was sauntering along the quay, looking at a Siamese vessel loading for Bangkok, and meditating upon taking passage in her, that I was arrested and hurried to prison. Here I remained nine days, immured in a damp, dismal cell, utterly ignorant of the cause of my confinement. I soon sunk into a state of utter despondency; but just at the point when I had given up all hope of escape, I was suddenly released. The Thibetan

priest came to my cell, and told me the story of the alarm-clock. He said that the affair was thought to be a device of mine against the life of the queen. This view of the matter had been urged upon her by the saucepan maker and the little pill-doctor, who had a great jealousy of me, and who sought my destruction. All that the priest could do for me was, to procure an order for my release, upon the condition that I should immediately quit the country.

I joyfully accepted these terms, and, in the course of a few hours, I was on board of the Siamese vessel, just mentioned. The next day we set sail, and I was not a little rejoiced at my deliverance, and the turn my affairs had taken. Sailing along the coast of Cochin China, to the southward, we doubled Cape Camboja, and entered the great bay of Siam. The Siamese are very good sailors, and our little craft, of one hundred and fifty tons, made excellent progress. Our voyage of fifteen hundred miles was made in the course of eighteen days.

The city of Bangkok, which is the capital of Siam, lies on both sides of the river Menam, about fifteen miles north from the Gulf of Siam, and contains seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants. It occupies a swampy tract, and is altogether a most curious place. It consists of three parts: the palace, the town, and the floating town. The palace is on an island, and comprises the residences of the king and chief officers, numerous temples, and some inferior shops. These are encircled by a high wall, with forts, and many gates, by which the people go in and out.

The town proper extends along the two banks of the river, and consists of palm-leaf houses, built on piles, driven into the sand. Each house is provided with a boat, in which the inhabitants traverse the river. The floating town consists of palm-leaf houses, built in rows, on bamboo rafts. Each raft has from four to ten houses upon it. In front is a platform,

on which the people expose the articles they have to sell. Half the population reside on the river, and nearly all the trade of the town is thus carried on upon the water. Never was there a more strange-looking place, or a more odd congregation of people. Altogether, they seemed like a settlement of water-fowl, gliding about hither and thither, quacking and cackling like so many ducks and geese.

In the greater part of the city, merchandise is transported from place to place, in small light boats. There are a great many temples, built in a pyramidal form, and covered with gilding and paltry ornaments. Each contains an enormous statue of Buddha, made of metal, and covered with gilding. There are also a variety of other images in clay or wood. The chief temple is 200 feet in height, and contains at least 15,000 images. It is really a most strange-looking place. There are always a great many priests there, kneeling, making signs, and walking about in processions. I went into this temple one night about twelve o'clock. The moon was shining, and by the dim light I could see the immense congregation of grinning images; some of them are twenty feet high, and all have a hideous, smiling look. Nothing could more clearly show the degradation of the people than that such should be their religious temples, and these horrid idols, their gods.

The palace where the king resides is an immense collection of buildings, surrounded by three different walls. It has one splendid room called the Hall of Audience, eighty feet long, forty wide, and thirty high. It is richly, though rudely, painted and gilded, and is ornamented with rich cut-glass candelabras.

The kingdom of Siam lies at the head of the Gulf of Siam, between Burmah and Anam. It is a tropical country, lying in about the same latitude as the southern West India Islands. Rice is so abundant that five pounds are sold for a cent. It

produces sugar, pepper, tobacco, and a great variety of delicious fruits. The country is about four times as extensive as the State of New York. The greater part of the surface is covered with forests, among which there are valuable woods, as teak, sandal, satin, rose, eagle, and other variegated and perfumed woods. There are also numerous species of gums. To these products, we may add iron, copper, tin, lead, and gold. What a rich commerce will be carried on between this country and the United States in the space of a few years!

The wild animals of Siam embrace a great variety of interesting species. Elephants are very abundant. These are caught and trained for use by the inhabitants. A white variety of elephants is sometimes found, and is held in great estimation. It is the exclusive property of the king, who is called Lord of White Elephants. Several of these animals are kept by the royal court, and are richly caparisoned, being considered the most splendid part of his majesty's equipage. A man who discovers a white elephant, is as famous in Siam as a man is among us who has been victorious in battle—as General Harrison, who beat the Indians at Tippecanoe; Colonel Johnson, who killed Tecumseh; or old Rough and Ready, who thrashed Santa Anna at Buena Vista. Such a fortunate discoverer is rewarded with a present of silver and a grant of land, equal in extent to the space of country over which the cries of an elephant may be heard. He and his descendants to the third generation are exempted from all sorts of servitude, and every species of taxation.

Besides the elephant, Siam produces the rhinoceros, the tiger, antelope, various kinds of deer, and an immense variety of birds, many of which are remarkable for the splendor of their plumage. Insects and reptiles abound. Some of the crocodiles and serpents are of immense size.

The whole population of Siam is supposed to be about five

millions. The true Siamese are very short, with thick, stout limbs. The general color of the skin is yellow. The hair is coarse, lank, and uniformly black, covering nearly the forehead and temples. The general form of the face has a curious, square look. The eyes are black and small, and squint toward the point of the nose. Travelers generally represent them as cunning, mean, conceited, and ignorant; and, I must add, that I found this representation to be just, though it is but fair to say that they are attached to their children, reverential to parents, exceedingly temperate, and of gentle manners. The upper classes are rude and brutal to those beneath them. Slavery is common, and some of the chiefs have hundreds, and even thousands. Persons are sold into slavery for debt; men sell their wives and children as slaves, and the chiefs in the remote districts seize the inhabitants and send them to Bangkok, where they are sold into slavery.

Both sexes dress nearly alike. A cotton garment, reaching downwards from the waist, is the common costume: Sometimes a searf is worn over the shoulders. Gambling and cock-fighting are pursued with passionate fondness. Theatrical entertainments are common, and music is cultivated by nearly all classes.

There are a great many Chinese settlers in different parts of Siam. Half of the population of Bangkok consists of these emigrants and their descendants. A great many foreigners from the adjacent countries have settled in different parts of Siam, especially in the larger towns.

The government is an absolute monarchy. The king claims that he is every thing, and the people nothing. He is called the God Buddha, and is considered by the people as a deity,—as God himself. He is supposed to own all the land and property of the country, and the people are considered as made for his pleasure and use. There are written laws, but any king can change them, and even set them aside at his

pleasure. Still, there are a kind of public opinion, and settled customs, which form the general guide of the administration of the government. No man ever seems to wish to be free, or to be other than his ancestors have been—the subjects and slaves of the king. The nobles engross all the offices, and exercise a cruel dominion over the people, who dare not complain, unless they bring a bribe.

The religion is Buddhism, the same as that of Anam, Birmah, and other adjacent countries. The *talopoins*, or priests, live in monasteries; some of these contain several hundreds. They are endowed by the government, or by pious persons. The Roman Catholic Church of Europe has had missionaries here for 200 years, and there are about 2,000 Roman Catholic worshippers in Siam at the present day.

CHAPTER XVII.

Discovery as to my Lost Clocks.—Interview with the King.—Curious Dialogue.—I tell a Story.—Am taken into the King's Service, and sent off for the Mines.—Voyage up the Menam.—Make my Escape.—Boating.—Find a Baby and call him Moses.—Take to the Land and turn Nurse.—Sad Times.—The Baby sickens and dies.—Hi, ho!

The reader will readily imagine that on my arrival at Bangkok I immediately set about making inquiries for my clocks, which I had reason to believe had been taken from the wreck on the coast of Camboja. I was not long in discovering that the account I had heard on this subject was true, and, indeed, I soon discovered several of them in use among the wealthy inhabitants. I claimed them as my property, but the people laughed at me as a presumptuous rogue. I finally determined

to make an appeal to the king, hoping to prevail upon him to do me justice. I found a number of people here from different parts of Europe, and these all tried to dissuade me from such a step. They told me that it was the habit of his majesty, whenever he found a person who was ingenious in any kind of mechanical art, to seize him and compel him to work for him, or perhaps to go to the tin mines and assist in the operations there. I did not heed this advice, so I went to the palace to ask an interview with the king.

At first, the guards and officers, which were in great numbers around the gate, took me for an idiot, but pretty soon they began to examine me with curious and wondering looks. My height, which was nearly twice as great as theirs, excited their astonishment. At last the chief officer condescended to speak to me. After a little conversation, he said he would go and ask the king if I could be admitted. In twenty minutes he returned, and I was conducted to the great hall of audience, between a double row of soldiers. In one corner, on a raised platform, was his majesty, sitting on a cushion, with his heels under him. A slave stood by and fanned him, for the weather was very hot. The king was a very short, thin, yellow man; his long, lank hair as white as snow. He looked like a white headed ourang outang.

I was made to stand at a distance till the king had looked at me for a long time. I was then ordered to approach. When I was near, I bent down and saluted him in the Siamese fashion, upon which the following dialogue ensued.

King. Who are you?

Gil. Gilbert Go-ahead, of Sandy Plain, New Haven County, State of Connecticut, United States of America.

King. You have got a name as long as a king. Where is your country?

Gil. Round t'other side of the world.

King. Goo!—You know how to lie!

Gil. Then I resemble the Siamese.

King. Who is king in your country?

Gil. Franklin Pierce.

King. How many wives has he got?

Gil. Only one.

King. Poor fellow! Has he any white elephants?

Gil. Not one.

King. I will send him one.

Gil. He does not accept presents.

King. Goo!—there you lie again. What can you do?

Gil. I can tell stories.

King. Well, tell us a story.

Gil. Your majesty is all-powerful, and I obey. Once upon a time, in a far-off country, a man who was very ingenious made a curious instrument to measure the hours of the day. This was called a *clock*, and, being very useful, clocks became very common in the country where this man lived. There were large buildings devoted to the making of clocks, and in some of them a hundred were turned off in a day. Thus, the use of clocks, in due time, was extended to other countries, and the trade in them became very great. Now, about these days, a certain man bought a ship-load of clocks, and set off to sell them in those nations and kingdoms where the people did not understand the art of making them. As the ship was passing along by a rocky shore, the winds blew terribly, and she was driven on the reef. The sailors left the ship, and the clock-merchant left it also—for they feared that she would go to pieces, and they should all be drowned. But the storm abated, and a ship coming by the place, stopped at the wreck, took out all the clocks, and carried them to a great city, and sold them.

After a time, the poor clock-seller heard of all this, and so he went to the great city and claimed his property. But the people scoffed at him, and called him an impudent rogue.

Now, the man said to himself:—"I will go to the king; kings claim to be like God, and like him they should promote truth and justice." But the people said to the man:—"Beware of kings; they are like lions and tigers; they are powerful, and make prey of whomsoever they please." The man replied:—"I have no fear; I have faith in the goodness of my cause; besides, I am six feet three inches high, and can split a pine board with a blow of my fist." And so the man went to the king, and the king asked him his name, and inquired about his country, and the king thereof. And the man said to the king:—"My name is Gilbert Go-ahead, and I am from America, which lies on t'other side of the world; and the king or chief of my country is called Franklin Pierce, he having only one wife, and no white elephants!"

King. And so you pretend to have been robbed?

Gil. Your majesty has hit my idea, exactly. I have been robbed by some of your subjects, and when I claim my property of them they jeer and scoff, and call me a thief.

King. You can tell stories; what else can you do?

Gil. I can eat a good dinner, as your majesty shall see if you will give me an opportunity.

King. Well, I take you into my service. I am not utterly ignorant of your country; I have heard of it before. I have seen Americans and Englishmen. You Americans are very ingenious, and have many arts. You have mines of gold, and know how to work them. I have mines of iron, tin, and gold. I shall send you to the mines to instruct my people. Officers, take him away, and see that my will is done.

It was all over with me, and in two days I was sent off in a boat with a gang of nine men. Our destination was the mountainous country lying three hundred miles to the north, upon the higher waters of the Menam river. I was secured by a chain of iron around my ankles, but my arms were left free, so that I could assist in rowing. Our course was up the

river, along the banks of which we saw a great number of towns and villages, all built on piles, sunk in the mud. In four days we had passed the flat alluvial country, and the banks of the river were now steep, wild, and precipitous.

Having made friends of my guard, I induced them to take off the chain around my ankles, which they did more readily, as they conceived it improbable that I should attempt to escape, where the country was so rude and uninhabited. I, however, had gone far enough, and was determined to bid my friends good-bye on the first fitting occasion. Two days after this, we had pushed the boat ashore, to avoid the heat of the sun, which blistered our arms and shoulders. It was, indeed, our custom to lay by during the day, and go ahead at night. On this occasion I remained near the boat, and, watching my opportunity, I got slyly into it, and pushed off. I was in the middle of the stream before the men saw me. They now set up a terrible yell, and three of them jumped in and swam at me. The boat, however, was light, and, putting her nose down the stream, I was soon clear of my pursuers. I whistled Yankee Doodle in token of victory, and kept moving.

At the end of two days I began to approach the settlements, and, being apprehensive of trouble, I turned into a branch of the river which came in from the west, and seemed to flow with a gentle and placid current. It was about two hundred yards wide, and though its banks were hilly, they were not rugged or savage. I continued to row up this stream for two days, when I met something slowly swimming down the tide. It lay directly in my course, and as I came to it, I perceived it to be a basket, made of bamboo, and in it lay a boy infant, some six months old, fast asleep! As I stooped over the side of the boat to take the little fellow in, I perceived, in the water, immediately beneath him, the ravenous jaws of a crocodile, already half open to grasp him. The monster looked at me with a horrid fishy stare, and at

the same moment brought his tail round in such a manner as to give my boat a thump, which nearly upset it. After this I thrust an oar down his throat with a furious plunge, upon which he rolled half over, and went away. I then took the child in, and having given him the name of Moses, I proceeded to consider what was to be done. The little fellow soon waked up, and put out his hands, paddling in the air, as if for his mother and his dinner.

In my whole life I was never more puzzled as to what I should do. I, however, took the infant in my lap, and whistled and sung to it, while I rowed away as well as I could. When, at last, he began to cry, I pushed ashore, under the spreading bows of a tree; here I made a fire, and in my saucepan boiled some rice, and squeezed the juice of it into his mouth. I was never more relieved—indeed I may say I was never more delighted—than when I saw Moses suck away as if he had found his nurse. But what on earth was I to do with him? That was, indeed, a poser! It was a perfect wilderness all around me. I had no doubt that a superstitious mother had set the infant afloat on the river, as an offering to some hideous divinity; and she, perhaps, would have deemed herself happy, if she could have seen it devoured by the crocodile. "Such," thought I, "is Paganism: it teaches the mother to abandon her tender offspring as a prey to monsters; while Christianity calls upon even a rude man like me to become its protector, and, if there is need, to stand in the place of father and mother. Poor thing," added I, "Gilbert Go-ahead is a rough nurse, but he will not abandon thee: he will do what he can, Moses, and that is all that is to be expected of any one."

I now sat down on a hummock of land, and gave the child a tossing up and down, Connecticut fashion. He smiled and evidently liked it. He was a plump, smooth, soft little cherub; and when he was delighted he crammed his fist into his mouth,

just as our babies do. "Well," said I to myself, "we are all of one family: this 'ere dark-skinned young Pagan—the offspring of a mother who never saw Bunker Hill, or heard of pumkin pie—has all the ways of a child nurtured in the fear and admonition of Deacon Smith, of Sandy Plain. All he wants is education, to be a Christian. Any body can see an immortal soul down at the bottom of the little fellow's eyes. Well, well—that's plain enough: but what shall I do with him! If I were at home I'd adopt him, and send him to Yale College, when he grew up. He might, perhaps, become a shining light in the church or at the bar. At any rate he's got good lungs"—for as I said this the young rogue spread out his arms and legs, and squalled in such a manner as to make a long echo in the woods.

After some reflection, I concluded to abandon my boat, and to march across the country to the west, hoping to reach the Burmese territories, and thus escape all danger of being captured by the Siamese. Taking a bundle containing my rice, a little sugar, and my sauce-pan, and swinging Moses like an Indian papoose in a sack over my shoulder, I set out upon my journey.

The country over which I now passed consisted of elevated barren ridges, with narrow valleys between, which, in some cases, were well wooded, and covered with a rich tropical vegetation. These places I avoided on account of their impenetrable thickets, and the dangerous beasts and venomous reptiles which infested them. Thus obliged to keep to the hills and mountains, my course was circuitous, and my actual progress very slow. After six days' severe march, I had probably advanced, in a direct line, less than a hundred miles. I began now to find my strength giving way, and a strange apprehension came over me. I had not seen a village, or even a house, during my journey. The country was in general desolate, and calculated to depress the spirits, by its aspect of loneliness.

It was the dry season, and the birds, insects, and wild beasts had mostly withdrawn to the valleys.

Added to all this, I could not but notice that my little companion was, day by day, growing pallid and thin. He wailed a good deal, especially when I put him on my back. I then took him in my arms, and carried him as gently as possible. But all motion seemed to distress him. When I stopped and sat down, he became quiet; and when I spoke to him, he looked pleased, and a little faint smile dimpled his chin and cheeks. But this soon passed away, and a mild sadness settled upon his cherub face. I began to feel very bad about him, and deeply pondered as to what ought to be done. I tried to think over all the ways and means I had seen practised at home, for the benefit of sick children. But what could I do? I had no medicine; I was not a physician; I was not even a nurse. My heart sank within me, for the little creature had taken hold of my feelings, and I felt as much interest in him as if I had been his father. When the thought came across me that he might die, the tears gushed out, as if I had been a boy.

I now cast about for a place where we might have shelter, and this I soon found beneath a shelving rock, overspread by trees resembling our hemlock. Here I made a bed of leaves for Moses, and when I laid him in it, he seemed quite content. I now rambled about in search of water, and was gone for half an hour. Having filled my saucepan, I returned, and, as I approached the bed of the boy, I saw, with horror, an animal resembling a leopard, crouched on his belly close to him, and about to make a fatal spring upon him. I screamed aloud, and rushed upon the beast, which was taken by surprise, and ran away like a cat.

I now did every thing I could think of for the poor, sick and sinking child. Night soon set in, and though I was very weary, I did not sleep. I heard a wild, shrill mewing in the

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woods, and several times it came near, and I saw two bright eyes, like balls of fire, between the trees at a little distance. At another time all this might have excited emotions of fear, but such was my anxiety for Moses, that I felt a kind of relief in watching the wild beast that threatened me, and in contemplating the battle that was certain to follow, if he came within reach of my fist.

The night seemed very, very long, but the dawn at last came. My little patient was evidently fast passing away. He was perfectly still, and showed no signs of pain. His breath was light as a summer breeze. As the sun came up, it shone through the trees, fair upon his face. A faint slight sigh came from his bosom. It was his last; he was gone: I was alone. Never was there any thing in nature more sad—more beautiful than that dead infant—so still, so cold, and yet with such a strange mysterious smile over the whole countenance. I shed many tears,—nay I may as well confess it: I cried like a very child—and then I buried him in the rock.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I continue my Journey.—Encamp in a Valley.—Terrific Storm and a dismal night.—Take Lodgings in a Buddhist Temple.—Monkeys follow my example.—The Image of Buddha keels over.—Tremblings of the Earth.—The Temple is Inundated.—A Deluge.—I take to a Tree.—Monkeys, Lizards, Anacondas, and Tigers, are lodged in the tops of the Forest.—Anxious Reflections.—Escape on a Raft.—Arrive at Ava.—Description of Burmah.—The Emperor.—The Burmese.—Meeting with Butter Pate.

With a heavy heart and a lingering step I took my leave of the burial-place of my little companion; and, still pursuing a westerly course, at the end of two days I came to a region consisting of tall, rugged mountains, traversed by long, narrow,

and winding valleys. It seemed to be a huge wall, made to be a perpetual barrier between nations. I conceived this to be the boundary of the Siamese dominions, and so it afterwards proved.

It was, however, nearly a week before I had crossed these mountains; and, when at last I reached the western ridge and began to descend the slope, which shelved down to a wide plain, I was worn out with fatigue. Coming at length to a hill, on the edge of the valley, which was covered with palm trees, I determined to stay a day or two, in order to recruit. The place was inviting, for the trees afforded shade from the sun, and by the abundance of monkeys grinning at me from the branches, I concluded I should find cocoa-nuts and other fruits.

I made myself a hut of a few sticks set in the ground, with a roof of palm leaves, and, as it was now evening, I turned in and had a good night's sleep. It was June, and the trees which had cast their leaves in May, were now clothed in the most abundant vegetation, improved by light rains which had fallen at intervals. In the morning I got some cocoa-nuts, and, after a good breakfast, laid down again in my cabin, and snoozed away the entire day.

As evening approached, I perceived a great movement in the clouds, and soon the rain began to fall in torrents. The lightning flashed terribly, and the thunder pealed and echoed along the mountain slopes, shaking the earth in a most extraordinary manner. I was soon wet to the skin, but there was no help for it, and so I laid still. The wind, however, began to sweep by in gusts, and rushing in currents through the open spaces beneath the trees, capsized my hut, and left me to the pelting of the rain.

I passed a dismal night, and in the morning I cast about for some substantial shelter. I soon came to a mass of shrubbery, and forcing my way into the thicket, found the ruins of a Buddhist temple. It was all thrown down; but I perceived a staircase through an opening in the basement, and in I went. I

descended some twenty feet, and here I discovered a kind of chapel, with a smooth, level floor. There were deep niches in the sides, and near one of them I found an image of Buddha, but, strange to say, he stood on his head, with his huge beast-like heels in the air. The place was very dark and dismal, but it was no time to be particular; so I gathered some loose stones, made myself a seat, and sat down.

The storm continued to rage without, and I distinctly felt shocks of an earthquake. The huge stone image of Buddha was greatly disturbed, and finally it took a sort of leap, tumbled forward, and assumed an erect position immediately before me. Soon after a whole troop of monkeys came straggling in; I supposed at first that they came to drive me out of my retreat; but they slunk away in the nooks and corners, and sitting down upon their haunches, doubled themselves up, shivering and whining, like a parcel of frightened children. It was obvious that the shock of the elements had deprived them of their wonted vivacity, and that, like myself, they had come to seek security in the recesses of the ruined building. They manifested no fear of me; most of them kept aloof, but they looked at me, and winked with countenances full of respect. When the wind howled louder than usual around the entrance of the cavern, or when the thunder broke over us with unwonted violence, two or three of them crept towards me, and squatted at my side. One of them at last edged along on his rump, so close as to touch me. I offered to shake hands with him, but he rather snappishly declined the honor, and, as if insulted, retreated behind Buddha, where he kept himself snug, occasionally peering at me, round the bulky haunches of the God.

The whole day passed, and as night approached, it seemed as if the war of wind and rain and lightning was redoubled. The room of the temple, which had been faintly lighted during the day, was now perfectly dark, except that the lightning came

in at the entrance and filled it at intervals with its flashes. About midnight I heard a strange, confused sound, and felt the earth shudder beneath my feet. At the same moment every one of the monkeys started and scampered out of the cavern. I had no idea what had happened, but I thought I might as well go and see.

It is impossible to describe the scene now before me. By the glare of the lightning I could perceive that the plain around me had been converted into a sea, swelling and rushing forward in one wide, foaming current. The top of the hill alone, was still uncovered. The waters were already at the very mouth of the cavern, and while I stood on the threshold, they rose and began to tumble in headlong dashes, down the staircase.

For a moment I became giddy with surprise, and perhaps with fear. What indeed could I do? Whither could I fly? There was no safety on the whirling tide—there seemed no refuge on the trembling earth. I stood paralyzed, and already the waters curled over my feet, and rose to my ankles. The last patch of earth had disappeared. I cast a look upward, and there, on a sturdy palm tree, I saw several monkeys. I fancied there was a fellow feeling in their look; and so, reduced to extremity, I did not consider it beneath me to follow their example. When a monkey does the best thing that can be done, a wise man loses no dignity by walking in his footsteps. I therefore mounted the tree, and climbing into its top, found quite a comfortable resting-place between two of its upper branches. I even contrived to weave together some of its broad leaves in such a manner as to form a kind of roof, which afforded shelter from the rain. One of the monkeys liked the idea, and, with a face of ludicrous importance, began to imitate me. He succeeded at last in weaving three leaves together, and he put his head under them: but finding the rest of his body exposed to the storm, he pettishly tore his work in pieces,

mounted high into a fork of the tree, and sulked like a spoilt child. I believe it was the same chap I had offered to shake hands with. "Well," thought I, "these monkeys greatly resemble other folks; that fellow, as to his temper, is just like my schoolmate, Bill Pitcher, at Sandy Plain. Bill was always getting into the sulks: he took to pouting as naturally as he did to his hasty-pudding. The only way was to let him alone, and after a while he got over it, and was all the better for it." So it happened with the offended monkey. After sitting for two hours in the crotch of the tree, he came down grinning, and skulked into my cabin, as if he was one of my family. I said nothing, but I gave Sulky a meaning look, which he returned, it being very clear that we now understood each other perfectly.

The rain continued for two days, during which the waters rose to within about two feet of me. Around, and at no great distance, there were about fifty palm trees, whose tops were still above the surface of the tide. These were occupied by monkeys, lizards of various kinds, and serpents, coiling in the branches. At no great distance, I saw a leopard in the forks of a tree, and, by his side, a boa-constrictor, both so subdued by terror and adversity, that they seemed totally unconscious of each other's presence.

I had before heard of the terrible storms, inundations, and earthquakes that take place in Southern Asia, at the beginning of the rainy season. I knew that these agitations of nature were particularly violent in the Burmese territories, where I now was, but I had never imagined any thing so frightful as what I here beheld. A broad valley had been converted into a lake, in the space of three days; the wild animals had been driven from their haunts; the nature of the venomous reptile and savage beast had been subdued and changed; the inhabitants of the cave and the rock, had been driven from their hiding-places; the crocodile and the leopard perched on

the branches of trees; and man and monkeys alike sought shelter in the frail abodes of the feathered tribes!

But, how was all this to end? That was a serious question for me. It is true that I was tolerably well off for the moment. I had caught three or four cocoa-nuts, as they went swimming by, and my seat was tolerably comfortable. But, how long was the deluge to last? Was it to be like the Old Deluge, forty days in its progress, and a whole year in leaving the face of nature? I was a stranger in a strange land, and I should have been particularly happy to have been informed on this subject. I asked my monkey neighbor about it, but he looked very wise and said not a word, which has given me a disgust, ever since, of all those people who roll up their eyes and are silent when there is trouble on hand. There is a great deal more comfort in talking, and being talked to, than most people imagine. I would have given a first-rate Waterbury clock, with an alarm and a landscape extra, to have had somebody near by, just to hear me talk, during those long, tedious days, while I was roosting in the top of a palm tree. I hallooed pretty loud several times, but the only consequence was that the monkeys on my tree showed signs of uneasiness, the leopard crawled up a little higher, the alligator winked, and the anaconda girded the branch on which he clung, a little tighter with his tail.

It was at the end of four days that two logs came floating along, and struck broadside across the tree where I sat. They were bound together by a rope of bark; and, without hesitation, I got on to them, and, giving them a turn, put them fairly into the current. I took an affectionate leave of the monkeys, serpents, reptiles, and other monsters, and launched forth upon my voyage. I went along at a great rate, and, in a few hours, I was taken off by two men in a boat.

These persons were Burmese. The king of the country was at war with England at this time, and these men, suppos-

ing me to be an Englishman, took me to Ava, the capital, and delivered me up as a prisoner. I was soon released, however, on making it known that I was an American.

I found Ava to be a much smaller city than I supposed. It does not contain over thirty thousand inhabitants, and most of the houses are mere huts, covered with thatch. The place takes its name from *Aug-wa*, which means fish-pond; and it appears that a fish-pond once occupied the site of the present city.

It consists of an outer and inner town, both of which are fortified. The inner part comprises little more than the palace, which, however, is seldom occupied by the king, the city of Monchobo, twenty-seven miles west, being the real capital. Ava contains many Buddhist temples, one of which has an image of Buddha, or Gadama, twenty-four feet high, made of a single block of marble. In the markets, I saw some British, American, and Chinese manufactures.

Burmah is an extensive country, and contains five or six millions of inhabitants. I did not call upon the king, but I understood that he is almost as black as a negro, though he loves to be called *The Golden*. Thus the people talk of speaking to the *Golden Ear;* falling down at the *Golden Feet*, &c. He is very ignorant, and does not know as much as a boy who has been through one of our common schools; yet the people call him *Lord of Life and Limb;* they even bow down before his palace walls, and when they are riding by, they dismount and take off their shoes. This sounds very strange to us, but ignorant people may be very easily brought up to make fools of themselves by artful and designing persons.

The inhabitantsof Burmah are almost exclusively worshippers of Buddha. It is a curious fact that people who have an absurd religion are usually absurd in most other things. The priests get a good living, and have great power, through the influence of Buddhism; so they try to make every body believe it, and practice it.

In Burmah there are several races, some of whom live in remote districts, and are almost independent of the government. In general, the people are short and stout, with an olive complexion, and coarse, lank, black hair. The most refined have little education, and more than half are mere barbarians. They do not know how to whistle, and I had some thoughts of setting up a whistling school, but circumstances soon led my thoughts in another direction.

During my late adventures in Siam, and my journey to Ava, I had contrived to keep the greater part of my money, which amounted to about two hundred and forty-five dollars. This was a considerable sum in Burmah, and yet it was very little to take back to Sandy Plain. I had given up, entirely, my lost clocks, and was casting about for some means by which I could gain a fortune, so as to return home and make a sensation.

While I was ruminating on this subject, I chanced to meet with my old friend, Butter Pate, the Thibetan priest. He had successfully acomplished his mission, having founded in Hué a central institution for the benefit of aged and reduced crickets, with one hundred auxiliaries. Being now on his way back to his native country, he invited me to accompany him, promising to show me to the Grand Lama, and do his best to make my fortunes thrive, if any chance should offer. I thought the offer too good to be lost, and so, without long delay, we took a boat that was going up the river Irrawady, and began our journey.

CHAPTER XIX.

Suggestion as to a Map of the Countries I travel.—The great river Irrawadi.—Our Voyage.—The rainy Season.—The City of Bhamo.—We buy two Ponies, and leave this Place.—Continue our Journey.—Assam.—Butter Pate looses a Toe, and shows a Want of manly Fortitude.—The instructive Story of Grip and Dot.—A Dialogue on Charms.—Priestraft, a profitable Profession.

I must beg my readers who wish to understand my travels, to keep before them a map of the countries I visit. It will be seen that the Irrawadi is not only the greatest river in Burmah, but actually one of the great rivers of Asia. It rises in the mountainous regions of Thibet, breaks through the great barrier of the Himalaya range, and pursuing a southerly course of 600 miles, empties into the eastern part of the great bay of Bengal. It passes nearly through the center of Burmah, and is the principal thoroughfare of its commerce.

The boat in which I was now ascending this river, in company with the Thibetan priest, was a sort of canoe with two masts, each of which had a small sail of matting. It was a long, narrow craft, made of the trunk of a huge tree, but it got along better than one could have expected. The boatmen showed great skill and activity, and evinced a real genius for their vocation.

The rainy season was pretty much over, but the river was still swollen; and the rapidity of the current, against which we were contending, delayed our progress, though we were assisted by a steady wind from the south. There were a great number of boats and vessels on the river, some going up and some down the stream, thus showing that a very active and extended commerce exists in this country. The

towns and villages along the river were numerous, but we saw none of great size till we reached Bhamo,—180 miles north-east of Ava.

We remained at this city a week, and I found it a most interesting place. Next to Rangoon and Ava, it is the largest city in Burmah—containing about 20,000 inhabitants. It is only forty miles west of the Chinese frontier. The people consist of Chinese and Burmese, with a sprinkling of Tartars, Thibetans, Shans, &c., all marked with their national peculiarities of language, dress, and personal appearance. There is a very extensive trade here, and I have seldom seen a more curious spectacle than that which is exhibited at the chief market-place or bazaar. Here are cotton, woolen, and silk variety.

The Chinese portion of the inhabitants have pretty good houses, generally of brick: those of the natives are made of reeds, covered with grass-thatch. Each house has a railing of thatch around it. Several fine villages are found near the town. The trade in woolens, silks, and cottons is in the hands of the Chinese. Several hundreds of Chinese traders arrive here in caravans, during the months of December and January, and then the city has a very busy and lively appearance. The climate is hot, but not oppressive: the country around is prolific and finely cultivated. The market of Bhamo is well stocked with game, fowls, meat, and vegetables, with great variety and abundance of fruits. The Chinese costume, consisting of a short jacket and short loose trowsers, prevails to a considerable extent, even among the Burmese.

I left Bhamo with some regret, for it is really an extraordinary place, from the variety of people to be seen there, from the activity of its trade, the beauty of its climate, and the abundance of its fruits and other products. We now pursued our voyage on the river for two days, and then taking to the land, Butter-Pate and I bought two horses not bigger

than ponies, and proceeded in a westerly course toward Assam. The road, consisting only of a bridle-path, passed over a hilly country, covered with wood. In the course of four days' travel we came to three villages. Two nights we spent in little shanties, by the roadside, without inhabitants.

Assam consists mostly of the fine valley of the river Burrampooter; this is surrounded by lofty mountains, the tops of which are covered with snow in winter. The inhabitants are barbarians, and there are no large towns. The houses are mostly built of bamboo. Silk is produced by wild insects. Silver, iron, lead, and other minerals, are found. Pepper, ginger, mustard, beans of many kinds, oranges, bananas, and other fruits, are cultivated. The people consist of many tribes and bear a general resemblance to the Burmese. Rice is the principal article of food, but serpents, rats, dogs, monkeys, and grasshoppers are esteemed very delicious. The chiefs of the tribes administer the government, such as it is. The whole province is subject to the British, who keep two regiments of Assam soldiers and two gun boats at Suddya, on the Burrampooter. The whole country, containing 600,000 people, is kept in subjection by this paltry force.

Our route lay along the northern border of the province. We came, at one place, to an immense road or causeway of stone, built ages ago, and the history of which is entirely lost. Several similar roads cross the country, and one extends from Bengal, in India, to the eastern border of Assam.

This country is remarkable for the number of its rivers, most of which are without bridges. In crossing one of them, my friend, Butter Pate, came very near being drowned. His little horse was a good swimmer, but the priest was fat and heavy, and the poor beast sank under him. I saw the danger, and the river not being deep, thanks to my long legs, I was able to get both to land. The priest, however, had lost one of his great toes by the bite of a crocodile. He was so

frightened, that he was not aware of his misfortune till some time after he was ashore. He then felt a tingling at the extremity of his foot, which caused him to look in that direction. When he saw the blood running, and perceived that a piece of his body was gone, he bellowed like a boy. "Ook-a-doo-do—ook-a-doo-do," said he, at least a dozen times, the tears rolling down his yellow, velvet cheeks, and his countenance being distorted by a woeful expression of pain.

"My dear friend," said I, "you are a priest and a religious man. You should be consoled. Think how happy you ought to be that the crocodile took only a toe, instead of a leg."

"Ook-a-doo-do!" said he, "you talk to a priest as if he were a man."

"And why not?—are you not a man?"

"Ook-a-doo-do—not at all. I am a priest—a sanctified one. Do you not see this holy amulet attached to my neck?"

"And what is that?"

"It is a ray of the divine essence: it is a piece of a wart cut from the Grand Lama's forefinger."

"If it had been on your great toe, probably it would have turned the crocodile's stomach, and saved you harmless."

"The vain words of an unbeliever, show the sin that festers in his soul. Ook-a-doo-do—ook-a-doo-do!"

"But really, my friend, do not give way to such unavailing grief. Think of the consolation you have given to others in their trials, and now apply them to yourself."

"Ook-a-doo-do. You talk like a child; the loss of a toe is irreparable; it will never grow again. Besides, it hurts! Ook-a-doo-do—it thrills to my hip, and from my hip to every part of my body. Oh, that this should have happened to father Butter Pate! Ook-a-doo-do—that it should have happened to me, assured of safety by a relic holier than an angel's eyebrow. Ook-a-doo-do—I have been guilty of some

mortal sin. Was it eating that leg of a rat on Wednesday? —or was it that I slept last night with my feet to the west? Ook-a-doo-do—who can tell? Would that some brother of the holy faith of Gadama were here to pour the oil of consolation into my bosom."

"That would be very well, no doubt; but the best way to heal the mind, just now, is to mind the body. Come, I am a pretty good surgeon. I have gathered some plaintain leaves; pray, let me bind them over the wound. I will engage that you shall be cured in a week."

The poor man said not a word, though he groaned and writhed while I proceeded to tie up his foot. Luckily, as the toe was gone, it had been cut square off, as if the amputation had been performed by a hatchet. I made a neat job of it, and then prepared to resume our journey. The priest's pony—at peace both in body and mind—was quietly grazing at a short distance. We both mounted, but my friend's foot gave him such pain that he could not proceed. At last I brought his wounded leg upon the shoulder of the pony, and in this attitude we went slowly forward.

It was impossible to rouse my companion from the sadness which brooded over him. I suggested to him that he should find relief in his religion. He replied, snappishly, "I have told you that our religion was made for the common people." I suggested that it was not manly to give way to such grief, for such an accident. "Ah," said he, "you have never lost a toe!" I told him that he should remember that the pain would soon be over. "To-morrow," said he, "cannot annihilate to-day!"

"Shall I tell you a story?" said I.

"Speak," said he; and I began, while my poor friend clasped tighter the ankle of his wounded limb, with one of his hands, as if to alleviate, by pressure, the agony he suffered.

"Once upon a time," said I.

"Ook-a-doo-do," said he.

I went on. "Once upon a time there was an—"

"Ook-a-doo-do."

"No, no; not an ook-a-doo-do," said I, "but an old monkey with two children. He was the patriarch of all monkeydom round about that place. He was not only stricken in years, and of a venerable aspect, but he was deemed the wisest philosopher of his time. At last, he said to his two sons, 'I am too old to live in the woods; I must retire to yonder cave, and lay myself down amid the bones of my ancestors, and there I must die. Listen to my last words. It is according to the traditions of our family, which belongs to a noble race, that the eldest son should inherit the fortune of the father, that he may transmit it to future generations. Here, Grip, is a golden chain which I stole from a great magician. Take it; keep it around your neck, and be happy. Nothing can harm you, while you have this protection. As for my younger son, Dot, I shall give him some advice: it is all I can bequeath to him. Be a good monkey and take care of yourself!' Having said this, the aged patriarch retired to the cave and was heard of no more.

"Well, the two monkeys soon parted, and for a long time they did not see each other. But at last there came a terrible pestilence, and nearly all the monkeys in that region died of it. The rest concluded to emigrate to another country, as the only means of safety. In their way they came to a river, and it was necessary to cross it. At this point the two brothers met, after their long separation. 'How are you going to cross the lake?' said Grip to Dot. 'On a piece of bark,' was the reply. 'Poh,' said Grip; 'why don't you swim?'

"'I am afraid of the alligators,' said Dot.

"'Poh!' said Grip, 'that is all well enough for a common monkey, but I shall swim. None of your vulgar tricks for me. I have a chain that saves me from the necessity of such paltry devices. I am a privileged monkey!'

"Saying this, Grip launched into the stream. At the same time, Dot set forth on a broad piece of bark, and using a stick for an oar, he glided swiftly over the water. Pretty soon he saw a terrible plashing at a little distance. Looking in that direction, he heard his brother Grip cry out, 'Boo-hoo! what are you doing, Mister Alligator?'

"'I am eating you up!' said the latter.

"'But it's a mistake; you are eating the wrong one. I've got a sacred chain and amulet around my neck. I'm the eldest son.'

"'You'll be all the sweeter,' said Alli, and with that he opened his jaws wide, and poor Grip was gone! Dot went a-head with his bark boat, and got safe ashore." Here I paused.

"And what then?" said the priest.

"Why, you see," said I, "that the preference given to the elder son was in fact, his destruction. Thus parents often ruin their children whom they endow with fortunes, while those who are left to rely upon their own good sense, are successful in life."

"Your story may instruct others, but it is barren to a priest, who has no children."

"Perhaps even a priest may gather something from it."

"How so?"

"Let me ask you a question. When you were crossing the river, why did you not hold your feet up on the saddle as I did, for surely you saw the crocodiles in the water?"

"Yes, I saw them; but I was armed with the wart of the Sublime Lama."

"And so you lost your great toe."

"It is too true; but I had not faith in my heart."

"You had too much; you relied upon your amulet, and not upon common sense."

"You reason like a child of this world. The amulet must

be accompanied by faith. If I had kept my mind upon the holy relic, my toe had been upon my foot at this very moment; however, I shall get it restored when I reach Pootala."

"How so?"

"We have charms there for such things."

"Indeed?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I do doubt."

"What an obstinate unbeliever!"

"I am an unbeliever in charms and relics, and all that sort of thing, for you see, without them I am safe, and with them you have lost a toe."

"What faith have you, then?"

"I belong to a Christian country. Our religion teaches us to obey God. Now, he has given us reason as our guide. When we follow this, we obey him; when we act against reason, we disobey him. When a person comes and tells us that he has an old man's wart, or some other relic, and that these will perform miracles, our reason tells us such things are false, and if we believe such things, we disobey God. Our religion teaches us that God is good and wise. Now, can he be good and wise if he gives to those paltry relics the power to overturn the laws of nature? Can he be good and wise who rules by relics, which may be true or false, and which may be mere instruments of deception and fraud, instead of ruling by universal laws, which all may know and understand?"

"This is mere worldly philosophy."

"Yes; and good philosophy too, because, as yet, we are in the world. We are here, I admit, as candidates for another. I admit that this life is only the pathway to another and higher state of existence. But we need guides and lights, to show us the way. And these guides should speak a language we can understand; these lights should be adapted to our organs of vision. If our guides talk a strange tongue, how do

we know what they say, how do we know that they are not mere deceivers? If these lights are not suited to our vision, they serve only to dazzle or bewilder us."

"Do you not believe, then, in a religious faith, higher even than worldly wisdom?"

"Certainly, but it is worldly wisdom that points it out, that proves it to be a *religious*, and not an *irreligious* faith. Faith is the higher light of the soul, but in order to see it, to try it, and to appreciate it, the clear sense of the human understanding must be kept always shining. God has given to every human being a lamp, and commanded him to walk by its light. That lamp is common sense."

"But if we give up relics, images, charms, and the like, what advantage have the priests, who are the great support of Buddhism?"

"I am not prepared to answer."

"Remember, the priests make the relics, images, charms, &c.; if they sell them, they enjoy the profit; if they use them, they have a great advantage over other people. I think if you destroy these things, you destroy the power of the priests and Buddhism itself, would fall."

"What then?"

"Our holy religion would be overturned."

"Then you can adopt ours."

"That seems to me sheer infidelity."

"And yours appears to me a system of superstition and fraud."

"But I hope to convert you!"

"And I hope to convert *you!*"

"Ook-a-doo-do, how my foot twinges!"

CHAPTER XX.

The River Burrampooter.—Bootan.—Description of the Country.—The grunting Ox.—The Bootanees.—City of Paro.—Arrival at Tassisudon.—Description of the Place.—The Deb-Rajah.—Eating Grasshoppers on Thursday.—Burning of a dead Body.—The Priests or Gylongs.—We leave Tassisudon, and proceed toward Thibet.—The Himalaya Mountains.—Desolation of the Scene.—Intensity of the Cold.—Difficulty of Breathing.—I come near perishing.—Am relieved by a Hermit.—How the Kootooktoo takes Money.—Magnificent View from the tops of the Mountains.—Descent to the Plains of Thibet.

My journey, in company with my Thibetan friend, continued several days without any remarkable incident. We crossed the river Bramahputra, or Burrampooter, and soon after entered the territories of the little state of Bootan. This lies at the north-east corner of Hindostan, and occupies the lower portions of the southern slope of the Himalaya mountains. It is a wild, rough region, its whole extent being about twice as large as New England, and its inhabitants 1,500,000 in number.

Our route lay along the middle portion of this country; to the north the mountains, with tops covered with eternal snow rising in bleak pyramids to the clouds, occupied the view; to the south, the country sloped down into level plains and luxuriant jungles—the abodes, as we were told, of innumerable wild animals, such as elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, &c. We frequently saw among the hills small troops of buffaloes, and here and there a *yaik*, or *grunting ox*, which is remarkable for a long tail of silky hair, somewhat like that of a horse. The horses here are fine, and most of them are of various colors, called pie-bald.

The Bootanees are quite different from the Hindoos, as well

as the Burmese. They are generally of good height, and many are six feet. They have wide cheek-bones, the face terminating in a narrow pointed chin, giving them a three-cornered, fox-like outline of physiognomy. The eye is small and black; the beard is light; the hair black. The climate of the country is cool, and the clothing mostly of woolen cloth. Turnips seem to be the chief garden vegetable that is cultivated here.

The Bootanees are a barbarous people; their houses, consisting of one story, are mere huts. Sometimes a man has many wives, and often a wife has several husbands. In passing through the country, we had great occasion to admire the suspension bridges, which are often of chains of iron, though more frequently of timbers ingeniously locked together. Many of them are thrown across rivers sixty, or even seventy feet above the stream below. The people make aqueducts for water, by hollowing out logs and placing them under ground. They manufacture paper and satin from the bark of a tree; they also make idols, swords, daggers, and the barbs of arrows, the latter being dipped in poison. The bow and arrow are used for hunting and war, though fire-arms are beginning to be introduced.

At the town of Paro, which is not far from the southern frontier of Thibet, we found considerable manufactures of these latter utensils. This place has some trade, and here is the principal market of Bootan. Some commerce is carried on between this town and Bengal at the south, and Thibet at the north; this, however, is in the hands of the government. Indigo, English woolens, cotton, and linen cloths, sandal wood, assafœtida, sheet-copper, teas, gunpowder, &c., are brought hither; coarse woolen cloths, wax, ivory, gold dust, silver, and horses are given in exchange.

From Paro, we proceeded twelve miles north to Tassisudon, the capital of Bootan. Here I learned something about the

government. It seems that the nominal chief of the country is called *Dharma-Rajah*. He is conceived to be above mortal men, and, in fact, is deemed a god. The actual business of government is confided to an officer called *Deb-Rajah*.

The city of Tassisudon is mostly a collection of one-story houses, and the palace of the Deb-Rajah is quite magnificent compared with the rest of the town. I was very anxious to see the great men of Bootan, but the Dharma-Rajah was living at Punukka, and a curious difficulty prevented us from seeing the Deb-Rajah. It seems there is a schism in the Buddhist religion here, one sect believing in eating grasshoppers on Thursday, and the other believing it to be a deadly sin to eat them on that day. Tassisudon is full of priests, or lamas, and in one of their monasteries or lamassaries my Thibetan friend and myself were lodged.

We sent notice to the Deb-Rajah of our arrival, and our desire to present our respects to him. We were accordingly invited to come to his palace the next day at sunrise. We went at the precise hour, and were met at the door by a man in a long black gown, and wearing a high conical cap, who asked us who and what we were. To this we made a proper reply.

"Do you hold, then," said he, "to eating grasshoppers on Thursday?"

The priest seemed to be in doubt how to answer, and pointed to me, as much as to say—"Ask him first!"

"Well," said the man in the black gown, "do you believe in eating grasshoppers on Thursday?

"I don't believe in eating them at all," said I.

"Thou art a heathen," said the man, "and cannot enter here. If grasshoppers are not made to be eaten, they are made in vain, which is imputing folly to the Creator!"

I was about to reply, when the man waved his hand imperiously in token of silence. He then turned to my companion for his answer. The latter spoke as follows:

"The question you propose is too important to be answered hastily. I am myself a man of religion: I am a lama of Thibet. I have knelt at the feet of the thrice divine Grand Lama, of the holy temple of Pootala; and his breath is the dew of heaven! I have a right to ask thee questions, and to require an answer. What is the day of the week?"

"Wednesday," said the man.

"Yes; and to-morrow, what will you have for dinner?"

"Grasshoppers and turnips."

"I should be happy to dine with you."

"So; you eat grasshoppers on Thursday?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! I see—you are of our faith: I will introduce you to the Deb-Rajah, but your unbelieving attendant cannot enter."

There was no help for it, so I turned away and wandered about the town. I soon came to the river on which Tassisudon is situated, and here, at the bank, I saw a great collection of people. Pretty soon there came a long procession of priests, and I saw that four of them had something quite heavy, bearing it forward on a sort of rude litter. When they came near the water, they put it down on a pile of brush. I then perceived it was the dead body of a man. After some prayers and other ceremonies were performed over the body, the faggots were set on fire, and the corpse was speedily reduced to ashes; these were then taken up on a shovel and thrown into the river. The priests who are here called *gylongs*, are a brutal-looking set, and their horrid groans and grimaces in these rites, were truly shocking. I returned to my lodgings quite sick at the spectacle I had witnessed.

Having remained three days at Tassisudon, we took our departure, and proceeded northward in a direct line toward Thibet. We had some severe traveling before us. The route lay over tall, precipitous mountains and deep valleys. The paths were rocky and often encumbered by trees which had

fallen across them—as we advanced—from the shaggy sides of the impending cliffs. Every day, we rose higher and higher upon that stupendous bulwark of mountains which separates Thibet from Hindostan.

We were mounted on the two little horses—or rather, ponies—which we had purchased in Assam. They were tough, vigorous fellows, and performed their task admirably; still it was hard work for them, and often as we rode along the dizzy edges of the rocks, hanging over deep and dismal gulfs and gorges, it seemed as if they would inevitably fall over and carry us to destruction.

At length we arrived in the region of snow. All around had now the aspect of perfect winter, though it was the month of August. We continued to ascend higher and higher, while far beyond we could see the mountains like bluish clouds, still rising above us. Every vestige of life now disappeared. The wild goats were no longer seen skipping over the glaciers; the snow-white owls that flitted before us were gone, not a blasted pine—not even a lichen creeping over the rocks, was visible. The whole scene consisted of glaciers as hard and unchangeable as granite. It seemed a zone of desolation and death. How terrible was the idea of that freezing atmosphere, which reduces the whole circle of the seasons, into an eternal winter, and converts the most beautiful element of nature into solid rock!

I confess that never in my life did I feel such a state of loneliness and helplessness as in those terrible peaks of the Himalaya mountains. Nor was mental depression the only thing I had to suffer. I found it exceedingly difficult to breathe the air, on account of our great elevation being so thin and so different from what I was accustomed to. Several times I was so suffocated that the blood gushed out of my mouth and nostrils, and I should have perished but for some balsam administered to me by the priest.

I became exceedingly weak, and finally was so faint that I could not sit upon my horse. I dismounted with great difficulty, and while every thing seemed to swim around, I saw a shaggy looking being approach me. I thought to myself that I was about to be seized by a bear, when all consciousness left me, and I fell to the ground.

When I awoke I was in a cavern, the priest reposing at a distance, and the shaggy creature, which I now saw to be a hermit, sitting by me, and taking care of me. I soon recovered my senses, and, after a short time, was entirely restored. I thanked the hermit very sincerely for his kindness, and remarked that he had no doubt saved my life.

"You need not give me the credit," said he, "it is all the work of the Kootooktoo."

"And who, pray, is the Kootooktoo?" said I.

"He is here!" said the priest, taking a little misshapen stone image from a nook in the cave, and showing it to me.

"Indeed!" said I, "this seems to me only a bit of stone, cut into the hideous semblance of a man, or rather a monkey."

"It was once stone," said the hermit, "and it has the semblance of a monkey: but it is consecrated, and is now a thing of power. The spirit of generating and restoring life is in it. Pay your thanks to it."

"Well," said I, "good Kootooktoo, I'm much obliged to you; and to prove it I here give you five dollars." So saying I handed the money to the idol.

"Bah!" said I, "the good Kootooktoo can't take it. He has the power of generating—he can save life—but he can't take pay for it."

"Leave such low, base, worldly matters to me," said the priest. "The Kootooktoo is too holy to soil its fingers with gold." So saying he greedily took the cash, and slid it into his pocket. Soon after this I set out with my friend, and we proceeded on our journey. I had got a little used to the pe-

culiar atmosphere, and I suffered less from the difficulty of breathing; but the cold was intense, and the scene continued to be a complete solitude of interminable ice and snow.

At last we reached the very pinnacle of the mountains—nearly 30,000 feet, or six miles, above the level of the sea. The air was clear, and we could see far away to the north over the vast plains of Thibet, and to the south over the spreading savannas of Hindostan. These remote objects were indistinct, but there was a grandeur of outline which gave an impression entirely beyond the power of description.

We now began to descend the mountains, and as the country of Thibet is very elevated, it was not long before we reached its boundaries. This remote region, celebrated as being the seat of the Grand Lama, the head of that worship which has more believers than any other, is little known to Europeans. It is generally described as a vast plateau or table land, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and abutted by the most stupendous range of mountains on the globe.

A few European travelers have crossed these formidable barriers, and given imperfect sketches of the people and the country lying beyond them. But still, Thibet is a strange and almost unknown land, and hence my adventures there, which are not a little extraordinary, will, I trust, be interesting to my readers.

CHAPTER XXI.

Observations upon Thibet.—Appearance of the Country.—People of Thibet.—Abundance of Animal Life.—Thibet Goat.—Musk Deer.—Food, Houses, Tents.—Scarcity of Timber.—Meals, Music, Dancing, and Devotion.—Roads and Bridges.—Caravans.—Sources of Rivers.—Butter Pate makes a good Operation with the Finger Nails of a Lama.—Trade for a Thibet Shawl.—Benefit of Clergy.—A Lie not Wrong in a Priest.—How to get out of the Cavern of Green Lizards.—Resemblance of the Roman Catholic Religion to Lamaism.—A Discussion on Creeds.—The Talé Lama is Earth, Air, Sea, and Sky.—Butter Pate no Hypocrite.—Arrival at Giga-Goungjar.

Thibet, situated on the southern border of the great plateau of Central Asia—as I have said—is regarded as a remote, strange, unapproachable country, whose name always excites wonder and curiosity. Feelings of this kind had a great deal of influence in persuading me to go there. It is true I had some idea that I might turn the journey to account in the way of trade, especially as my friend Butter Pate was familiar with the country, and being a lama or priest, was a man of sagacity and power, and promised to promote my views.

When, therefore, I had crossed the terrible ranges of the Himalaya mountains, which shut the country out from the warm and fertile regions of the south of Asia, I experienced strong emotions of excitement. I must confess, however, that the aspect of the country greatly disappointed me. It seemed to consist of rocky hills and ledges covered with stunted forests, with dreary plains between. The climate I found to be exceedingly cold, though it was only the beginning of September. The thick woolen garments we had bought at Tassisudon were insufficient for comfort, so that I supplied my-

self with a large goat-skin cloak, which I bought of one of the shepherds.

I found the people of Thibet to be what we call Tartars; they resemble our American Indians, especially those who have partially adopted the ways of civilized life. In dress, I noticed a sort of Chinese fashion, particularly in the trowsers: though many of the people in the country wear sheep and goat skins, almost without being shaped to the figure.

Though Thibet seems poor and meager in its vegetable production, it abounds in animal life. The country is teeming with game, and the domestic animals are very numerous and valuable. The flocks of sheep and goats are the great resource of the country. There is a peculiar variety of sheep —very small, with black legs and black faces; but the wool is exceedingly fine, and the mutton is the best I ever tasted.

The Thibet goat is certainly the most beautiful species of the numerous goat family. They are of various colors black, fawn, and white, the latter being tinged with blue. They have straight horns, and very short legs. Their long silky hair is used for the shawls, so famous all over the world.

There is a small breed of cattle, like ours, used for agricultural labor; but the *Yaik*, which I have already mentioned, is the most valuable species of ox to the Thibetans. The cows furnish an abundant supply of milk, and both males and females are excellent beasts of burthen. Their long silky tails are sent to Hindostan, where they are in great request as *chowries*, to brush off flies with.

Most of the animals, as dogs, wolves, hares, &c., have a thick, furry coat to protect them against the rigor of the climate. The most curious wild animal is the *musk deer*, which is about the size of a common hog, and its body has the shape of that animal. Its head is small, and its legs extremely delicate. It lacks the usual finish of quadruped beauty—a tail! The creature is covered with thick bushy hair, in some parts,

three inches long. The perfume, which we call *musk*, is obtained from a cist or bag which grows upon the belly of the male animal. These creatures belong to the government, and this only is permitted to take the unguent, which is a source of considerable revenue.

The food of the people of Thibet consists largely of flesh, either of game or sheep, goats, and cattle. Milk is extensively used. The chief crops are barley, wheat, and a coarse kind of pease. Turnips and radishes are almost the only garden vegetables. Fruits are scarce. Rice is not cultivated, but is brought from India. The poorer classes never eat wheat bread.

The fixed houses of the country people generally resemble brick-kilns, being low mean mounds of rough stones, heaped upon each other, without cement. These are generally grouped in villages. Many of the people are migratory, and live in tents, which at a distance, look as black as soot. Bedsteads are unknown in Thibet: a thick mattress serves for a seat by day and a bed by night. The scarcity of timber, subjects the people to many privations. In their dress, yellow and red colors prevail. Their meals are at no stated times, but are taken as hunger requires. The business of the day begins by prayer, and ends at night by music, dancing, and other amusements.

As we traveled along toward Lassa, the capital, we found the roads and bridges to be miserable. In Bootan, goods are generally carried on the shoulders of the people, especially the females; here they are transported on yaiks, mules, asses, and horses, the latter being brought from Turkestan, where they run wild in herds. Even sheep are used here for carrying small burdens.

We met several caravans of traders going from Lassa to India, with various kinds of Chinese merchandise, which it appears is obtained at the town of Sin-ning, near the northern frontier. Both horses and camels are used in these journeys.

This traffic is in the hands of the government, and the great officers of state. Sugar, tobacco, indigo, pepper, rice, gums, silk, &c., are received from India, Nepaul, and Bootan.

Thibet is a very elevated country, and here many of the great rivers of Asia have their source. Among them are the Indus, the Ganges, the Irrawada, and the Burrampooter. This latter, which we had crossed in Bootan, we now crossed again, it being here reduced to a few rods in width. Along the banks there were some marks of fertility, but the country generally was dry, and the vegetation withered as it is in New England, in the frosty days of November.

Our course now lay in a north-easterly direction, it being our intention to visit the city of Giga Gounggar, before proceeding to Lassa. We met with a few small villages in our way, but no considerable towns. Every where we were kindly received by the people, and, in consideration of the clerical character of my companion, we were often gratuitously entertained. Butter Pate, also did a good business in selling charms, disposing of no less than sixteen little finger-nails of the Lama of Teshoo-Lomboo in one village of about fifty people. He exchanged with a poor woman a bit of clay as big as a pea—which he declared had been consecrated by the Grand Lama—for a Thibet shawl which it had cost her four months to spin and weave!

I took the priest to task for all this, telling him that it seemed to me no better than robbery.

"Pooh, pooh," said he, "such things are done by all lamas."

"Then I should say that they are all rascals."

"Not at all; you are constantly confounding us lamas with the common people. Religion and morality are two different things. We lamas are not bound by morality. We are consecrated; and whatever we do is right, provided it be done for the benefit of the church."

"What do you mean by the benefit of the church?" said I.

"The church," said he, "consists of the great body of lamas or priests throughout the world. Buddha is God, and these represent him. To do good to the church, is to do good to the priests, and of course to God."

I replied that I understood what he meant, and he went on.

"Common people," said he, "are forbidden to lie, steal, rob, &c., nor is a lama to do these things, if he can as well get along without. But Buddha is above all. He made the laws of the universe, and he can break them if he will. In consecrating his priests, Buddha gives his own power to them, and if they see good reason for it, they can also set aside his laws."

"That is, if they find it convenient to lie or steal, they are at liberty to do so?"

"You speak irreverently, my son. A lama never lies, and never steals. These words are only used in application to the common people. If I, a lama, say what is not true, for the good of the church, it is a holy act, and not a lie; but if you or any other unsanctified person were to do the same, the punishment would be to wander forty thousand centuries in the Gulf of Green Lizards."

"Is there no way by which I could avoid such a terrible doom?"

"None; unless you could get the prayers of some pious lama, for that object."

"And how could I obtain such prayers?"

"By giving gold, or silver, or jewels, or some other precious things, to the lama, for the use and benefit of the church."

"Yes, yes; I think I begin to understand your religion. What a great privilege it is to be a lama, for he may do what he pleases here on earth, and be sure of Heaven afterwards. Our Christian religion is very different."

"On the contrary, some priests of your religion came to

Lassa a few years ago, from a country called Italy, and they told us that their religion, which they called the Roman Catholic, was almost exactly like ours. They said they had a Grand Lama at their head, who was Gods vicegerent on earth: that he could forgive sins, or send people to the Gulf of Green Lizards, at his pleasure. He told us that the ceremonies of their church consisted of bell-ringings, processions, kneelings, prostrations, turning rosaries, &c., almost exactly like ours.*

I replied to my friend, that the Roman Catholics had, indeed, such a ritual as he described, but that the great body of Christians in my country, instead of taking their religion from the Pope, took it from the Bible. I represented to him, that these held that all mankind were alike bound by the laws of religion and morality. Butter Pate replied with vivacity:

"You talk like a child: you insist on placing the mass of mankind on a level with the priesthood. This is a sacrilegious error. The Talé-Lama is the perpetual, undying Buddha on earth. He is all in all. He is heaven and earth, sea, and sky, and air. In him, however, the lamas live and breathe and have a being. He is a tree and they are its leaves. The leaves may fall, but only to be reproduced again in the fruit. The fruit falls, but this yields the seed. So it is with the lama. He is a leaf—a fruit—a seed, of the Eternal, always advancing to perfection. But the mass of the people are as sand and gravel, and have no other use than to feed the roots of the tree of Life—the thrice holy Talé-Lama, and his branches."

"A comfortable doctrine, this, for the priests, certainly, but how do the people like it?"

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*M. Huc, the Catholic Missionary to Thibet, in the history of his travels in that country—uses the following language: "We have already mentioned the many and striking analogies between the Lamanesque worship and the Catholic rites. Rome and Lassa, the Pope and the Talé-Lama, might furnish other analogies." The resemblance between the rites and ceremonies of the two worships, has been remarked by many other authors, and is indeed universally admitted and understood.

"They have only to submit to it."

"Well, well, my friend Butter Pate, now be honest, and tell me the truth. Do you believe this religion of yours?"

"Do you take me for a hypocrite?"

"Well, to be fair with you, I do."

"You are mistaken. Men seldom believe against the influence of education, and, above all, against their interest. I was educated in lamaism; all my family and friends are devoted to it. And besides, if I reject this religion, I sink to the level of ordinary men. As a priest, I enjoy great favors and privileges. I exercise dominion over the concerns of the mass. Through their fears I can extort their money and their goods. I can compel them to serve me in any way I please. I am not bound by the same rules of duty and morality which restrain the vulgar herd. Do you think I will doubt a system which endows me with such advantages? Before you leave Thibet you will understand what I mean. You will see that all the wealth and power of the country are in the hands of the priests. The mass of the nation are poor, ignorant, and degraded; do you think I will sink myself to their level?"

"It is doubtless too much to expect."

Here our conversation was brought to an end by the appearance of the city of Giga Gounggar at no great distance, situated in a valley before us. The country around had, indeed, by its better cultivation, announced our approach to a considerable town. Still proceeding on our course, we soon entered the town, and, as usual, took up our abode at a lamassery, or monastery. It consists of a collection of rather small white houses, around a lofty Buddhist temple. As we approached the place, our two horses, though worn down to the skin, were terribly frightened at a very droll ceremony, then going on. About fifty priests were performing a pilgrimage around the temple, constantly prostrating themselves at full length, as if they were measuring the ground with their

bodies. They looked like so many snapping bugs, getting up and getting down—only that they were very sober and sad about it. My companion was now almost at home, and he found many of his old acquaintances, as well among the lamas as the people of the town. I observed that he was every where well received, and appeared to be a universal favorite. He was in fact a kind-hearted-man, and much better, I have no doubt, than his religious creed would lead us to expect. Nevertheless, a false religion is very dangerous to the higher gifts of humanity, because a man's principles are formed by his religion, and it is very rare that actions rise higher than the sources from which they flow.

CHAPTER XXII.

We leave Giga Gounggar.—Lake Palte.—Descent of the Thibetans from Apes.—The Perfection of Aristocracy.—How the Priests manage to govern the People.—The Thibetan Hell.—The Perfection of Government.—Legend of Lake Palte.—How Falsehood is made Truth.—The upper and lower Classes.—The American System.—Thibet compared with our Country.—First Sight of Lassa and the Great Temple of Pootala.

We remained a short time only at the city of Giga-Gounggar, for we were both anxious to get to Lassa. We took our departure on our two ponies, and advanced at the rate of about twenty miles a-day. The roads were bad, and we were obliged to ford nearly all the rivers, for the want of bridges. The country through which we traveled presented a number of villages, though in some cases, half the dwellings were mere tents of coarse cloth.

On the second day we came to the famous Lake Palte, which is about thirty miles in diameter. It consists of a ring of

water, with an island in the center, about four miles across. There is a celebrated Thibetan temple on this island; my friend, Butter Pate, had a desire to go there, but after some deliberation he gave up the idea, and we proceeded on our course. He described the lake and the island, which he had often visited, as exceedingly beautiful. The latter is considered a place almost sacred on account of a prevailing legend, half civil and half religious, which my companion related to me, as follows:—

"You must know that while other nations came from various inferior sources—some from weeds, some from fish, some from rats, and some from ants, the Thibetans claim descent from a more honorable source, viz: from the apes. These creatures, as any one can see, are much superior to all other brutes, having hands, and sometimes walking erect like men. It required only a single step in advance, and man was created.

"Now you must also know, that in ages gone by—about 460,000 of years ago—the whole earth was peopled only by races of vermin, fishes, insects, birds, and quadrupeds. The monkeys were the master race, and of these the apes were the most civilized and enlightened. Every where they were the ruling people. The kings and queens and nobles of the earth were all apes; their subjects were only monkeys.

"But Thibet was more happy than any other country—for here there was a sublime race, exalted by nature above all others. They were apes, indeed, but they had no tails—a sufficient evidence of their superiority to all other tribes. Then arose the fathers and founders of our religion and our government. Such a mark of the favor of Heaven toward our country, from the beginning, is one for which the Thibetans can never be too grateful. Happy are we to know that this preference has been continued to the present day. The lineaments of our sublime parentage, the primeval apes, are still visible in the countenances of the priesthood, and, indeed, of all the

upper classes of Thibet; and let me say, in passing, that what thus marks us as the favorites of Heaven in our very countenances, is carried out and illustrated in our religious and civil state. Here in Thibet is the city of Lassa—the holy of holies—the center of light—the dwelling place of Gadama! Here in Thibet is the temple of Pootala; here is the Talé Lama—God on earth—whose presence is more effulgent than the sunrise, whose breath is more balmy than the dew of evening, and whose soul is more glorious than the sky of summer. Such is the beginning, the head of our religion: and see the benefits our system confers on society! Our country is governed by two powers, the state and the church. In them lie the intelligence, the virtue, the wisdom of the whole community. These two powers engross all the wealth of the land. They are the masters; all the rest are servants. Thus we have realized a perfection of aristocracy more completely than any other country. By a perfect union of the civil and ecclesiastical power, we have attained the height of human government and human civilization. The free, the gifted, the privileged—those who began without tails—by the rights of nature, by the dispensations of providence, by the profound and holy dictates of Buddhism—these few govern the many."

"And how do you manage it?" said I.

"By keeping the masses poor and ignorant," was the reply. "We, the priesthood, take education exclusively into our own hands, and so we teach these underlings just what we have a mind to; we do not allow them to think for themselves: we instruct them in obedience to authority; we train them to habits of devotion to Buddhism; we make them believe that the Grand Lama and his priests have power over men here in life, and after death. We tell them that hell is a mighty cavern, filled with horrors, such as scorching fires, venomous serpents, horrid monsters, and agonizing diseases, all of which are at our command. We bring up the lower classes to live

in a wholesome fear of us; because we make them believe that if they do not serve us,—if they do not follow our instructions—we shall subject their souls, after death, to all the unspeakable punishments of hell."

"And thus," said I, "you rule the people!"

"That is not all," said my friend; "besides the terrors of eternity, we are obliged to adopt a sharp system of police, to keep the multitude in order. Men cannot be governed merely by fears of the future; the wholesome influence of present discipline and punishment is necessary. There is no perfect government but by the co-operation of the civil with the priestly power. Authority has its beginning in religion; it is the church that lies at the bottom of all right and all policy in government. But the church always finds it convenient and necessary to bring to its aid the sword of civil authority. Thus by severe punishments, by whippings, by tortures, by imprisonment, and by executions, inflicted by the police, added to the threats of future misery, we have attained the perfection of government to which I have alluded."

"I understand it all," said I; "but you were going to tell me the legend of the Island of Palte."

"Yes; and I beg your pardon for this digression. Well, in a very remote age, the borders of Lake Palte were settled by a numerous tribe of monkeys. The land was fertile, and the climate delightful, so that monkeys were attracted from all the country round about, and hence this region became crowded with inhabitants.

"Now, up to this time, every monkey in the neighborhood had been born with a tail; to be without, was considered as much a deformity and a misfortune, as it is now among men to be without a nose. But at length a rumor was circulated that on the island of Palte, there was a family of monkeys who were all tailless. This created a great sensation, and indeed no small degree of disgust—for the very idea

was shocking to the ignorant and degraded people of the border.

"It must be understood that at this time the art of navigation had not been invented, and consequently, to cross the water of the lake, five miles in width, to the island in the center, was too great an undertaking to be thought of. But strange to say, one fair summer morning, a long black thing like a log, was seen to leave the island, and gliding on the surface of the lake, came steadily toward the shore. At last it struck against the land—after which two beings dressed in furs, came forth, and walked upon the land! The monkeys all fled, at first, but soon they came forward, timidly, one by one, peeping and skulking about. After a little time, however, the two strange beings were surrounded by thousands of the monkey inhabitants of the shore. Some of the head men of the latter approached the strangers, and the following dialogue ensued:

"*Head Monkey.* Who are you? what do you come here for?

"*Islander.* We are your brethren; but we have been favored by heaven with wonderful revelations. We have come to impart them to you.

"*Head Monkey.* And what are these wonderful revelations?

"*Islander.* We bring you the art of sailing upon the waters; you see we have come in a canoe from our home in yonder island.

"*Head Monkey.* And what else can you show us?

"*Islander.* We can draw the Spirit of Life from inanimate matter; see here!—and saying this, the stranger rubbed two sticks together and a flame leaped forth and devoured the grass and leaves around. The monkeys shrunk back in terror.

"*Head Monkey.* And what else can you do?

"*Islander.* We can teach you to cut down trees and build houses, and other useful articles. Saying this, the stranger

cut down a tree with an axe which he held in his hand, and began to build a house.

"*Head Monkey.* But if I judge rightly, you have no tails.

"*Islander.* It is true we have none, but,—"

"The speaker was not permitted to go on, for immediately there was a great agitation among the vast crowd of monkeys. Some began to scream and hiss, and some jumped up and down and foamed at the mouth. Some ran to the trees and swung back and forth by their tails, uttering hideous cries. Others rushed upon the strangers with sticks and stones, and the latter, to save their lives, took to their canoe, and gliding over the water, reached their island in safety.

"But that was not the end. The rude monkeys, who were mere imitators, set to work to find sharp stones, so as to cut down trees: but they only cut their fingers and legs off. They tried to make canoes, by which hundreds of them got drowned. Then they rubbed sticks together and produced fire, but one autumn night, during a high wind, the flame seized upon the forest, and the wide settlement of monkeys along the border of the lake, was consumed and exterminated.

"After many years, a new tribe arrived and peopled the border of the lake. The islanders came and attempted to teach them, but they too were vain, conceited and arrogant, and were destroyed like their predecessors.

"At last the islanders who had become numerous, settled along the shore. They were all apes without tails, and these became the lamas—the founders of our religion. After a time monkeys came and settled among them, and thus our nation—the common people—was begun. In after times, when apes and monkeys became men, some of them went to the island of Palte, and found the grave of the first pair of apes. Over this spot they erected a temple, which is now one of the most famous in Thibet."

"It is a very droll story, but of course it is a mere fiction," said I.

"Not at all," said Butter Pate, "or if it be a fiction, it is adopted by the priesthood, and therefore all the common people are bound to believe it."

"What is sanctioned by the Grand Lama and his followers, I suppose, though at the outset it be a whopper, becomes as good as gospel, for the multitude."

"Certainly, what we have sanctioned is henceforth holy, at least for the vulgar, the common people."

"And has your legend of the apes of Lake Palte any particular meaning?"

"Yes, and it is this: as the divine Buddha made a distinction in the four-handed family, elevating a few to the dignity of apes, while the great mass were left in the condition of mere monkeys, so he has made a distinction among men. The higher class comprise the lamas, or priests, and the civil rulers. These are designed always to have dominion over the lower and more degraded mob. Hence you will see, wherever Buddhism prevails, that the government and the priesthood, acting together, rule the masses, and make them their servants and slaves. The good things of this world were made for priests and magistrates, and for those whom they favor: inferior things were made for the rabble. Thus gold and jewels, and precious stones, are all to be found in the palaces of princes, and the temples of the priesthood: rulers and lamas have splendid dwellings, and live on the first-fruits of the field and the flock. The common people dwell in huts of rude stone, or in tents; their dress consists of rough cloth or the untanned skins of wild beasts: their food is only that which the upper class has rejected."

"And this you call the perfection of society?"

"Certainly; and do you not agree with me?"

"It is very different from what prevails in my country."

"No doubt, for you are heathen: but tell me how it is in your country."

"We regard all men as equal in the sight of God; and entitled to the same rights, and under the same laws."

"Do you consider a common man equal to a priest?"

"Certainly; in the eye of the law, and in the sight of God."

"Have you no privileged classes?"

"None."

"How then are the rabble kept in order?"

"We have no rabble."

"You must excuse me for doubting what seems so absurd."

"I will explain. You start with a principle that there is and must be an upper and a lower class. What you thus avow as a principle, you do all in your power to bring about, in fact. You keep wealth and knowledge in the hands of the few; your very doctrine is that the many were made to be slaves of the few, and in order to keep them in a state of degradation and servitude—your laws, your religion, all your policy, and all your proceedings, tend to keep from them the free light of truth and knowledge. You enslave their minds first, and their bodies afterwards. You begin your work in childhood; you do not help the mind to become strong, and to go forth in its vigor, to reap the glorious harvest of life; you teach the mind a routine of hollow ceremonies, and false legends; you train it up to a servile and base worship of hideous images; you inculcate slavish obedience to the priesthood; and the child thus abused, and cheated, and blinded, grows up a man, only to be your dupe and your tool."

"Our system is the reverse of all this. The fundamental principle of our religion, is that all have equal rights, and this is the corner stone of our political institutions. Being equal in rights, we seek equality in education, instruction, and intelligence. We have schools where all can be instructed. Each man is there permitted to choose his profession; to go forth and seek happiness in his own way. Such is the operation of this system that we have no rabble. All, or nearly all, can read and write. All, or nearly all, are acquainted with Geography and History, so far as to be able to form just opinions,

and to choose and pursue a safe path in life. Thus you will see, that while *you* govern by authority, by fear, by tyranny, over the body and mind—withering, degrading, and stultifying both—we give instruction and liberty to all; and thus strengthen, elevate, and bless society at large."

"This is sheer boasting."

"Let me prove that I am right. Look around you, here in Thibet! What is the state of your country? Why, nine-tenths of the soil is a mere desert, and has been so for ages. You have no great cities, and you have few arts. Your roads are miserable, and your bridges are contemptible. All but a few thousand of your people live in wretched tents, or mere huts built of rough stones. Half the people of Thibet are dressed in the raw hides of beasts. The greater part of your entire nation are but little above the brutes. You even, you, a priest, are so degraded as to deem it an honor to your nation and yourself to have descended from apes, the most filthy and disgusting of beasts! And how is it in my country? Why, almost every farmer has a house, which would be, here, deemed a palace. The children of our schools are taught more than your Grand Lama and all his priesthood ever knew. Your nation in Thibet has no importance. Your people do not increase; knowledge has no progress, science no development. You have not a newspaper or an almanac in all Thibet. And this is what you call the perfection of life! This is the state of things, begotten, and perpetuated, and perfected by your system of Buddhism—giving all power to the few—giving control of men's minds and consciences to the priesthood."

"My friend Go-ahead, I really pity you. You are stark mad. You have a high fever, and talk nothing but nonsense!"

"Nay, I was never more sober."

"Then you are a most wicked and profane man. What, decry the priesthood! speak contemptuously of the Talé Lama! This is sheer infidelity; and, if you are not discreet, you will

be seized and proscribed as a heretic. I counsel you to keep your mad and impious notions to yourself, till you are out of Thibet."

"I pray you not to be uneasy on my account, good Butter Pate; you have promised to show me to the Grand Lama, and I know what belongs to good manners and discretion well enough to keep out of mischief. I have not come to Thibet to teach or preach religion. This is not my vocation. I am, however, no more an infidel than yourself. I reverence true religion, and I respect its honest and faithful ministers. I believe that religion—believed, preached, and wrought into the hearts of men, by a devoted ministry—is essential to national peace and prosperity, as well as individual happiness here and hereafter. But, it is a true, not a false, religion that I believe thus essential. It is an honest, not a trickish, priesthood that I mean. It is a religion and a priesthood that unite to give the mind of man light, liberty, and knowledge, as assistants and helpers in his redemption—that alone commands my respect; all others I deem false, and fatal to human happiness. But, see, what object is that, which shines so, far away to the east, in yonder plain?"

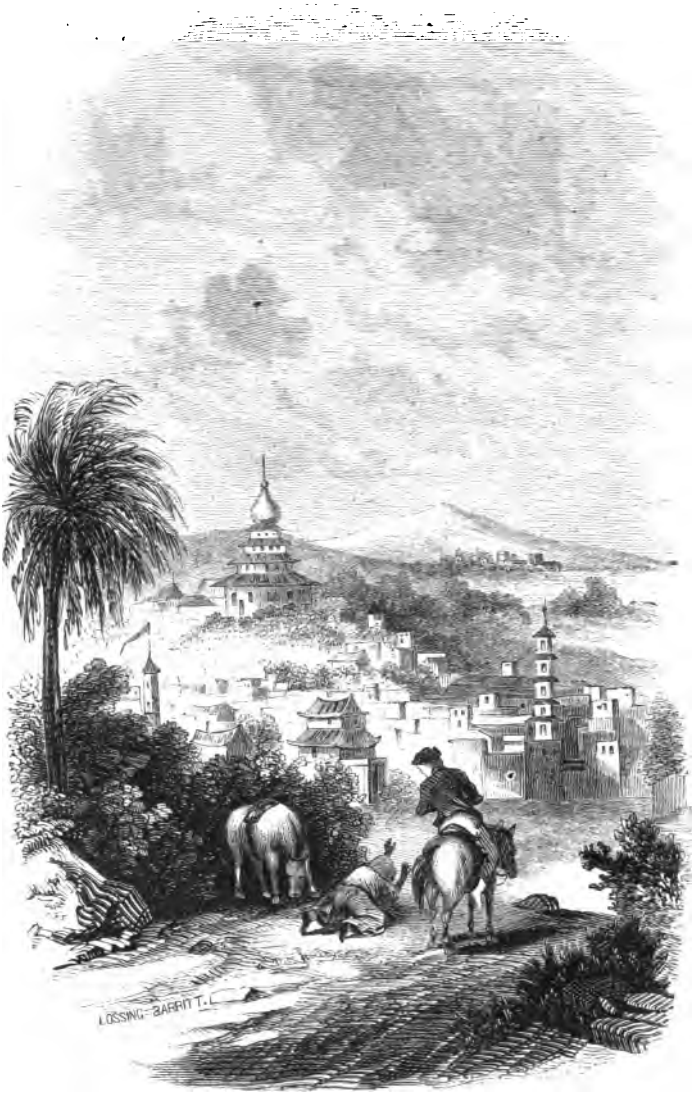
"That," said the priest, after gazing intently for a minute, "that is the glorious temple of Pootala; and yonder, a little to the right, is Lassa!" Saying this, he descended from his pony, and prostrated himself on his face, toward the holy city. He mumbled a number of prayers, and performed various ceremonies with his hands in the air, frequently touching his face and breast. He then remounted, and we proceeded with a quick pace. At the end of four hours, we began to enter the city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

About Lassa.—Ecstacies of Butter Pate.—Description of Lassa.—Situation.—Houses.—Temples.—Streets.—Buildings made of Horns.—Trade of Lassa.—Approach to the Great Temple.—Description of it.—Butter Pate exults.—View of the Country around Lassa.—More about the Great Temple.—The Priests.—Their Dress and Appearance.—Our Arrival.—Celibacy.—A good Meal and a Drink.—The Praying Machine—The Praying Barrel.—Other pious labor-saving Devices.—Butter Pate and his Lama Friends.—The Thibetans.—Their Manners and Customs.—How the Ladies daub their Persons with black Varnish.—Dress of the People.—History of Thibet.—Ape Land.—History of the Buddhist Religion.—Dominion of the Chinese.—Division of the people into Classes.—Who and what the Talé Lama is.—How he is Elected.—How he behaves while a Baby or a Boy.—I go over the Great Temple.—The Apartments, Libraries, &c.—Description of the Lamassaries.

The city of Lassa, which we were now approaching, being the seat of the Grand Lama, is the holy city of the Buddhists. It is what Rome is to the Catholics, and Mecca to the Mahomedans. I was quite prepared, therefore, as we descended into the plain, on which the city stands, to see my friend Butter Pate in a state of great excitement. He made motions with his hands, like turning a grindstone: he muttered rapidly with his lips, and frequently got off his horse and prostrated himself, half a dozen times, going a little way on his journey after each prostration.

At length, his religious ecstasies seemed to be passed, and he then directed my attention to what he deemed the splendid aspect of the scene. Compared with the rest of Thibet, Lassa is really a handsome town. It stands in a fertile valley, surrounded with mountains, on a small river called Galdjao, which



GILBERT AND BUTTER PATE APPROACHING THE GREAT TEMPLE OF POOTALA. Page 166.

is a branch of the Sanpo. It has no defensive walls, but is encircled by aged trees, above which, as you approach, you see the tall white houses, with their flat or bending roofs, together with numerous temples, covered with gilding. In the distance, rising above all, is the palace of the Talé Lama, giving to the whole view, quite a majestic appearance.

The principal streets are broad, well laid out, and tolerably clean. The suburbs have numerous gardens, but they are disgustingly filthy. The houses are some of brick, some of stone, and some of mud. All are covered with white lime-wash, giving them quite a neat appearance. In one part of the city, the walls of the houses are built of the horns of sheep and cattle. These are arranged in a fanciful manner, so as to ornament the surface; sometimes the effect is quite pleasing. The interior of the houses almost without exception, is very dirty.

Lassa is not only the seat of the Buddhist religion, but it has considerable trade in silk, goats' hair, woolen cloths, velvets, linens, prints, silver, gold-dust, and precious stones. There are extensive markets, where the goods are exposed for sale on mats. Here are public officers, called inspectors, who fix the prices of each article, and from these there is no deviation. I here saw merchants from Nepaul, Hindostan, Bootan, Bokhara, and China. These, with their peculiar costumes, and diverse countenances, varying from jet black to orange yellow; all combined to render the scene one of the most curious and striking I have ever met. Every thing around told me that I was in a far-off and strange country.

We passed directly through the city, which spreads out to a considerable extent, and proceeded at once along one of the two great avenues which connects the town with the temple-palace of the Talé Lama. This lies to the north of Lassa, and, as we proceeded, I caught another and still more imposing view of this famous edifice; as celebrated among the Buddhists as

is the church of St. Peter's, at Rome, among the Catholics. It consists of a central structure of great elevation, surrounded by many smaller edifices, built on to it, so as to appear like one building. As the sun was setting, the golden canopies and turrets of various forms and sizes presented a general blaze of splendor. Butter Pate evidently enjoyed my surprise and admiration.

"What do you think of the descendants of the apes now?" said he triumphantly.

"I am very hungry, my friend," said I. "After dinner I can give a better opinion."

"Well," said the priest, "our journey is near its end. We have but two miles to go—for the temple of Pootala is my house, and it shall be yours. But look around—is not this a glorious scene?"

The hill on which we were at the moment, gave us a commanding view of the valley in which Lassa is situated, and I must confess the view is one of the fairest in the world. This plain is some fifty miles in diameter, and is watered by various streams, and encircled by mountains, the tops of one group rising to the clouds, and covered with everlasting snow. It was now late in the autumn, but grapes in abundance swung from the vines, pears and plums were in the gardens and orchards, and numerous fields, spreading down the hill-sides to the plains, showed the deep yellow tint of wheat and barley stubble grounds, from which the recent harvest had been reaped.

When we had come within about half a mile of the Grand Temple of Pootala, I began to be more and more aware of its enormous elevation and its vast extent. The central edifice rose, from a broad base of other edifices, in four distinct stories, and appeared to me to be at least three hundred feet in height. Around it, were numerous temples and lamasseries, which, though inferior to the great temple, contributed to heighten the imposing effect of the principal structure.

As I approached the place, I perceived that every thing around the great temple bespoke its religious character. The people all seemed to be lamas or monks. These were dressed in a long robe with a hood attached, like those of the capuchins of Europe. While near the temple, they walked in a slow and solemn manner, and with a meditative air. When they got a little distance from the plain, they smiled and seemed relieved. The greater part of them had a well-fed, coarse, jolly look. Their black tartar eyes stood out with fatness, and a deep cherry color glowed in the cheeks, even through the swarthy skin that covered them. Nearly all had a dirty appearance, and I judged, as I passed close to one of them, that a sweet breath and a clean person were not deemed essential parts of the Buddhist faith or practice. There were others, however, connected with the court, who were richly dressed, and had a more refined appearance.

Following my companion now amid the throng of people, and the wilderness of turnings among the buildings, I came at last to a small court, which we entered by a low archway. Here we were met by a servant who took a flag that hung at the door, and shook it over us as a charm. We then entered, and winding through staircases, and entries, and corridors, till I was as giddy as a windmill, we came at last to a cell, into which we were admitted by a priest. He soon recognized Butter Pate, and after mutually shaking a flag over each other's heads, they began to talk in a very free and friendly style. Two servant-priests were now required to bring us food, and we soon sat down on the floor to our meal.

The Buddhist church denies marriage to the priests, and the higher clergy pretend to live on vegetables, and a low diet. But in Thibet, animal food is abundant, and vegetables comparatively scarce, so that meats are allowed to the people as well as the priests. We had, on the present occasion, roast kid, and a horse-steak, with a vile tea-porridge made of native tea

leaves, mixed with flour, butter, salt, and some detestable drug. I had often seen this dish before, and could never abide it. The horse-beef, so relished by the Tartars, I avoided with loathing. I therefore stuck to the kid chop, and such was my appetite that our host was obliged to replenish his dish three times. Water was brought for drink, and then sour mares' milk; but, as I did not seem entirely satisfied, Butter Pate asked our landlord if he had no wine. The latter immediately produced a large skin sack, and poured out about a pint of the contents for each. A painted wheel was then given to us, and each having whirled it round on its axis three hundred and thirty-three times—which was considered equal to saying three hundred and thirty-three prayers—we gazing all the time at the wheel; we were considered to have obtained the necessary indulgence, and so we quaffed the liquor, sour as it was, in a very merry and hearty fashion.

While I am talking of machine-prayers, I may as well say that in Thibet a man is deemed pious in proportion to the number of his petitions and prostrations. Sometimes hundreds of lamas may be seen, following each other in exact single file, around a temple, falling flat on their faces at every step. This is hard work, especially for a fat priest: so sometimes, in lieu of this, they carry a load of prayer books around the temple, and are deemed to have repeated all contained in them, and therefore to have got so much credit or indulgence, in heaven. Another pious labor-saving machine, is that of the praying barrel: this consists of an instrument in the shape of a barrel, set up endwise, on an axle, and which being put in motion by the hand, turns round and round for a long time. The body of the machine consists of a multitude of pieces of paper pasted together, and printed over with the most popular and approved prayers. Every revolution of the barrel goes for the benefit of the man who turns it, including all the thousands of petitions printed in the machine. Thus a man may say a hundred

thousand prayers in five minutes. What a stock of bliss may he not have laid up in heaven, if he will work at the barrel for a whole day, as many of these poor people do. It is amazing to see how devoted and zealous some of them are. I once saw two lamas get into a regular fight for the use of a praying barrel, and it was only pacified by another lama who came along and agreed to turn it for them on joint account.

But I must return to my narrative. I liked my first introduction to the great temple very well. I had no difficulty in discovering that Butter Pate was, in point of fact, a pretty fair type of the priests in general. He was a good tempered, easy man, cunning by habit, cheating by privilege, and making dupes of the rest of the world, as if they were only made for his benefit. He believed about five per cent. of his religion—the rest was trick, artifice, and pretence, used to gull the people, and make them his servants and tools. There was, however, nothing malignant in his temper. The masses were so ignorant, so enslaved by habit, as to submit to their degradation and servitude, without doubt or question. Gratified in his voluptuous wants and wishes, the world rolled on easily and cheerily with the Reverend Father Butter Pate, as it did, indeed, with the whole brotherhood at Pootala. Sometimes their prostrations, prayers, and pilgrimages, are rather laborious, but most of them find some mode of avoiding or abridging them. While about the temple, they affect great gravity; but at a distance, or in their own cells, they are cheerful enough.

I have not time or space to give a detailed account of all that I saw and experienced at this wonderful place. I must, therefore, hurry on with my account.

The Thibetans I found to be of the middle height, and combining much suppleness with agility of form. They have small black eyes, high cheek bones, pug noses, a thin beard, and a tawny skin. Some of them, however, among the upper classes, have fair complexions. They are fond of gymnastic exercises,

and, as they walk about, are always humming a tune. They are of a generous disposition, brave in war, fond of display, and rather indifferent to filth.

The men do not shave the head, like the Chinese, but let the hair flow down on the shoulders. Some of the dandies braid it, and decorate the braids with jewelry. The ordinary head dress is a blue cap, with a red tuft and a black velvet border. On high occasions, this is exchanged for a big red hat, tapering to the top, the rim decorated with long thick fringe. A full robe girded round the waist, with a red sash, and red or purple cloth vest, completes the costume of the men. The dress of the women is similar, though they wear over the robe, a short many-colored tunic. They also dress the hair in two braids which fall forward over the shoulders. The common women wear a yellow bonnet like a liberty cap: the ladies have graceful head dresses like crowns.

Religion and law require the women, when they go abroad, to daub themselves all over with a dirty black varnish, this being supposed necessary to prevent immorality. In most of the towns the rule is observed; and the pious, even in Lassa, conform to it; but there are a good many who show their pretty faces, in all their native charms. They are hardly respectable, however, and take good care to keep clear of the police.

While such is the general attire of the Thibetans, there are still to be seen in the streets of Lassa a good many Chinese mandarins, officers and soldiers, dressed in the Chinese fashion. Some of the people, who affect to cultivate good society, imitate the costumes of Pekin. There are also so many strangers here that the dresses of Turkey, Hindostan, Persia, and Siberia, are frequently to be seen in the streets.

It is well known that Thibet is now a mere province of China, it being called in the language of that country, Si-Tsang. Little Thibet and Ladak are included with it, in the China maps, but are not regarded as a part of it, by Europeans.

In remote ages Thibet was an independent country, inhabited by a race called *Sanmiao*. They were a rude people, living on their flocks, and cultivating a little of the land. The Chinese called their country, *Keang*, or *land of demons*. The Thibetans themselves, however, believed that their Adam and Eve were two handsome apes, and hence denominated their country the *Ape Land*. Even now the people boast of their monkey lineage, as I have stated.

After thousands of years of war with the Chinese, the Thibetans became subject to the latter, about the 12th century. The Buddhist religion was originated in northern Hindostan by *Sakia*, often called *Godama*, about the year 1,000 B. C. He wrote certain religious books, which are the basis of Buddhism to this day. In subsequent ages, his doctrines were spread by missionaries over all the surrounding countries. It took root in Thibet, as well as elsewhere. When the famous Zinghis Khan conquered a great part of the Asiatic World, he sent an ambassador to the head priest or Lama, in Thibet, and made a sort of treaty with him. From this beginning, the Grand Lama of Thibet gradually grew in spiritual authority, and this being favored by the Chinese government, which urged him to establish its authority over Thibet, Tartary, and China itself, the people of whom had become imbued with Buddhism, he was raised at last, in the superstitious minds of the people, to be God himself, or at least to be God's agent, with full power on earth.

The Chinese took the civil government of Thibet into their own hands, and they always keep soldiers in Lassa and other principal towns. But they leave the whole business of religion to the Grand Lama and his priests. Every district has its bishop, and every bishop his inferior clergy. As the people implicitly believe their religion, and that what the priests tell them is true and right, they submit in all things to their will. They, the priesthood, have had no difficulty in keeping the

whole wealth of the country in their hands. The temples are exceedingly numerous, and are, in fact, the palaces of the priests, who live very luxurious lives, fattening and flourishing on the servile labor of their dupes.

The people of Thibet are, therefore, divided into two classes: the upper class, or nobility, are the clergy—the lower class, or vulgar, are the laity. Marriage is considered a degrading and low business, for the priests do not practice it: it is, therefore, left to the lower class. Such is the state of a country where cunning and selfish priests have unbounded away, and where the people submit without doubt or question to their instructions and guidance!

The lamas or monks are of various degrees of rank and authority, as in the Catholic Church. The Talé Lama, of Lassa, is the supreme head, but at Teshoo Lomboo, eighty miles to the north, there is another lama of very high rank, and second only to the supreme pontiff of Pootala. There are, also, several other dignified lamas—called *Kootooktoos*—in different parts of the Chinese empire.

According to the priests, the Talé Lama, is Buddha, or God: he created all things: every thing proceeds from him, as light from the sun; the earth, the heavenly bodies, mankind, are emanations from him, and all will return to him, and be absorbed by him, as drops of rain are swallowed up in the ocean.

When the Talé Lama dies, another person is selected to fill his place. The idea is, however, that the man thus chosen, is only an envelope for Buddha, who, when his envelope has got old, or sick, and dies, passes into the other, which is provided for him.

The choice of the new Lama is made as follows: prayers are offered up in all lamassaries: the inhabitants of Lassa, especially, pray zealously, and make pilgrimages around the Buddha-la, or great Temple. By certain indications, particular children are thought to be *Chaberons*, that is, candidates for

the holy office. The three most promising ones are taken to Lassa, and then the Kootooktoos, having assembled from all parts, go to the Buddha-la, and spend six days in fasting and prayer. On the seventh, they take three fish, made of gold, and inscribed with the names of the three candidates; these they put into a golden urn, shake them up, and the oldest lama draws one out. The infant whose name is on this fish, is considered as designated for this sublime office. He is then immediately conducted, in great pomp, to the spot, called the City of Spirits, and proclaimed as the Talé Lama. As the people pass by, they prostrate themselves, and then he is conducted to his sanctuary.

I made some inquiry, and found that generally speaking, the new divinity finds his situation any thing but pleasant. It is a long time before he can cease to be a baby, and behave like a God. He prefers rather to play with other children, eat pap, and be tossed up and down on his nurse's knee, than to sit on a platform with his legs curled up under him, and receive the worship of pilgrims, even if they come a thousand miles, and offer presents of gold, silver, and precious stones. When he gets a little older, he often insists upon quitting his holy throne, and spinning his peg-top. It is not till he is really a man, that he can be made to feel the dignity of his position and enter into the full spirit of his mission. The truth, no doubt, is, that this election of the Lama is all a juggle of the priests, who are the tools of the Chinese government, and select the child of some family who is devoted to the imperial dynasty. The people, and some of the priests, through education and long habit, may be duped by these shallow artifices, but there can be no doubt that the prime movers know it all to be a deception, a trick to gain power over the people.

When I had been a few days at Pootala, and had recovered from the fatigue of my journey, I went with my friend Butter Pate, over the great palace Temple. Its proper title is

Buddha-la, or the place where God is. The term Pootala, given to the whole village, is but a corruption of this name. The edifice is of great extent and has 5,000 apartments, occupied by lamas of various degrees. The number of them who reside here, together with those who are continually coming from all parts of India, China, Tartary, and even more remote countries, either for study in the various theological schools, or on pilgrimages, is enormous. I should think fifteen thousand persons were always in the great Temple and the four celebrated monasteries, or seminaries, in the immediate vicinity.

Many of the apartments in the great palace are exceedingly gorgeous, and several of the pinnacles on the roof are sheeted either with gold or silver. There are numerous libraries, the Thibetans having a literature, in which writing is like the Hebrew, from right to left. Their books are all devoted to religion and the abstract philosophy connected with it. The leading doctrine is that of transmigration of souls, which means that the people believe they have lived as insects, birds, quadrupeds, or other creatures, in a former state. The great effort of religion is not to live pure lives, but to sink all existence in meditation. To be absorbed into Buddha or God, as a drop of water is lost in the ocean, seems to be the highest object of the devout. The priests occupy the common people with charms, miracles, and pompous processions, but teach them no morality. As to the priests themselves, some are studious, devout, and sincere, but in such cases, their devotion only leads them into mystic labyrinths of speculation, or idle prayers, prostrations, and pilgrimages, or, perhaps, the silent and barren seclusion of the cloister. Wherever there is a Buddhist temple, as well in Thibet as in other countries, where this religion prevails, there is a group of buildings around, devoted to the lamas or priests, called a *lamassery*. This is a sort of monastery, or ecclesiastical tavern, and is

chiefly inhabited by lamas who remain there permanently. These institutions are also the stopping places for itinerent or traveling ecclesiastics.

Beside the stationary lamas, there are a great many who are constantly wandering from place to place. They visit various countries, stretching over a space of fifteen hundred miles. They visit all the great Kootooktoos, or Superior Lamas, throughout the Chinese empire, India, and Tartary. There seems in these wide regions to be no stream they have not crossed, no mountain they have not climbed. They have no duties to perform; no end to accomplish. They wander on, as if by a kind of instinct, or necessity; the real secret being that they are idle, lazy, and fond of change; and as they live free of cost at the lamasseries, or subsist easily by selling charms, they are able to gratify their tastes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

More about Lassa.—The Courtship of the Monkey and Demon, the Thibetan Adam and Eve.—Division of Sects.—Doctrines of Buddhism.—Visit to the Grand Lama.—The Apartment.—Personal Appearance of the Grand Lama.—Make him an offering.—His strange behavior.—I am out of humor.—The Priests get Tipsy.—I am as bad as any of them.—A Row.—Accused of Sorcery.—I am pursued.—I escape.—Butter Pate takes me to the Top of a Mountain.—A Bargain and a Good Bye.—I quit Thibet.

The longer I remained in Thibet, the more deeply did I become interested in the people and their strange institutions. The very obscurity of their religious notions, excited me to a thorough examination of them.

I found Lassa to be a more populous town than I at first supposed; it possesses numerous arts and institutions, indica-

tive of a considerable degree of civilization. There are in the city a printing-office, a hospital for the small-pox, and a great number of monasteries or lamasseries. The latter are indeed numerous all over the country. It is said there are no less than three thousand in Thibet.

I have stated, that the Thibetans claim to be descended from monkeys, and are indeed proud of this lineage. They are taught by the learned that at first the country was peopled by animals and demons. After a certain time, God sent to Thibet the King of the monkeys, who led there the life of a hermit; all his time was taken up in religious devotions, his great desire being to pray and think himself into nonentity, which is the highest aim of the Buddhist faith. There he would sit, on a stone in his cave, for twenty-hours together, snoozing away, and scarcely daring to wink, lest he should wake from his stupor, and break the tranquility of his dream, which seemed to border upon the hoped-for-nothingness.

Just as he was on the point of being snuffed out like a candle, there appeared before him a female *maqua* or demon. What she was like the books do not tell us, but I suspect she was a sort of spirit-rapper. At any rate, she woke up the king monkey, and made herself look very lovely, and then proposed to marry him.

"Oh, but I can't do that!" said he.

"Why not?" cried she.

"Why, I never thought of such a thing!"

"But you can think of it now."

"Nay; all my time is taken up with my religious duties!"

"Duties, indeed! What good does it do any body for you to sit there all day and all night, and snooze away existence, as if you were a lump of dirt?"

"Why, I hope soon to be absorbed!"

"What good will that do?"

"I shall get rid of existence."

"Oh, bah! it will be much better to live with me!"

Saying this, the beautiful demon smiled and the monkey smiled too; and so they were united, and became the Adam and Eve of the Thibetan race.

Now, this seems very absurd to us, but the Buddhists believe that mankind have all existed in a previous state, in the form of various animals. By this legend they claim to have had a monkey, the most cunning of beasts, for their common parent; and hence the story is readily believed by them, and at the same time it is the foundation of a national pride, inasmuch as it assigns to them so sagacious a progenitor.

The Buddhists are divided into several sects, but they all hold to the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and all conceive that the great end and aim of a religious life, is to get rid of individual existence, and to be soaked up and become a part of the deity. They conceive that originally God existed in a state of perfect calm, and nothing existed but him. But after millions of ages passed away, he exerted his will, and the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, were produced. In process of time, animals, and at last men, were created. All this creation was only an afflux from the deity, and finally all will be again absorbed by him, and then he will relapse into his original state of blissful stupor and repose.

When I had been about three weeks at Pootala, I reminded Butter Pate of his promise to bring me into the presence of the Grand Lama, and expressed a desire to have this fulfilled. He replied that he was ready to do as he said, but it was necessary for me to be prepared to make the Sublime Pontiff a handsome present. I asked my friend what I had better give him. He replied that the richer the present, the richer would be the blessing bestowed upon me. I inquired if five dollars would do.

"Not for a man who has two hundred and fifty dollars sewed up in his belt," was the reply.

"But the Sublime Lama don't know any thing about that."

"He knows every thing."

"Indeed? I thought he spent all his time in a calm, dosing indifference to this world, and all its interests."

"Do not judge him by yourself; he is like a sponge which sucks in water through a thousand pores; he drinks in knowledge from the air, and nothing escapes him."

"Really, I did not know that; I will present him with ten dollars then."

"Twenty would be more suitable to your character as a stranger, and the first representative of your country that has appeared at Pootala."

"No, no; that's too much, I will give ten; if that won't do, I'll go home without seeing his holiness at all."

"Well; ten will do, but you know that you must give the same sum to the superior lamas."

"Indeed! is that the rule?"

"Certainly."

"And who are the superior lamas?"

"They are holy men who are approaching the state of beatific absorption into the divine essence."

"Well, what do they want money for, if they are so near being snuffed out?"

Butter Pate here gave me a cunning leer, as much as to say, "It don't do to examine these matters too closely. The best way is to pay your money, and ask no questions."

I took the hint, and counted ten dollars into Butter Pate's hand. "There," said I, "is one half for the superior lamas, you being one of them: the other ten dollars I shall present to his Sublime Excellency himself."

"No, no," said he, "that won't do; you must give it to one of his ministers."

"I had rather make sure of his getting it, by putting it into his own hands myself: when will you present me?"

"To-morrow there are a hundred and fifty pilgrims from Ceylon, Java, Burmah, Anam, Cochin China, Japan, Corea, and Kamschatka, to be presented, and you can go in with them."

To this I agreed. The next day, at twelve o'clock, we all mounted to the great temple, by an immense number of steps. The edifice itself is situated on a lofty hill, or mountain, and when I had reached the upper stories, the view presented to us was in the highest degree imposing. The town of Lassa, situated in the midst of the valley, from this point, seemed a splendid city of lofty houses, with numerous temples in the suburbs. On the brows of the mountains, in the distance, a great many lamasseries are visible, some of them of grand appearance. The country itself was marked with natural fertility and artificial wealth. Several national roads could be traced for many leagues, some of them leading to towns or villages of considerable size. The atmosphere was so clear that we could distinguish remote objects, thus placing the prominent features of the valley, as if on a map, before our eyes.

After attaining the fourth and last story of the edifice, we entered into an immense hall, where I saw a great number of lamas, in various dresses, some very rich, and indicating their high rank about the court. Here I expected to find the object of our visit; but I soon perceived this to be only an anteroom. On one side, there was a small low archway, and here, two or three of the company at a time, were allowed to enter. After two hours, I was admitted into the apartment. It was about twenty feet square, but so dark, that at first I could see nothing. After straining my eyes, I began to see, high up on

a sort of shelf or platform, a dim outline of a figure, squatting upon its haunches. Gazing at it intently, I saw that it was a tall, lean, shrunken man, dressed in a long robe or mantle, and wearing on his head a high-pointed cap or hood. His skin had the color and texture of a seared leaf, and his expression was that of a person stupefied with some narcotic drug. This was the Talé Lama!

I entered at the same time with two priests from Ceylon. These brought rich offerings of cinnamon, diamonds, and gold dust, and laid them at the feet of the pontiff. They then prostrated themselves on the floor, as if not daring to look up. His holiness did not deign even to wink. They remained absorbed at his feet for half an hour; then, with downcast eyes they retired. It was now my turn.

I must confess that there was something in the scene that rather damped my spirits. It is true, that I never saw a more long-faced, sad, withered, tired, worn-out looking personage, than that now before me. The room in which we sat was paltry, and all around had an aspect of meanness. But the awe which he inspired, and a recollection of the profound reverence in which he was held by 200,000,000 of mankind, for a moment imposed upon my imagination; but it was but for a moment.

Imitating, in some measure, the Ceylonese priest, I approached the throne or shelf of his holiness, and bowed low, I then looked up, and waited for his reverence to speak: but he said nothing.

"How do you do sir?" said I, in Chinese, which I considered the court language.

There was no answer. "I hope your excellency is well today," I added. There was not a word. The great Lama did not move a lip nor an eye-lid. He was as still and stiff as if he had been mesmerized. I laid ten dollars at his feet. I perceived a dim twinkle in one corner of his left eye, but it

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instantly vanished, and I could get no more out of him. So, after a few minutes, I wished his worship good-day, and departed. As I left the room I saw Butter Pate standing in the shadow of the doorway, and perceived that he had witnessed my proceedings. He looked at me inquisitively, as much as to say, "well—is it not sublime!" I rolled up my eyes, and went my way.

"So," I said to myself when I was alone, "this is the Grand Lama—the head of the Buddhist faith—the living Gadama—God on earth! It is he in whose footpath the flowers spring up; he whose breath is like a divine odor, converting hundreds of deserts into blooming and fruitful plains; he who can bring living waters from the barren rock; he, the paring of whose toe-nails can save the body from pestilence and the soul from perdition! Such, at least, is the faith of millions of deluded men." Oh! how shocking to me appeared this monstrous delusion, and how base and detestable the priests and other cunning men, who contribute to keep up the imposition!

It was some days before I recovered my equanimity; I was, indeed, disgusted with the whole system of things, which, it was evident, was founded not only in falsehood but in fraud. It appeared to me perfectly evident that the lamas, or gylongs, or priests, are nearly all of them a set of hypocrites, who understand perfectly well that their whole religious system is a fiction, and that the Grand Lama himself is a humbug. A few of them, certainly, are sincere, but by far the greater part, familiar with the cheats and juggles put upon their deluded followers, have a real contempt for mankind, using their religion and its various arts only as means of making tools of their fellow men.

I did not think it worth while to tell all my feelings to Butter Pate: he, however, easily guessed them. He was, in fact, neither surprised nor offended that I despised the profession to which he was devoted, and I became satisfied that he had pretty much the same opinion of it as myself.

I now began to think of quitting Thibet, for I saw no advantage in staying here any longer. But what course was I now to adopt? Here I was, near the middle of Asia, and take which way I would, it was a long road; however, while I was deliberating upon this subject, my plans were determined by a very unexpected event.

I must premise, that before I left Connecticut, I had joined a Total Abstinence Society, and during all my wanderings, I had stuck to my principles. It is owing to this fact, that I had been able to pass through so many trials and vicissitudes with a good constitution, and without getting into any fatal difficulties. If my wandering and unsettled turn of mind had led me through a long series of adventures—and misadventures—if, indeed, according to the proverb, I had been a rolling stone and gathered no moss—still, I was alive and well, and had yet a chance of doing something in the world. I looked upon myself, in regard to drink, as good as insured; but, alas! it turned out that my strength was not so great as I imagined.

About four days after my visit to the Grand Lama, I was invited by a little fat lama, about four feet high, and as yellow as a carrot, to sup with him. I had made his acquaintance through Butter Pate, who represented him as an excellent fellow, and I had certainly found him an amusing companion. I accepted his invitation, and at the time appointed I went to his cell. I found here no less than eleven lamas—five of whom I knew to be regarded as holy men, for they sat all day in different niches of the chief temple, seeming to be lost in a divine stupor. The pilgrims, on their way to the Grand Lama, were accustomed to make them handsome presents, on account of the fame of their sanctity. I had before found out that after dark, when the temples were vacated, they were accustomed to descend and stretch their legs, benumbed by being coiled up under them all day. I had suspected, also, that

they took ample compensation for their privations, by good suppers, and now and then a glass of liquor.

We had a luxurious meal, according to Thibetan ideas, among which horse flesh was the chief luxury. There was plenty of arrack, a kind of fiery whiskey, made of rice, and the lamas drank pretty freely; though always keeping the prayer barrels going as the liquor went down. As crows keep one of their number to watch, while the rest feast, so these monks kept one of their number turning at the praying machine, while the rest were drinking. They soon became merry, and most of them began to sing and dance. The five holy men were among the gayest of the party. Now, I must confess that I had a sort of malicious pleasure in seeing these sanctimonious hypocrites in this condition, and I longed to get them tipsy. To encourage them, I drank also, and was soon as bad as any of them. I got well paid for it afterwards, as I confess I fully deserved. We kept it up till daylight, when it was time for the five priests to go to their squatting places. They were very drunk, and reeled hither and thither, as they went forth, to their several chapels. They made a good deal of noise, but it was very early in the morning, and there chanced to be nobody in the way, to notice their strange conduct.

They all contrived to mount upon their platforms, and by the time the pilgrims began to gather in for their devotions, they seemed to have resumed their wonted state of tranquil beatitude. But just as a company of priests from southern Hindoostan came in, and stood before them in mute reverence, all the five priests began to make up mouths, writhe upon their seats, and make all sorts of absurd growling noises, like so many bears. The pilgrims fled in dismay, and immediately a cry ran from chapel to chapel, that sorcery had invaded the holy places, and that five gylongs of extraordinary sanctity had become bewitched.

The news spread over the temple of Buddha-la, in a few minutes; from thence it was communicated to the other monasteries, and in an hour all the great avenues and squares and halls of the temple were filled with excited people, lamas, and Chinese soldiers. I was quite sober by this time, and was among the crowd, greatly amused by the scene. At last, I heard twenty voices cry out at once, "There he is; seize him!" At the same time, I saw them point at me. I soon learned that I was regarded as the sorcerer, and immediately saw the danger I was in, if the excited mass were to get me in their power.

Plunging into the thick of the crowd, I pushed my way to a small square, and, threading several familiar passages, I soon reached my lodgings. I locked myself in; but in a few minutes I heard Butter Pate thumping and calling at the door. I let him in, and asked him what was to be done. "Follow me!" said he, quite out of breath; at the same time, he pushed back a secret spring in the wall, and a door flew open. We entered, and sped along a dark passage, till we came to a flight of stairs. We groped our way up these, which I perceived to be rough, and hewn out of the solid wall. We continued to ramble along through a great number of courts, corridors, and passages, some lighted by openings in the ground above, and some as dark as night.

At the end of an hour, we emerged into the vault of a small stone temple. We ascended to the ground-floor, carefully looking around, to see if any person was there. We found no one, and accordingly walked forth. I now discovered that we had ascended to the very top of the mountain, which rises several thousand feet behind the temple of Pootala, and this we had achieved by an underground passage, wrought in the rock. On both sides of us, to the right and left, the rocky terraces of the mountains are occupied by monasteries, of which we could count more than a hundred, encircling the valley beneath.

We had now time to breathe. After a while, I said to my friend, "Well, you have saved me from being torn to pieces, but what shall I do now?"

"You see yonder plain," said he, pointing to the north, "and, beyond, a range of mountains, lying along the verge of the horizon like a cloud?"

"I do," said I.

"Well, that plain is the northern part of Thibet, and the masses beyond are the Kien-lun mountains. There lies your road."

"But, suppose I choose to go the other way?"

"You will lose your liberty—perhaps your life."

"You are jesting, friend Butter Pate?"

"Not at all."

"But, really, I had nothing to do with all this rumpus; I am no sorcerer."

"But you was at the supper, and the five holy lamas who got tipsy must have an excuse, and so they will say it was sorcery, and they will lay it all to you. If you once get into the hands of the Grand Lama, you will be fried like a saddle of mutton, or drowned in a lake of pitch, or smothered in the raw hides of buffaloes, or dragged to death at the heels of 'a Yaik!'"

"What a delightful prospect! And you really think I must go?"

"There is no other way, if you would save your life.'

"But, my dear friend Butter Pate, how can you part with me?"

"You can soften our parting by a present."

"Of how much?"

"I leave it to your generosity."

"You have saved my life—I owe you all I have—here is my purse; take what you will."

"I will take twenty dollars; you will need the rest."

Accordingly, the lama counted out twenty dollars, and then, having given me various directions and instructions, we parted. I was forced to confess that, in spite of his duplicity and meanness, Butter Pate had treated me with kindness. His tax upon my purse had been light, considering that I was completely in his power, and that he might easily have taken the whole. "After all," said I to myself, "the conscience of man sees a just God in the heavens, however the craft of lamas and gylongs may obscure the horizon with the clouds of darkness and error. These poor pagans of Thibet, without the light of the Gospel, have many amiable traits of character; and their crimes and vices are not worse than those which are common in lands blessed with the Bible, and all the institutions of a true and pure religion. Let me not be too severe upon them then. As God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, so he adapts his dispensations to the circumstances of his children, of whatever name or faith they may be."

CHAPTER XXV.

Consideration.—Pro's and Con's.—Lay my Course to the North-west.—Vindication of my Character.—About making a Fortune.—Climate of Thibet.—Extraordinary effects of Drought.—Fall in with a Company of Traders.—Passage of the Kein-lun Mountains.—Turkistan.—Desert of Gobi.—Traveling over the Desert.—Account of my Companions.—Tedious Journey of Fifteen Days.—The Camel Family.—Arrival at Khotan.—Description of the Place.—Yarkand.

It will be readily conceived that, having worn out my welcome at Lassa, my situation was very embarrassing. Which way should I steer—north, south, east, or west? That was the question.

It was now December, and, though in the valley of Lassa it was still mild and pleasant weather, I knew that in the higher table-lands around, the air was already spiced with the keen winds of winter. I was inclined, therefore, to turn to the south, and enter Hindostan, as I knew I should there find a warm and pleasant climate. But between me and that country lay the terrible barriers of the Himalaya Mountains; which, at this season, I knew to be impassable in the direction I must take. I should have liked to cross China, and worked my way to the sea; but this lay to the east, and, in order to get there, I must pass through Thibet, which I deemed impossible, now that the government at the capital had become irritated against me.

I saw no other way, therefore, than to proceed westward, and take my chance of what might happen. It was better to be at liberty, even in the wilds of Tartary, than imprisoned, or perhaps beheaded, in Thibet. My resolution was, therefore, soon taken. After a few hours' thought and preparation, and still having about two hundred dollars in my pocket, for I had scarcely dipped into my purse at Lassa, I set forth, taking the direction of what is called Little Thibet.

As I trudged along on foot, I revolved all sorts of schemes in my head as to what I should do. Of course, one of my chief objects was to travel. To go ahead was now as much a necessity for me as for water to run down-hill: but, after all, I liked to do something as I went along. It was very pleasant to see different countries, and study geography a-foot, and learn manners and customs by one's own observation and experience; it was pleasant enough to have an adventure now and then; but, yet it seemed that it was time for me to be looking out for solid advantages, which might serve me when I should return home and settle down at Sandy Plain.

In short, thriftless as people may think me, I assert it as a fact, that I have never entirely lost sight of the main chance. To

make my fortune has been always my main object. For this I set out, and for this I have kept a-going. And, even now, in Central Asia, cut off by distance and the obstacles of nature from the whole civilized world, and from all its thoroughfares and pathways, I did not wholly give up the ship. My first object was to secure the means of living; these I had, for a time at least, sewed into the waistband of my pantaloons. If this money should get exhausted, I thought of exhibiting myself as the TALL MAN; for, being six feet two inches high I was a perfect prodigy among these Tartars. If that should not do, why, I could try something else.

But then, as to making money, getting a ship-load of gold, or my pockets full of diamonds,—what chance was there of these things in going to Little Thibet, or Great Tartary? Why, to say the truth, just none at all. The best I could hope was to go there, and then to go away again; and I was to do this in the winter season.

It was a chill prospect before me, but I pulled my goat-skin cap sharp over my brow, set it north-west, and went ahead. For several days I proceeded over undulating grounds, gradually rising into the higher table-lands of Central Asia. The weather grew colder at every step. The drought was very severe, and the ground was like powder. Every particle of moisture seemed to be taken out of the earth by the cold blasts that swept, day and night, over the land, bearing along thick clouds of dust with them.

The effects of this intense drought were very remarkable. The rocks along the shaggy sides of the mountain were split into fragments, and, as they fell, seemed dissolved into dust. The leaves of the trees could be ground to powder between the fingers. As I traveled along, I found that the timbers of the houses were also split, and the inhabitants were obliged, often, to cover them with wet cloths, or throw buckets of water upon them, to preserve them. In these regions, timber never

rots: the flesh of sheep and goats, exposed to the air, becomes so dry that it may be ground, like wheat, into a sort of meat-bread, like the beef-biscuit made in Texas. This is frequently practised; travelers are generally supplied with it, and I found it convenient to take it along with me in my journey. Indeed, flesh-bread is common all over Thibet, and especially in the higher portions, where the drought is more general.

For ten days, I pursued my march alone, though I met numerous groups of herdsmen, in their tents, and some villages on the way. I had become so tanned as to have a pretty good Tartar complexion, and my goat-skin coat and cap, with a pretty good stock of Tartar phrases, enabled me to pass as a native of the country. When the people rolled up their eyes at my altitude, I suggested that a man born in the Himalaya mountains might be expected to be a little taller than the inhabitants of the flat country, twenty thousand feet below. Thus I passed along without suspicion or hindrance.

At last I fell in with a company of merchants, returning from a trading expedition to Tchin-too, in China. They were about sixty in number, and mostly from Little Bucharia and the vicinity. I concluded to join them, and as all were mounted on horses, I bought a tough cob for eleven dollars, and proceeded with them. There is little snow in these regions, even during winter, but as it was now nearly December, there was a good deal of driving hail and sleet. These, urged by the swift, keen wind, were often very severe. We, however, advanced rapidly—at least fifty miles a day. We soon reached the Kien-lun mountains, which proved a formidable barrier. They are 16,000 feet high, and the tops are covered with perpetual ice. At this time, the whole range, down to the valleys, was wrapped in snow. We, however, passed them in the space of four days, and now entered upon the great desert of Central Asia. This bears the general

name of *Cobi*, or *Gobi*, and extends in several patches, intersected by fertile spots, at least 1,200 miles. Its width varies from 200 to 600 miles.

We were now in the southern edge of Chinese Tartary, or Turkestan. Our design was to pass through the towns of Khoten and Yarkhand, into Little Bucharia. Our general course, therefore, was across the desert, to the north-west. The extent of the desert here, in the direction in which we were to cross it, was about three hundred miles. It appears at a distance, like a sea of sand, presenting an even, level line along the horizon, but, in passing over it, I found it to consist of a slightly undulating surface of hard, dry, sterile earth. Here and there we met with patches of thistles and other prickly plants; and at long intervals we found wells where we watered our beasts. The weather was not cold, but the wind swept with a constant blast across the plains, occasionally raising clouds of dust and obliging us to stop and turn our backs, or even to dismount, and lie flat on the ground, till the gust had exhausted itself.

There was a sort of road, dimly traced by the hoofs of the animals, which had often traveled the route, which directed our course. On the third day after entering upon the desert, we overtook a caravan, comprising about a hundred dromedaries and some twenty horses. The persons in this company were mostly traders, who had been to Hindostan. Several of them were great travelers, and one of them had visited Constantinople and St. Petersburg. I learned from these persons that the whole central portion of Asia, almost unknown and unheard of in our country, is the theatre of a very extensive trade, in which the camels and dromedaries are used for transportation, especially across the deserts. Hence the camel is called the "*ship of the desert.*"

The people with whom I was traveling were Tartars, but of a great variety of tribes. The inhabitants of Central Asia are

broken up, like our American Indians, into numerous families. These differ in some respects, but there is, nevertheless, a general resemblance. They have a skin of the color of a seared leaf, with black hair and black eyes. The latter are small, and have a dip downward toward the nose. Those in our company were mostly Mahometans.

The journey was very tedious, and occupied fifteen days. At the end, our horses were completely worn out. The dromedaries looked very thin, and had a sad, woe-begone look; but this is their ordinary condition and aspect. In fact, I know of nothing that seems more melancholy and despairing than the whole camel tribe. Their form, their gait, their countenance, seem to say that the camel is born unto toil, privation, and hard work, from the beginning to the end. I had supposed the creature gentle, patient, and resigned, but he is, on the contrary, snappish, quarrelsome, and discontented—and requires the utmost care, patience, and encouragement on the part of his driver. If not petted, and favored, and encouraged, he gives himself up to the sulks, or perhaps to despair, in which case he lies down in the desert, and after the vultures and ravens have taken his flesh, his bones remain as a tombstone, till they are buried and forgotten in the sand.

At last we arrived at Khotan, which I found to be a considerable town, encircled by a mud wall, some ten feet high. This is, however, only a pretence; for as a matter of military defense, it is easily broken down, and in many places, it is in a complete state of decay. Here, as I learned, there is a Chinese governor and a garrison, but I did not see them, as my stay was short. Khotan has a considerable manufactory of silks, leather, paper, &c. It is noted as a market for musk, and also for a kind of jasper, called *yu*. The inhabitants are of the tribe known as *Usbecks*, and are deemed a very handsome race by the people in this quarter. For my part, I was constantly reminded by them of our American In-

dians, from their copper complexion, their smooth skin, their small, black, piercing eyes, and their straight, coarse black hair.

Having remained at Khotan two days, I proceeded with some dozen of our party, on the route toward Yarkand, which lies about two hundred and fifty miles north-west of Khotan. The country improved as we advanced, and on approaching Yarkand, the territory appeared to be occupied with numerous villages. The suburbs of the city indeed extend for some miles around and outside the walls. The latter consist of a high rampart of earth, and are strengthened by two citadels, one in, and one without the town. The garrison consists of about seven thousand Chinese soldiers. These are recruited from boys of fifteen or sixteen years old, who serve fifteen years, and are then dismissed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Little Thibet.—Crossing the Boundary between the Chinese Empire and Independent Tartary.—Mux Fux, the Armenian Merchant.—Buying a Passport.—How I got taken in.—How to blind the Eyes with Gold.—Arrival at Samarcand.—Description of the Place.—Tomb of Timour.

It had been my intention to visit what is called *Little Thibet*, but I found it lay far to the south and out of my way, for I had now determined to steer nearly west, and return home by way of Persia and Turkey. How little we know beforehand what may happen to us.

It appears that a strict watch is kept all along the Chinese frontier, to see that nobody comes in or goes out, unless it may be certain persons licensed for these purposes. Now I had no license, and as it was my desire to pass from Little Bucharia, one of the Chinese provinces, into the territory of Great Bucha-

ria, which is a Tartar principality, I was somewhat puzzled to know what to do. At last I went to see Muz Fuz, an Armenian merchant, with whom I had crossed the desert of Gobi, and asked his advice.

Mr. Fuz was a man of middle height, but of great breadth, his body being rather flat and shingly; his hair black as a coal; he had black eyes, and a close, solid-looking black beard. Altogether he was what may be called a handsome man, though as to that, I never saw but two or three handsome men in my life. What the girls call "a pretty young man," generally reminds me of a smooth dipt candle, and what older women call "ducks," and "dears," and so on, as I have generally found them silly and conceited, so they appear to me like monkeys smiling at their own beauty in a looking-glass. After all, it is well enough for a woman to be handsome, but for a man, it is of no sort of consequence, beyond having an agreeable and respectable look.

I found Muz Fuz at breakfast, and though he professed to be a Christian, he was sitting on a cushion, his legs under him, like any Turk. Some unleavened cakes and a dish of pomegranates seemed to constitute his frugal meal. He made the Moslem sign of welcome, bowing and putting his hands to his forehead, as I entered. He asked me, politely, to join him in his repast.

You seldom offend a man by sharing his meal. So I sat down, and was helped to what the table offered. After a few moments Fuz looked keenly through his shaggy eyebrows at me, as much as to say,

"Well, sir, what is your will?"

I answered immediately:

"I want to get a pass into the Khanship of Bucharia."

"Are you a licensed merchant?" said he.

"No," was my reply.

"Are you a privileged lama, a Kootooktoo, or gylong?"

"Not a bit of it."

"You are forbidden to pass the frontier, then."

"And therefore must pay."

"Exactly."

"How much?"

"Seven dollars."

"Agreed—there is the money!"

"And there is the pass!"

So Muz Fuz handed me a greasy piece of silk paper, dabbed with three or four Chinese characters. I thanked him, shook his hand, and was about to depart.

"Stay," says Fuzzy—"are you a Christian?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I must be frank with thee. That is a pass into Great Bucharia: thou wilt need a pass out of China!"

"Well done! If I go into Great Bucharia, of course I can't stay in China."

"I see—you are a philosopher, not a merchant. In philosophy, going into Bucharia means quitting the Celestial Empire. In trade, they are two distinct things, and cost seven dollars each."

"Well, friend Muz Fuz, you ought to have been born in Connecticut. I really feel as if you were a relative—a cousin, at least. If you will change that tall dogskin cap for a hat, cut off your beard, and go with me, I warrant you a handsome fortune in the clock line."

"Speak not lightly of my beard, for it is my glory. I would part with it, perhaps, for a hundred carats of diamonds of the first water, as it would grow again. But we lose time. Do you wish the pass?"

"Is there no help for it?"

"None."

"Come, be reasonable, take half price!"

"I can not abate a farthing. Do you know that I risk my neck in these transactions?"

"Why, are these papers forgeries?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And you have the face to charge fourteen dollars apiece! And you confess them to be forgeries? In our country, a man who does such things should have a face of brass."

"Do as you please."

"Is there no other way?"

"Why have you come to me?"

"I was advised to do so."

"Well, you have come. What concern is it of yours, if these papers be false, provided they answer your purpose?"

"Will they answer my purpose?"

"Yes; if you are discreet."

"What does being discreet mean?"

"Giving the officers two dollars each, at the frontiers."

"In addition to the fourteen?"

"Certainly; and for this reason: the passes are false; and to prevent the officers from discovering it, blind their eyes with silver, though gold is better!"

"Oh, friend Fuzzy; give us your hand; you are a wise man. Adieu!"

"Not so fast. Stay a moment. One thing must be remembered. You pronounce the name of the country you are about to visit, *Bucharia*. This is offensive. The true title of the country is *Bokhara*, meaning the *Treasury of Sciences*. Beware; remember the adage that the '*tongue has the color of a man's soul.*'"

"How much must I pay for this advice?"

"Nothing; it is gratis!"

"May I believe my senses!"

"You may. Farewell."

And so we parted.

I passed the frontier without difficulty, taking care to follow the directions of the Armenian, as to blinding the eyes of the

officers with a few pieces of silver. They glanced their little, black oblique eyes at the passes, and no doubt they knew well enough that they were fictitious. Indeed I was told that the fraud was understood by the government and the officers, and that both shared in the profits of this system of counterfeit and plunder.

Four days' travel brought me to Samarcand, one of the most celebrated places in Tartary. It is situated on the little river Logd, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. The outer wall is rather a series of defenses, now completely decayed: it encloses a space thirty miles in circumference. The inner wall is of earth, and is much smaller, enclosing only the present city. Between the two, however, are gardens, parks, fields, and extensive suburbs.

This place has all the marks of ancient grandeur and present decay. Gardens and cultivated fields now cover the sites formerly occupied by edifices of stone and marble. The two hundred mosques, some of white marble, which three or four hundred years ago, adorned the city, are mostly in ruins. Of the forty ancient colleges, only three remain fully organized. The buildings of two of them are still handsome, one being ornamented with bronze and enamelled bricks, and the other noted for the elegance of its architectural proportions. The tomb of the famous Timour the Tartar, or Tamerlane, or Timour Beg—for he had as many names as a counterfeiter—is still in good preservation, and is admired for its superb dome, the walls of which are richly decorated with jasper and agate.

Samarcand, though it has sunk into an inferior town, was the capital of the Mongol empire, in the most splendid period of its history. Here, too, rest the ashes of the renowned Timour, as well as those of his family. It is therefore a kind of holy city, a Mecca, or a Jerusalem, with the Usbekians. A king of Tartary who has not included Samarcand in his dominions, is not regarded as a legitimate sovereign.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Tartars.—Resemblance to the American Indians.—Zingis Khan.—His Origin and early Exploits.—He is recognized as King of all the Tribes.—Grand Ceremony.—Exterior Conquests.—The Kingdom of Kharesm.—The sad Story of Jelaleddin.—Great Festival of Zingis and his Army.—Death of Zingis.—His Character.

Before I began to travel in Central Asia, I had heard very little of the Tartars, except as a barbarous race, who resembled in personal appearance our American Indians. This resemblance is indeed very striking, but I found Tartary to be much more populous than I had supposed. This part of it, in which I now was, seemed indeed not only to be a fine country naturally, but the people were actually much farther from the savage state than I expected.

I began to be greatly interested in the history of the country, for it seems that the principal nations of the earth originated in these high central plains of Asia, and here, too, some of the most famous conquerors of the world began and ended their career. Zingis Khan, the first of these restless chiefs, originated near lake Baikal. He belonged to a small tribe called *Mongols*, which signifies *brave*. The people in these regions are divided into small tribes, some forty of which were united in warlike enterprises by Zingis's father, but at his death, two-thirds of them refused to obey his son, who then bore the name of *Temugin*. He was only twelve years old, but he fought them, conquered them, and reduced them to obedience. This exploit gained him fame, respect, and influence, but he was afterwards obliged to seek assistance from the great khan of the empire, who was under obligations to his father. The khan, in gratitude to his father, and esteem for Zingis, reinstated him in his paternal dominions, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

Temugin had been educated with the greatest attention, and the care of his childhood was confided to a very able minister. He was well versed in all the exercises which belong to a Tartar education. He could shoot his arrow or strike his lance with unerring aim, either when advancing or retreating —in full career or at rest. He could endure hunger, thirst, fatigue, cold, and pain. He managed his fierce and heavy war-horse, or his light and impetuous courser, with such consummate skill, by word, or look, or touch, that man and beast seemed but one animal, swayed by one common will.

Having gained some military success for his father-in-law, his high favor at the court excited jealousies both in his family and in the empire. He had further rendered himself unpopular by inducing the khan to assume more authority than the subject princes could willingly accede to. The princes therefore rose against the khan, and defeated him in battle; but his son-in-law replaced him on the throne, by winning for him a brilliant victory. This victory was tarnished, however, by cruelty; for Temugin scalded seventy of his enemies to death, by flinging them alive into seventy caldrons of boiling water.

Envy and revenge did not cease these machinations, but at last means were found to render his father-in-law jealous of so famous a son. Temugin, after exhausting every conciliatory measure, thought himself obliged to build up a party of his own, in self-defense. Recourse was at last had to arms, the khan was slain, and Temugin, after some further struggles with his enemies, one by one, succeeded to the empire.

He was now forty years old, and wishing to secure himself in his extensive dominions, he convoked the princes of his empire at Karakorum, his capital, to do him homage. They all met here on the appointed day, clothed in white. Advancing into the midst, with the diadem upon his brow, Temugin seated himself upon his throne, and received the con-

gratulations and good wishes of the khans and princes. They then confirmed him and his descendants in the sovereignty of the Mongol empire, declaring themselves and their descendants divested of all rights of this nature.

After some further victories, he renewed the ceremonial in a still more simple and signal manner. Standing on a plain mound of turf, near the banks of the Selenga, he harangued the assembled princes with an eloquence natural to him, and then sat down on a piece of black felt which was spread upon the earth. This felt was revered for a long time afterwards as a sacred national relic. An appointed orator then addressed him in these words: "However great your power, from God you hold it: He will prosper you if you govern justly: if you abuse your authority, you will become black as this felt, a wretch and an outcast." Seven khans then respectfully assisted him to rise, conducted him to his throne, and proclaimed him lord of the Mongul empire.

A relative, a saint and prophet, naked, like the marabouts of the present day, then approached. "I come," said he, "with God's order, that you henceforth take the name of Zingis Khan, that is—greatest khan of khans." The Moguls ratified this name with extravagant tokens of joy, and considering it a divine title to the empire of the world, looked upon all opposing nations as enemies of God.

Nothing was now impossible to Zingis. By a rapid succession of victories he found himself, in the year 1226, master of a territory stretching from Corea, in Asia, to Hungary, in Europe, a space of five thousand miles. The descriptions of his butcheries, are terrific. His conquest of the empire of Kharesm, now called Khiva, which embraced Great Bokhara, and the surrounding country, and which was governed by a sultan named Mamoud, may be taken as an example of his operations. The destructive conqueror rushed upon all parts of this small but flourishing kingdom at once.

One hundred and fifty thousand Kharesmians were slain in the first battle. Like a devouring conflagration, the invaders swept from city to city, leaving behind them only heaps of cinders. A body of Chinese engineers, skilled in mechanics, and perhaps acquainted with the use of gunpowder, assisted the destroyer. Samarcand, Balkh, Bokhara, and many other cities, which had flourished with the wealth and trade of centuries, now underwent a pitiless ruin, to the very foundations. Mamoud armies were almost uniformly defeated. He, himself, driven to miserable extremity, came to the shores of the Caspian, and embarking in a boat, amid a shower of arrows, escaped on an island only to die of sickness and despair; yet not until he had enjoined his son Jelaleddin to avenge him. Tossed by every wave of fortune, this dauntless and persevering king did all that man could do to fulfill the injunctions of a dying father; but hemmed in by the loss of city after city, he was at last driven to an island in the river Indus.

Here he burned his ships, except one for his family. His soldiers died around him, defending themselves like tigers at bay. The Kharesmians now took refuge in the rocks where the Tartar cavalry could not penetrate; but being reduced to only seven hundred men, the Sultan disbanded them. The unfortunate Jelaleddin, having embraced his family, and torn himself away from them, now took off his cuirass, stripped himself of all his arms but his sword, quiver, and bow, mounted a fresh horse, and plunged into the river. In the midst of the stream, he turned round and emptied his quiver in defiance against Zingis, who stood on the bank. The ship in which the family of the dethroned monarch had embarked was wrecked as it left the shore, and they fell into the conqueror's hands, who afterwards murdered them.

The fugitive prince passed the night in a tree, from fear of wild beasts. On the next day, he met some of his soldiers. He now collected all the fugitives he could muster, and, being

joined by an officer of his household, with a boat laden with arms, provisions, money, and clothing, he established himself in India. But unable to endure exile, he returned to his country, and after many misfortunes, died in obscurity, soon after the death of his conqueror. Such is but a single passage in the terrible history of Zingis the destroyer.

When he had conquered a great part of China, subdued all central Asia, overturned the kingdom of the Saracens, subjugated a portion of the Greek empire—being on the banks of the Indus, he at last yielded to the desire of his soldiers for repose, and the enjoyment of the wealth they had gathered with so much toil and blood. Returning slowly, encumbered with spoil, he cast an eye of regret around him, and intimated his intention of rebuilding the cities he had swept away. As he passed the Jaxartes, there came to meet him two of his generals, whom he had sent round the southern shore of the Caspian, with thirty thousand men. They had fought their way through the passes of the Caucasus, traversed the marshy regions near the Volga, crossed the desert, and come back by a route north of Lake Aral—an unexampled feat, in ancient or modern times.

As soon as the princes and generals were returned from their several expeditions, Zingis assembled them together in a large plain, which, though twenty-one miles in extent, scarce furnished room for the tents and equipages of his countless hosts. His own quarters occupied six miles in circuit. A white tent, capable of containing two thousand persons, was spread over his throne, on which lay the black bit of felt used at his coronation. But now, instead of the primitive simplicity of the vagabond Tartar, all the luxury of Asia glittered in the dress, horses, harness, arms, and furniture of the vast assemblage. The emperor received the homage of his powerful vassals with majesty, and that of his children and grandchildren, all of whom were permitted to kiss his hand. He graciously ac-

cepted their presents, and in return distributed among them magnificent donations. The soldiery also partook of the liberality of the great robber of robbers.

The mighty khan, who was fond of public speaking, now pronounced an oration, commending his code of laws. To these he attributed all his success and conquests, which he minutely enumerated. The ambassadors from the several countries subjected to his sway, were then admitted to an audience, and dismissed well satisfied. The whole ceremonial was concluded with a grand festival, which lasted many days. At the daily banquets were served up every thing most exquisite in fruits, game, liquors, and edibles—to be had in any part of his boundless dominions.

Such festivals were followed by new triumphs, and prosperity seemed always to attend the conqueror's enterprises. He died A. D. 1226, at the age of seventy, having reigned twenty-two years, and preserved to the last his complete ascendency over the surrounding nations as well as his own. His magnificent funeral was unsullied with the human sacrifices which desecrated the obsequies of his ancestors. His simple sepulchre, beneath a tree whose shade he had loved, became an object of veneration to his people, who were wont fondly to embellish it.

This famous man was characterized by qualities fitting him for a conqueror—a genius capable of conceiving great and arduous designs, with prudence equal to their execution; a native and persuasive eloquence; a degree of patience enabling him to endure and overcome fatigue; an admirable temperance; a superior understanding; and a penetrating mind, that instantly seized the measure proper to be adopted. His military talents are conspicuous in his successfully introducing a strict discipline and severe police among the Tartars, until then indocile to the curb of restraint.

Such was the celebrated Zingis Khan. We are apt to be

dazzled by the deeds of a conqueror, and in the excitement of our sympathy, to forget the actual horrors of such a career of violence. It is supposed that the wars of Zingis caused the death of five millions of human beings, without naming other millions who were brought to a miserable and premature grave by sorrow, disappointment, and slavery. No less than fifty thousand towns and cities were destroyed by him, and even now, after a lapse of six centuries, many of the countries he ravaged have not recovered from the devastations he inflicted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Instructive Story about Thomas Liverlight and Custard.—Timour or Tamerlane.—The Beautiful Queen, Tekine Katune.—Making Great Men.—The Dream of the Eight Stars.—War with the Getes.—Timour's Talent at Story-telling.—His Vast Conquests.—Story of Bajazet.—Timour's Death.—Horrors committed by Him.—Living Men, with Brush and Mortar, made into Fortifications.—Enormous Spoils taken by Timour and his Army.—A Great Feast.

I HARDLY know whether my readers will forgive me for introducing such long accounts of the famous men of those far-off regions, into which my travels had now led me. Nevertheless, one must take some risk, now and then, and therefore I shall venture a little more in this line, giving free permission to every body to skip over what they don't like. I recollect that in my early days, my mother asked Tom Liverlight, one of my playfellows, to dine with us, and he consented. He wielded his knife and fork very well, but when we offered him some custard he drew back, and said, somewhat sulkily, that he wouldn't have any.

"Why not?" said my mother.

"'Cause!" said he.

"'Cause why?" was the answer.

"'Cause I don't know what it is."

"It's custard."

"Wal,—I don't like it."

"Really,—and why not?"

"'Cause I never tasted it."

And so Thomas Liverlight went without his custard; and so, my readers who reject the history of Zingis Khan, and Tamerlane, because they never heard of these strange characters before, may shove back from the table, if they please, and let others devour the feast.

I remained at Samarcand nearly three weeks, during which time I was chiefly occupied in learning the history of Tartary. This city, as I have before stated, was the residence of Timour or Tamerlane, and under him it became one of the most splendid capitals in the world.

Timour was quite as remarkable in his history as the great Zingis: indeed, the incidents of his life are even more romantic. He was the son of prince Tragai, and born near his father's capital, called Kech, in Independent Tartary, A. D. 1336. His mother was the beautiful queen, Tekine Katune. His birth, according to the history of his country, had been long predicted to one of his ancestors, by a dream, in which eight splendid stars seemed to shoot out of the sleeper. The eighth appeared to cast round such a glory as to illuminate the four quarters of the world. This was understood to mean that a prince, in the eighth generation, should be born, who would fill the earth with the splendor of his deeds. Timour was understood, at the moment of his birth, to be the prince pointed out by the prophecy, and of course great things were expected of him.

His biographers were pretty much like our modern president makers. These latter, when they fix upon a man to fill the

chief office of the nation, write pamphlets and books about him, and, though he was an ordinary man before, he is now made to swell up into a prodigy. All his little, commonplace actions and sayings, which had before passed as hardly worth recording, are now embellished and colored, and exaggerated, so as to appear like marvelous indications of his future greatness. Even the facts of history are changed, and if the hero always ran away from battle, these kind biographers make it out that, somehow or other, he was always victorious, and therefore they bestow upon him the title of a great general. If there is a blank in his biography, in which he said and did nothing, they fill it up with magnificent flourishes of what he will do, if he comes into power. The people of modern times are like the people of ancient times, and they love to be amused and cheated in this way. Hence we often see them paying homage to the images of "clay and brass," which juggling politicians have set up for them. How these cunning magicians must laugh in their sleeves to see the enthusiasm of the masses for the little puppets whom they have dressed up and made to appear like giants!

The biographers of Timour not only tell us of the dream of the eight stars, but they go on to assert that as soon as he reached the age of reason, something might be seen in all his actions which showed an air of sovereignty. He would talk of nothing but thrones and crowns, and his favorite discourses had reference to the art of war or the government of kingdoms.

All this was no doubt made up afterwards, when, the career of Timour being finished, it was thought fit by his historians to invent stories of his early life, to suit his actual character. In this respect, these biographers differed from those we have alluded to above, inasmuch as their inventions were compatible with the subject to which they related.

I cannot tell a hundredth part of the tales related of Timour,

during the early part of his life. One only must suffice as a sample. On a certain occasion, during a state of war, as he was waiting for his confederates at Samarcand, the enemy came upon him. With sixty soldiers, he fled into the desert, but here he was suddenly met and attacked by a thousand Getes—wild Tartar warriors of those regions. He and his men fought with incredible strength and valor, and finally slew the greater part of the assailants. At last his friends were all killed but ten, and then, three others, appalled at the danger, fled. With his little band, Timour now wandered about in the wilderness, but he was finally captured and thrown into prison. After a time, he escaped, swam across the river Oxus, and, being joined by a few followers, led the life of a robber and outlaw.

At length he returned to his native country, and three of his friends, who were chiefs, hearing that he was in the desert, went to see him. They soon found him, and Timour thus describes the interview: "When their eyes fell upon me, they were overwhelmed with joy, and they alighted from their horses. Then they came and kneeled and kissed my stirrup. I also came down from my horse, and took each of them in my arms. And I put my turban upon the head of the first chief; my girdle, rich in jewels, and wrought with gold, I bound on the loins of the second; and the third I clothed in my coat. And they wept, and I wept also; and the hour of prayer arrived, and we prayed. And we mounted our horses and came to my dwelling, and I collected my people, and we made a feast.

Whatever else we may think of Tamerlane, we must admit that he had a pleasant way of telling a story.

The career of this famous chief was but little more than a series of bloody conquests and savage triumphs. He ravaged the countries immediately around him, and then undertook more distant enterprises. He compelled Persia to submit to

his authority, and imposed an amount, as tribute, on the rich island-city of Ormus, of six hundred thousand dinars of gold. He subdued all Western Asia, and a portion of Europe, even threatening Moscow and Novgorod—burning Azof, and reducing to ashes many other Russian cities. He conquered Bajazet, the powerful and warlike sultan of the Turks, in Asia Minor, who met him with four hundred thousand troops. Having taken him prisoner, he confined him in an iron cage. He invaded India or Hindostan, and plundered it of its countless treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones. Finally, he gathered an army of one million two hundred thousand men, and, in mid-winter, set out for the conquest of China. On his way, he was taken with fever, and died, A. D. 1405, aged seventy years.

Some of the accounts of this fearful man fill the mind with horror. After a victory he would erect towers formed of the heads of the slain, or perhaps of the prisoners, each soldier being obliged to bring one head, to aid in constructing the hideous pile. In one instance, he ordered 4,000 soldiers and their horses to be pitched into the moat of a city which he had taken. In an expedition against the Getes, he took 2,000 prisoners. These he had piled alive, one upon the other, with brush and mortar between, to construct military works. Seventy thousand heads were used by him as building materials, in the city of Ispahan, in Persia, for the construction of towers. The people, in this case, were massacred by the soldiers to supply these heads, a price being fixed for them by order of Timour!

The amount of the spoils taken by the armies of this conqueror almost exceeds the powers of the imagination. On returning from India, the soldiers were loaded with diamonds and other precious stones. Each had several slaves, some of whom were royal princesses.

Yet, it would appear that Tamerlane was not all savage. He had great pleasure in seeing his army recreating themselves,

after the fatigues and sacrifices of war. He took a lively interest in his generals, and rewarded them with costly presents.

On the birth of a grandson, he made a great feast, at his capital of Samarcand, then the depository of the spoils of his victories. Seats were erected, which extended for six miles. The emperor was seated on a gorgeous throne, a vast crowd of beautiful females, covered with veils of gold brocade, sprinkled with jewels, being on either side. There were luxuries from various countries, the choicest wines of every climate, and a gorgeous host of officers and soldiers, which rendered the scene more like a dream than a reality.

Such scenes as these show that Timour had a taste for magnificence, but it seems that the gratification of his own pride and vanity, even in such cases, was his ruling passion. It is sickening to the heart to read the lives of such men, who in our more enlightened age, appear rather like monsters than human beings.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I set out for Bokhara.—Independent Tartary, or Turkestan.—Its divisions and Tribes.—Description of the Country between Samarcand and Bokhara.—Huts.—The Golden River.—Arrival at Bokhara.—Bustle of the City.—Dreary Feelings.—Take Lodgings in a Caravansara.—I am beset with Idlers.—Attack of a Water-melon.—A general Hubbub.—I beat a Retreat.—Splendid Quarters.—A Man-trap and a Tumble.

Having remained several weeks at Samarcand, I set out on horseback for Bokhara, capital of the kingdom of Khareson, which I have mentioned, and still a famous city lying about a hundred and fifteen miles south-westerly of Samarcand.

Before I proceed in the story of my adventures, it may be well to give a more exact idea of this region. *Independent*

Tartary is called by the people who inhabit it, *Turkestan*, which means the *country of the Turks*. It is, in fact, the birth-place of the Turks or Ottomans, who had their origin here some centuries since.

Turkeston, at the present day, includes several independent states, called *Khanats*, because their rulers or chiefs are denominated *Khans*. These are as follows, being arranged in the order of their importance: 1. Khanat of Bokhara. 2. Khanat of Khiva. 3. Khanat of Koondoo. 4. Khanat of Khokan. Beside these, there is Kafaristan, or land of the Kafirs, and the country of the Kirguir. The population of all these states is supposed to be about seven millions. We know so little about those countries, however, that the number of inhabitants may be considerably more or less.

These regions contain small distinct tribes of Turks or Tartars, who, however, bear a general resemblance to each other in appearance, manners, and customs. Mixed with these, are Jews, Persians, Armenians, and others. The prevailing religion is Mahomedism. The modes of living are various: some of the people dwelling in cities, and carrying on trade and manufactures; others, dwelling in the country, and rearing cattle; and others still, living by plunder and rapine.

The country around Samarcand is hilly, but in proceeding towards the city of Bokhara, we soon came to a region consisting of barren plains, here and there masked by sand-heaps, in the form of a horse-shoe, this shape being given by the wind, which thus deposits the sand around low mounds of clay which constitute a portion of the soil. We crossed wide spaces entirely without vegetation, except patches of low brushwood, and a few dried and stunted herbs, mixed with the camel-thorn. Here and there a rat, which, by the way, looked very much like his American namesake—small lizards, and some solitary bird of a species unknown to me, were the only creatures that seemed to inhabit these solitary wastes. Yet, even here, we

frequently met with the ruins of cities which once existed, but which have passed away and been forgotten by history.

As we proceeded, we could see to the south a range of low mountains, and finally, as we turned to the north, we came to a valley, which we were told was watered by the river Zer-af-chan, or Golden river. We did not, however, reach the stream, as it runs to the right of Bokhara some six or seven miles. The country now assumed a very different aspect, being in the highest degree fruitful, and in some parts cultivated. We passed several villages, and now the country seemed to be pretty thickly peopled. The greater part of the inhabitants were living in low houses constructed of earth mixed with withes of willow, and sometimes supported by posts. We often met with groups of black tents occupied by people who roamed from plain to plain with droves of horses, camels, horned cattle, and goats.

At last, after three days' travel, we came in sight of the city. Viewed from a small eminence, the place is very imposing. It is eight miles in circuit, and is surrounded by a triangular wall of earth twenty feet high, pierced by twelve gates of brick masonry. The country around is flat but rich, and the city is so embowered in trees, as to give it a charming appearance. The great mass of low mud edifices are not seen, but the public edifices, towers, and mosques rise here and there above the foliage, leading the beholder to imagine that he is about to enter a vast and magnificent city. But as he reaches the interior of the place, this illusion vanishes.

Most of the streets are indeed so narrow that a loaded camel blocks them up entirely. In some of them, two or three persons can hardly pass at a time. They are also odiously dirty. By far the largest part of the houses are of one low story; they are built of sun-dried bricks laid on a rude frame-work of wood. The roofs are all flat: toward the street they present bare walls without windows. Only one house in the city, so far as I saw, had glass. The holes for windows are

defended by lattices, which are opened or closed according to necessity.

When I got into the heart of the city, I found myself rubbed and pushed and jostled about by loaded camels, horses, and asses going along the narrow streets, as if I had been nobody at all. "Ah, ah!" said I to myself, "you don't know that Gilbert Go-ahead has come." It was very clear that the city of Bokhara had no idea of what had happened. In truth, it is always rather dampening to one's self-love, to enter into a great city where you are a total stranger, and where you soon perceive that you are only one of ten or twenty thousand persons, all as important to themselves as you are to yourself. A man who travels, finds out that there are too many people in the world to justify that swelling self-conceit which would make one feel as if he was a very essential spoke in the wheel of all creation.

On entering Bokhara, I felt as I have often done before in similar circumstances, that is, rather dull, and half home-sick. In this strange place, I could not but feel the force of that dismal ditty—

"I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

I have generally found a good dinner to be the best remedy for this complaint, and therefore, as soon as possible, I got to my lodgings, and made an excellent meal upon a sort of mutton chop, tea, and plenty of fruit.

My lodgings consisted of a single room in one of the caravanseras, of which there are about forty in the town. Some of them belong to the khan, and others to private individuals. They consist of low rectangular building, mostly two stories high, inclosing a square court. Many of them extend to three hundred feet on each of the four sides. The entrance is by a general gateway into the court. The lower story is occupied wholly for merchandise, and a very busy scene of trade is displayed in the court, and at the doors of the several stores and magazines. The upper rooms are used as lodgings. There is no look-out but into the court.

I soon found myself overrun with a set of idlers, who came to tell me the news, ask questions, and offer their services. It was well enough for a time, but I soon found it very tedious, so I turned them all out and shut my door. This, it seems, was contrary to Tartar politeness, and when I went out, I found myself the object of an intense and hostile excitement. At last about fifty persons were gathered in the court near my quarters, and, as I descended the stairs, they thronged around and encirled me, making a great hubbub, and threatening me with violent gestures.

I, however, went straight ahead, and as I was a foot taller than any one among them, and, moreover, seemed pretty cool, they opened a space before me, and I got into the street. The crowd, however, formed at my heels and followed me for a considerable distance. I did not look behind, but I heard the clatter of the rabble close upon me. At last, I felt something come smash against my back. Turning quickly round, I perceived that one of the mob had thrown at me a small water-melon, which took effect between my shoulders, and was running down my back in a juicy shower.

I picked out the fellow who had thrown this, by his attitude, and rushing suddenly upon him, I seized him by the throat, drew him to the spot, where the wreck of the melon lay, and while he grew black and blue with my clutch, I bathed his face in the fragments of the melon, taking care to make it go a little rough over his nose. I then gave him a jerk, and sent him spinning across the street. The fellow hallooed like a fox-hound, and soon the whole street was alive with people. Chancing to look up, I saw that some were gazing over the battlements of the roofs, and through the openings in the walls of the houses. Half revealed, through the lattices, I noticed the turbaned heads of many women. There was now a general hubbub in the streets, and I thought it time to beat a retreat.

Just as I was looking around to see which way to go, a narrow door in the wall close by, was opened, and without a moment's reflection in I went. I ran along a passage and soon came to a court, shaded with trees, the floor being paved with variegated marble. In the center, a fountain was playing, and around was a group of women. These screamed and fled. Having a very good opinion of women, in general, and these being very good-looking, I followed close at their heels all the way, begging their protection. They, however, had no idea of listening to me. They flew up the stairs which led to a gallery extending around the court, and disappeared.

I expected the crowd to burst into the place, but it seems they had not seen me enter the door, and they were therefore thrown off the scent. I had time to look around me. The place I had got into, was evidently the house of some very rich person. The court was enclosed by high walls of wood, richly carved and gaudily painted. The fountain was covered by a pavilion, beautifully executed, in a manner which reminded me of what I had seen in pictures of Arabian architecture.

"Well," said I to myself, "I'm always in luck, good or bad. A moment ago I was threatened with speedy annihilation by a mob; now I am a guest of one of the richest citizens of Bokhara." This train of thought was, however, soon cut short, for in a few moments a man came into the court, who, as soon as he set his eyes upon me, seemed smitten with horror. I bowed in the Eastern fashion, and looked very polite and smiling, but he waived me back, and shrunk from me as if I had been an alligator. He then went to a corner of the court and struck a gong, which sounded like forty swarms of bees, and made the whole place ring with its echoes. In a moment half-a-dozen men came in, and rushing at me, attempted to seize me.

Instead of yielding to fate, I sprang up the stairs, and ran along the gallery, but hotly pursued. Coming to a door,

I popped in, and flew along a dark corridor which opened before me. As I was proceeding, the floor suddenly fell from beneath my feet, and I was pitched down headlong into a dungeon.

For a moment I was stunned, for I had fallen at least ten feet, and had been received by the hard ground. When I recovered my faculties, I perceived that the place was dark as pitch. Indeed not a ray of light was visible. I groped about with my hands and feet, and soon took the measure of my apartment, which was some dozen feet square. It was without a single article of furniture, except a piece of earthenware, which seemed to be a broken vase or pitcher.

"Well," thought I, "this is ——" but it is too long a story to tell in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

A distressing Situation.—I am supposed to be dead, and hear various opinions of my Person and Character.—I am taken away to be buried.—Romantic Incidents.—I refuse to be buried and frighten the Sextons.—A Plot and an Escape.—People who never heard of Franklin Pierce or the Bible.—Priests who do Religion for the People.

I HAVE but a confused recollection of what happened to me, for several hours after my plunge into the dungeon. My fall was so sudden, and the shock so severe as to upset my understanding. I only recollect that I groped about in the darkness, and came to the conclusion that I was alone, and completely imprisoned. I shrieked aloud—I ran from one side of the room to the other—I felt along the walls—I crawled over the floor—and then, gradually, a sickness came over me, and I fainted away.

How long it was I cannot tell, but after a time I awoke,

and saw a light streaming through the crevice of a door, into my room. I sat up, and began to gather my senses. I heard voices, and then I recollected what had happened, and where I was. I listened, and heard two men talking about me.

"Oh, he is dead," said one—"I went in an hour ago, and he was as stiff as a dried crocodile."

"Well, well," said the other—"then we have nothing to do but to put him into the canal, with a stone about his neck."

"Exactly, but what a supper he will make for the fishes! Why he is nearly twice as large as any of us."

"So much the worse, for he'll be a heavy load for two of us."

"Oh never fear, though he's long he is as lean as a rake handle. Are you ready?"

"Wait a minute!"

By the time the conversation had reached this point, I had made up my mind what to do. I determined to pretend to be dead, and then let these amiable sextons take me out of prison: for the rest I would trust to circumstances. So I stretched myself at full length on the ground, and lay stiff and stark as a Thanksgiving pig just out of the oven. The fellows soon came in, and holding their lamp close to me, took a survey of my person. It is very rare that people hear their own funeral orations, but on this occasion I had the satisfaction of listening to mine.

"What a long, lank-looking, cut-throat of a fellow he is," said one of the coroners. "He must have been a desperate scamp!"

"Yes, yes," was the reply. "He is evidently a Turcoman. I don't wonder that the sultana and her women were frightened to see him enter the harem. Allah! How the Khan raved and tore his beard when he heard of it."

"No doubt: the khan don't like to have any man even set

eyes on his women, and there he is right. But I don't believe this fellow is a Turcoman. On the contrary, I think he is an Affghan."

"An Affghan? an Affghan? why do you think so?"

"He has just the make of an Affghan: the lank, long limbs; hands like eagle's claws; a hooked nose, like the beak of a vulture, and a spreading webbed foot. I could swear by that, he was born within sight of the Koosh mountains."

"Then, perhaps he was one of our countrymen?"

"I could take my oath of it."

"And we, poor slaves that we are, must tumble his body into the water like a sack of dirt."

"*Must!* Why *must* we?"

"Because if we refuse, we shall take his place and go into the canal ourselves."

"That does not follow, as a matter of course; to tell you the truth, Nasik, I'm tired of this slavery, and if you had a little courage we might escape."

"Escape! How?"

"We have a commission to take this body to the suburbs: let us take it—and when we are there we can see what our long legs can do."

"Agreed—with a slight change of your plan."

"How?"

"Let us take another with us."

"Who?"

"Vathine."

"Your sister—is she in Bokhara?"

"She is here."

"And a slave? Beard of Mohammed—I guessed as much! She is a slave here in the palace! I thought I recognized her gazelle eyes. It was she that gazed at me through her screen and waved her hand to me! What a donkey I was not to recognize Vathine. How did it happen that she came here?"

"Oh, as such things always happen. A troop of Turcomans swept down from the mountains upon our poor hamlet, one moonlight night. I was away—you were away. What could our old decrepit father do? What could women do? They could only wail. Will the Turcoman desist from his plunder because his victim screams? Will the hawk forego his meal because the dove bleeds and trembles in his grasp? No, no! Vathine was too fair a prize to be released. With a troop of other slaves, captured by the robbers in their foray, she was brought to Bokhara, and sold to a merchant who supplied the harem of the Khan."

"And when did she come hither?"

"A month since."

"Alla-il-Alla! Where is she now?"

"In the pavilion of the outer garden."

"Well—and how shall we proceed?"

"We will have her come into the garden: we will then put her in the place of this corpse—wrapping her up well. Thus we can pass out, for the guards will be deceived, and will not stop us. We shall be outside of the walls by ten o'clock, and our escape will not be discovered till morning. So we shall have twelve hours the start of our pursuers."

"Good! let us proceed at once. Really, Nasik, I thought you a stupified dunce. It seemed to me that your soul was bent to slavery, and that you never thought of home—of Cabool—of our native hills—of your parents—of Vathine—the beautiful Vathine—your sister! I thought you a coward—stooping to the load laid by tyrants upon your back, while out of simple fear of the lash, you quietly submitted. Oh, I now find your heart heroic—true to its birth at the foot of mountains that touch the skies, and bring down waters to the valley which have been tinged with the light of angel's wings. Alla-il-alla! Let us go!"

The two men now made their preparations, and as they bent

down to take me up, I rendered myself as rigid as if I had been magnetized. With some tugging and grunting, they got me upon their shoulders, and carried me through a door, and a long dark passage, till we came to the open air. I was very near sneezing, and in the effort to prevent it, I slightly contracted one of my legs. "Beard of Mahomet!" said the fellow who had the nether end of me, "if I didn't know this man was dead, I should say he gave me a kick! But, dead or alive, I hope we shall soon be done with him, for he's as heavy as a camel. I should think his bones were made of iron!"

We were proceeding across the garden, entirely surrounded by darkness, when my carriers paused to take breath. They tumbled me upon the ground rather uncivilly, but I was playing the dead man, and so I did not consider it as belonging to my part to resent it. The men now held some conversation, which I did not distinctly hear, as my head was jammed in between some shrubs, which, by the smell, I took to be Persian lilacs. After a time, I heard one of them say distinctly—

"It is an excellent plan. We will bury the body beneath yonder heap of stone and earth, and it will be some days before they find it out. We can bundle up Vathine as the corpse, and pass out, all the same."

"Excellent, excellent," was the reply. According to this arrangement, I was carried near the wall of the garden, and laid down preparatory to my burial. Having no desire to undergo this process, I quietly rose first on my feet, and then I stood upright!

Had the two men been suddenly frozen into icicles, they could not have been more completely riveted to the earth on which they stood. It was too dark to study their physiognomy, but I easily guessed their aspect of horror at seeing a man, and a pretty tall one, thus suddenly raise himself from the dead.

After a very short pause, I said—"Whist, I am your friend; I know your plans, and will assist them. Let us go together!"

"Who are you? What are you?" stammered one of the men.

"A prisoner—a slave, like yourselves. Do not stop to parley. Let us proceed! Bring Vathine hither at once, and prepare her for the expedition."

After some explanation, Nasik went, and in half an hour he came back with his sister. She was nearly dead with fright, and it was a long time before she could be persuaded to perform the part assigned her. Almost perforce, she was at last laid out, and by the aid of a little straw stuffing, and splicing, she was made into a very portly corpse. We all three took her up; and staggering under our load, as if it were very heavy, we passed through the outer garden, and came to the gate. Here a difficulty arose, for the guard had only been ordered to let two men pass with the body. I very easily settled the matter, however, by slipping two dollars into the follow's palm, as he held it at his back—a motion which is very common here by the way, and is as easily understood in a public officer to mean bribery, as a dog's wagging his tail and looking you in the face, means that he would like something to eat.

It was now near midnight, and not only the city, but the suburbs, were wrapped in a silence as profound as the darkness. As soon as we got well clear of the city walls, Vathine was taken out of her straw coffin, and restored to life. We now proceeded at a quick pace, but in silence. The two men seemed to understand the route, and before the sun rose, we were at least fifteen miles from Bokhara.

It was deemed prudent to lay by during the day, and so we concealed ourselves in a clump of trees which had grown up amid the ruins of some buildings. Nasik ventured out, however, and brought us some dried goat's flesh, with bread made of beans and rye, pounded together. I had now time to make inquiries, and to tell my story in return. I found both the Affghans quite intelligent as to affairs in this quarter

of the world where we now were. When I told them I was an American, they seemed delighted, and told me that from the first they knew I was of their own blood and lineage. When I asked them where they supposed America was, they both spoke at once, and told me it was a mountain country on the southern slope of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, and that it actually belonged to Cabool, or Affghanistan, though the chief of the district claimed to be independent!

It may readily be supposed that I felt not only mortified, but offended, to discover that the name and fame of the United States had never reached these regions. It was a little too much to have it supposed that I belonged to a mere "patch" of earth up in the mountains, over which some barbarian chief exercised dominion. I held my tongue between my teeth for some time, but at last I gave vent to my feelings.

"Gentlemen," said I, "at what college did you graduate?"—and I said this, because when I find any body ignorant of geography, I calculate they've been to college.

They both gazed at me in wonder, but said not a word. "Gentlemen," I added, "do you mean to say that you never heard of the Stars and Stripes?"

They shook their heads.

"Do you mean to say you never heard of George Washington?"

A shake of the head.

"Nor of Bunker Hill?"

A shake.

"Nor of Zachary Taylor, nor Buena Vista?"

A shake.

"Nor of Winfield Scott, nor Churubusco, nor the Halls of Montezuma?"

An emphatic shake.

"Nor of Franklin Pierce?"

"He's mad!" said Nasik to his friend.

"No, no—I'm not mad," said I, emphatically. "It is hard

work to turn the head of a Yankee. His brains are as true as the cog-wheel of a brass clock. He's like a catamount —he takes big leaps now and then, but he always comes down on his feet. The difficulty lies in your ignorance. I see how it is. You never went to school: you never studied Parley's Geography: you don't take the newspapers. Just tell me, did you ever see Webster's Spelling Book?"

"Never!"

"I thought so. Did you ever see the Bible?"

"We never heard of it."

"Did you ever see a Connecticut clock?"

"Never."

"That's enough," said I, "that's enough! What can be expected of men who never heard of the stars and stripes, George Washington, Bunker Hill, Old Zack, Franklin Pierce, the Bible, or a Connecticut clock! Poor benighted heathen, that you are! Nevertheless, we won't quarrel. You have all the faculties of men, no doubt, and serve God after your fashion. Pray, what is your religion?"

"We are Mahometans."

"You believe in the Koran."

"No, we don't believe it: that is not our business. The priests believe it for us."

"So, so. Do the priests eat for you? Do they drink for you? Do they sleep for you?"

"No; in all worldly matters we act for ourselves; as to religion, we can't be expected to understand it. It is written in books which we cannot read; so the priests do our religion for us."

"That's very convenient; how do you pay them?"

"Oh, we give them alms; build temples for them; pay them reverence; furnish them with monasteries; pay them roundly for the sins we commit; give them the tenth part of all we produce or gain."

"They have a nice time, no doubt."

"Certainly, and why not? They are the ambassadors of the Prophet, to whom heaven and earth belong. He commands all nations to give to the priests, and in this, he only requires that to be given which is his."

"Exactly; and you ought to be thankful that the priests only take tithes, when they might take the whole."

Here the conversation took another turn, and what followed will require another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We proceed on our Journey.—The Two Affghans.—The Eye of God, or the Story of Moroz.

The next night we continued our travels, with great caution, however, for we still feared pursuit. A good deal of the time we were obliged to lie by in thickets, or amid the deserted ruins which were not unfrequent along our route. In the intervals of rest and concealment, I had a good deal of conversation with my male companions—Vathine being always kept aloof, and never speaking to me. Occasionally I could see a glimpse of one or both of her eyes, from beneath her veil, but this had always the appearance of accident, and not of design.

They were rather intelligent young men, and had not only been over the greater part of Affghanistan, but into the adjacent countries of Northern India, Beloochistan, and Persia. One of them had been to Mecca with a caravan, which was alike a religious and trading enterprise. He started from Cabool, and passed through Herat, Teheran, and Damascus, and thence across the Arabian Desert to the Holy City of the

Mahometans. He was a good story-teller, and gave a very lively account of his travels. He related a great many incidents and episodes, and among other things he told us the following tale, which he said he heard from the lips of a Persian poet, who related it one night to the company of the caravan.

"A great many years ago, there lived and reigned in Cashmere, a race of princes, each of whom was called the *Eye of God*—a profane title, certainly, but which seemed justified, in some degree, by the crown they wore—for this was ornamented with the most superb diamond that ever was seen. It was said to have been brought by the Angel Gabriel himself, to the founders of the little kingdom, in token of the affection of the Prophet, and as an assurance of the favor of Heaven. The king caused it to be set in his crown, and with this it descended from father to son for a long series of generations. The diamond was not only one of the finest water, but it was of that deep and pure nature indicative of the highest order of precious stones, for while it was rather pale and dull in the light, it shone with intense and burning rays in the dark. Nor was this all: it had the faculty of filling the eye, and also, if steadily contemplated, of illuminating the mind. And hence, while it adorned the brows of the princes of Cashmere, it shed light, knowledge, and wisdom upon their understandings. It was indeed regarded as a talisman of great sanctity, and came at last to be almost worshipped by the people. When the king appeared in public with it on his head, they all fell on their faces, and remained prostrate till he had passed by. No wonder that such a gem should be called the Eye of God, and that at last this title should descend to the princes who wore it.

"Now in the city of Cashmere, there was a young man named Moroz, of great learning and genius, but he was very poor. His heart was filled with ambition and love of pleasure, but his poverty prevented the indulgence of his propensi-

ties. By degrees he gave himself up to evil thoughts, and began to despise mankind, religion, and all good and holy things. He said to himself; 'After all, life is only a game, and they who play it best are the best fellows. Right is only might; religion is the bugbear of the priests; they do not believe it themselves. Oh! if I were rich I would have all the pleasures of life, and as to death, I should have no fear of that!'

"While he thus conversed with himself the king came along, with the crown on his head. All the people prostrated themselves except Moroz: he stood erect, and gazed steadily at the sacred diamond. A sudden but dreadful thought came into his mind. 'If I could only become the possessor of that gem!' said he to himself, 'I could carry it to Delhi, and sell it to the Great Mogul for a million of dollars. Then I should be rich —then my heart would be full of pleasure and happiness!' After a short time he went away, but from that day a new being animated him. He shut himself up in his room, and thought only of the sacred diamond. The more he dwelt upon it, the more intense became his desire to possess it. At last he determined to make the attempt to obtain it. He had no scruples of conscience, for he did not believe in religion; he laughed at the idea of a future state, of heaven and hell, and hence, he had no respect for right or wrong.

"It is true the idea crossed his mind that this gem was said to be sacred, and to have gifts above other gems. Once or twice he said to himself, 'What if, after all, it should turn out that this diamond really is like the Eye of God, and can see into the soul? If I possessed it, should I not be miserable after all?' He soon, however, dismissed such reflections, and laughed at his fears, as the miserable dreams of cowardice. 'Let me cast aside such weakness,' said he to himself; 'let me dare to be a man, and then I may realize the full pleasures of existence. Let me remain a coward, and I only remain a slave, and wear out my life in the miseries of slavery.'

"After a time he was fully resolved, and now the only question was how he should get possession of the gem? In order to accomplish his object, he contrived to obtain a place in the king's household, and thus he was duly admitted to the palace. He had a small cabinet assigned him near the king's bed-chamber, and thus he was able to carry on his schemes. When every body was asleep, he took the crown to his cabinet and made a cast of the diamond. Being a skilful chemist and worker in gems and metals, he made an exact imitation of it in glass. This he set in the place of the true gem, one night, and with the latter in his pocket, he secretly left the palace, and quitted Cashmere.

"He bent his steps towards Delhi, which was then the capital of India, and the most brilliant city in the world. The king, called the Great Mogul, was chief of the whole empire, and his riches knew no bounds. His palace glittered with gold, and his whole person was radiant with the most costly jewels. His gardens were filled with fragrant plants and delicious fruits. At night they shone with the light of ten thousand lamps, and the whole air trembled with entrancing music. The palace itself, filled with gay and happy people, seemed but a Paradise of pleasure, from morning to night. Princes and princesses—the young, the rich, the noble—all gathered there, seemed only to live for enjoyment.

"'Let me get to Delhi,' said Moroz, to himself, 'and I shall be happy! The king will be ready enough to possess himself of the finest gem the world has ever known, and one who thus gratifies him, will not only be made rich, but will be created a prince of his court, at least.'

"So thought the young man, and with his heart bounding in triumph, he pursued his journey eagerly towards Delhi. He was, however, under the necessity of traveling only by night, for he knew that the cheat he had practiced would soon be discovered, and that he was likely to be pursued. The

sense of danger gradually grew upon him, and hence he became watchful and suspicious. A whole week passed before he could feel so secure as to take a look at his prize. But one night as he lay hidden in the shadow of an old temple, he took the gem from his pocket, unrolled the numerous folds of cloth, with which it was covered, and gazed upon it. How beautiful—how wonderful was the light that streamed from its innermost depths—even in the darkness! How did the soul of Moroz expand as he gazed upon it, and felt the consciousness that he was its proprietor.

"Although alone in the gloom of night, and amid the ghastly ruins of some fallen and forgotten temple, his whole being glowed with an intense delight. Already he seemed to enjoy the pleasures for which he had sighed, and to grasp the sceptre of power which he yearned to wield. For a long time he was absorbed in gazing upon the diamond, which constantly unfolded new rays, and shed more delicious tints, till suddenly its aspect changed, and it seemed to enlarge, grow round, and assume the appearance of a human eye. Its light became more and more intense, and ere long it seemed to gaze into the very soul of the young man, with a stern and menacing look. Moroz shrunk back, and for a moment he closed his eyes; but ashamed of what he deemed weakness, he opened them again, and looked steadily at the diamond. Its aspect was now even more stern than before, and Moroz starting up exclaimed —'Horrible! it is indeed the Eye of God!'

"The young man shook with the excitement, and although he rolled up the diamond and hid it deep in his pocket, it was impossible wholly to recover his peace of mind. When morning came, he shook off his fears, in some degree, and at length laughed at them as the phantoms of a dream. Still the diamond felt heavy in his pocket, and seemed to become a burden to him. He could not help thinking of it, and with a kind of sinking of the heart. His feeling of triumph was

gone, and a strange anxiety took possession of his bosom. As night approached, he grew timid and afraid of the mere shadows that gathered around him.

"'This is dreadful!" said he, at last; 'and it will drive me mad if I give way to it. I am playing the part of a child—a woman. Let me be a man! Is not my secret my own? Who knows, but me, that I have this gem in my pocket? And after all—what is it? A mere stone. Come, let me look at it again. It is all nonsense to call it the *Eye of God!* There is no God; or, if there be, it is money, and money is made to be our slave, and not to make slaves of us. What a fool I am! Here I have unbounded riches in my grasp—here is power, here are pleasures—all wrapped up in this little ball. And I, so weak am I, that I am ready to cast it into the river and run away from it; all because of a superstitious fancy that it is a God. A God, indeed! Let me have another look at it!'

"It was night—Moroz was again alone. He unrolled the diamond as before; at first it only sent forth its mild but lovely radiance, streaming out, as if it were a fountain of many colors, from which issued a perpetual rainbow. But gradually it expanded, and at last—again it assumed that steady—searching look which belongs to the All-Seeing—the All-Knowing. Moroz gave back glance for glance—gaze for gaze. He braced himself to a desperate effort; he said, again and again: 'It is but a stone—it is only a diamond. Let me not make myself the dupe of my own excited imagination!'

"By these means the young man was able, in some degree, to command his nerves. After a time, he rolled up the gem, and felt that he had conquered; but he was mistaken. His strength of mind was gone; he had lost confidence in his own reasoning and in himself. The gaze of the Eye of God, whether it was a phantom of his own mind, or a reality, every-where haunted him. He felt constantly as if that dreadful look was

upon him. He knew that he was a thief; he was conscious that he was bearing about on his person the fruit of a sacrilegious robbery. In vain, he said to himself, 'Nobody knows it but me!' He knew it, and that was too much. Ah, it was terrible; and Moroz at last, in the agony of his mind, exclaimed, 'It is indeed true; there is a God; and, though this is but a stone, yet it has the power of revealing God to man, and man to himself. Hideous sight! I see, by the light of this miracle, the sentence written on my soul, '*Thou art a thief!*' *A thief?* What pleasure is left for me, thus adjudged guilty of the meanest of crimes—and that too by my own conscience. Would to heaven I had remained content in my poverty. But, what shall I do? Let me hasten to Delhi, and disburthen myself as soon as possible of this terrible treasure.'

"Agitated with these and similar thoughts, Moroz made his way, after a journey of five weeks, to the gorgeous capital of the Great Mogul. But he was so worn out with anxiety that he could not look upon the wondrous curiosities of the place. Afraid of being detected as the robber of the great gem, for already the news of the theft had spread over Hindostan, he slunk into a dark and narrow garret in the outskirts of the city, and meditated upon the means of parting with his prize to the emperor. But now difficulties, not foreseen, beset him. 'How,' said he to himself,—'how shall I appear as the seller of this diamond, and avoid being seized as a thief?'

"That was indeed a very important question, and it was strange that the acute Moroz had not thought of it before. He debated the matter for a long time, until he had worked himself up into a state bordering on madness. At last, he gave up the idea of selling his treasure in Delhi, and departed for Persia, intending to dispose of it to the Shah, who was then famed for his riches. Arrived at Shiraz, he was seized with the same fear which had beset him at Delhi, and so he hastened on to Bagdad—intending to offer his treasure to the Caliph—

then one of the most splendid sovereigns in the world. Here he was racked with apprehensions similar to those he had felt before, and so he proceeded to Constantinople, hoping in that capital to find himself beyond the reach of the rumors of his theft, which pervaded all the other countries he had visited.

"In all these wanderings, he had spent at least a dozen years; and, though he was not yet old, his hair was thin and gray, his body bent, and his aspect that of a man smitten with despair. Indeed, every pulse that had once beat with pleasure, was now tremulous with care, anxiety, and dread. Conscious of possessing the value of millions, he was still living in poverty—often for weeks having hardly the necessities of life. Convicted of crime in his own mind, he had also a dread lest every man that he met should recognize on him the mark of sin, and expose him. Clinging to the fruit of his theft with a sort of miser's greediness, he still looked upon it with dread, and bore it about as a burthen and a curse hanging to his very heart. He was afraid of the day, because men then looked upon him; he dreaded the darkness, for then God's Eye seemed gazing at him; for now, even when the diamond was wrapped up,—as soon as night set in, it shone out and looked at him, in whatever place he might be. Even when, in his agony, he put his hand over his sight, the terrible vision, as of an Omniscient Eye, burning into his very soul, was still before him. No screen could exclude it—no reflection efface it: no envelope could conceal its radiance, or make him forget its power for a moment.

It was strange that such sufferings had not broken the heart of the criminal, but though his frame was shattered, it was full of painful vigor. His nerves were quick, his perceptions keen, his vital energy great as in his youth. Yet his existence was only turned to agony. His last hope was gone; for, on arriving at Constantinople, he found that the robbery of the famous gem of Cashmere was known, and that all the officers of the police were on the alert to detect the thief.

"'What now shall I do?' said the miserable man. 'Shall I keep my treasure, and, when I die, let it pass to my heirs? I shall then have been a criminal and a beggar only for the benefit of posterity. This is indeed the usual fate of the miser, but it will not do for me. Shall I cast this gem away, and fly from it as from a curse? Alas! that will not wipe out my crime, even if I could forego the pleasures I have hoped for long years to derive from it. What then shall I do? Shall I go back to Cashmere, restore my plunder, and thus atone for my crime? What, go back to poverty? That I cannot do. Which way, then, shall I turn?'

"When the wretched man had ended these reflections, he was nigh starving, for he had lost all means of obtaining the necessaries of life. He was, in fact, in a miserable shed, in one of the outer streets of Constantinople, and there was not another person in the dwelling. He was lying on a heap of dirty straw, from which he found it impossible to rise. He felt that he was dying, and called aloud for help, but no one answered, except that three or four dogs, hungry and lean, came into the room, and, after a while, passed out, and set up a long, boding howl.

"Moroz saw that his last hour was come. With feeble yet trembling fingers, he took out the roll from his pocket, and began to unfold the diamond. He wished to gaze upon it once more, even though he must pay the usual penalty of feeling its light to scorch his soul. He fainted several times before he could complete his task. When the last fold was taken off, what was his amazement to discover only a mass of sand, in place of the sacred diamond! Had he been robbed, or was this a miracle? The fading senses of the poor man could not solve the question. His pulse failed—his eyes closed—and the wretched Moroz was no more. But, that very day—that very hour—the real gem—the Eye of God—was returned to its place in the Crown of Cashmere!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Arrival at Balkh.—Description of that Place.—About Zinghis and Nadir Shah.—I take leave of the Affghans.—Join a Caravan for Persia.—Arrival at Herat.—Description of the City.—Trade.—History.—Alexander the Conqueror.—Turquoises.—Great Calculations.—Arrival at Meshed.—Description of the Place.—Nishapoor.—I visit the Turquois Mines.—Get badly Cheated.—Interview with a Magistrate.

The young Affghan told many other stories, but I have not time to repeat them. On the eleventh day, after our departure from Bokhara, we arrived at Balkh, the capital of a province of the same name. It is situated in a plain, on the Balkh river, two hundred and eighty miles south-east of Bokhara. It is now but a shadow of what it was in its days of glory—then the capital of the Bactrian kingdom, and bearing the title of *Bactra*. It is also spoken of in ancient history under the name of *Zariaspa*. The ruins of mosques, temples, and other edifices, some still visible, and others only indicated by heaps of sand and soil, extend over a circuit of twenty miles around the city.

The history of this place has been indeed remarkable. So far back as the time of Ninus and Semiramis, three thousand years ago, it figured in history. In the time of Xerxes, Bactra was a province of Persia; afterwards, it yielded to the arms of Alexander of Macedon. Here he founded a Greek colony, and built a city, and, in twenty days, by the aid of his army, encircled it with a wall. This was the beginning of the Greek Bactrian kingdom, which flourished for a long period. In more modern times, the city and province of Balkh have been possessed by Zinghis Aurungzebe, Nadir Shah, and other

Eastern conquerors. At present, it is surrounded by a mud wall, and contains about two thousand inhabitants. It is governed by a chief, who receives all the revenues, but he is tributary to the Khan of Bokhara.

At this place, my Affghan friends took leave of me, and I saw them no more. I was now under the necessity of determining upon my future plans. By this time, my stock of cash was reduced to one hundred and twenty-seven dollars—a small sum for one who was still a wanderer almost in the middle of Asia. After considerable reflection, I determined to make my way into Persia, and there decide as to my route homewards. I was influenced in this decision by finding at Balkh a trading caravan on its march to Teheran, to which I found no difficulty in attaching myself.

The caravan consisted of sixty persons, all mounted on horses or camels. It was now spring, and the season was very pleasant. Our route was westerly, and led us over an uneven but not mountainous country. We passed several villages, and met also with numerous groups of people living in tents and surrounded with flocks and herds, and appearing to be of nomadic habits.

In five days, we arrived at Herat, the chief town in the province of Khorasan. It is the central market for the interior trade carried on between Cabool, Cashmere, Bokhara, Hindostan, and Northern Persia. It consists now of a fortified town, only three-quarters of a mile square. The walls are lofty, and are made of unburnt bricks. It contains six thousand houses, and perhaps forty-five thousand people. The smaller streets are covered with filth, which fills the air with an intolerable odor. The residence of the Prince is a low, mean building, standing upon an open square, in the center of which is the gallows and the Great Mosque. The city is divided into four quarters by four bazaars, consisting of arched brick-work, and each running from one side of the town to the other, and

being entered by a gate at the wall. Here the collection of merchants and traders, with their caravans and equipages, presents a very animated and curious scene.

Though the city is on the whole crowded and dismal, and parts of it insufferably dirty, the suburbs are extensive and beautiful. The river Herirood, on which Herat stands, is made to send its waters through canals, in all directions, and thus the gardens and grounds are irrigated. The necessaries of life are cheap and abundant; the bread and water are famous, the fruits are various and delicious. I learnt that melons, somewhat resembling our water-melons, as big as my head, could be bought in the season of them, for about two cents apiece. Strawberries and cherries were already in market, though it was only the early part of spring. Each could be bought for about two cents a quart.

The chief goods received here are shawls, indigo, sugar, chintz, muslins, leather, and skins by way of Tartary. These articles are exported to different parts of Persia. Saffron and assafœtida are the staple products of Herat, and from this market they are distributed over the adjacent countries. Silk is produced in the vicinity. The skins of sheep and lambs are abundant, and 150 people are employed in making them into caps and cloaks, with the wool on. The carpets of Herat are famous for their brilliancy of color, and for their luxurious softness.

This city, like most others in these regions, is of great antiquity, and is renowned in history. In early times this country was called *Aria*, and Herat, the capital, bore the name of *Artacoana*. Alexander, the Conqueror visited this place, and seems to have been much struck by the fertility of the country. In more modern times Herat has experienced various changes. In 1824, it suffered from wars that raged in that country,and since that time it has been much inferior to the ancient city in extent, population, and wealth. Nothing of parti-

cular interest occurred to me here, except that I purchased some turquoises at a low price, and as I learned that these precious stones are almost wholly produced from the mines and quarries near Nishapoor, I determined to visit that place, and see if I could not make a speculation to reward me for my bad success in the clock line, and the various misadventures which had been the result of my failures.

My mind soon became interested in this matter, and as usual my imagination was filled with schemes, and their conjecture as to possible or probable success. "What after all." said I to myself, "if I should turn out a rich man? Greater wonders have happened. Didn't Lord Timothy Dexter make his fortune out of warming-pans, sent to a tropical country, and why shouldn't Gilbert Go-ahead, in spite of his thriftless travels, have some luck at last? Let us see—suppose I buy a hundred ounces of turquoises for a hundred dollars: I can get hundred dollars an ounce for them in New York! There is a clear profit of nine thousand nine hundred dollars! That would do, at Sandy Plain, for a moderate man like me; one who has dined on rats, and been rejoiced at the hind leg of a monkey! Good—this is a promising business, and I will at least look into it. It's a long lane that never turns. It's a dry stick that won't give sap in the fire. Perhaps my day of good luck has come. I'll at least put a venture into this lottery."

After a stay of two days at Herat, we departed, and soon arrived at Meshed, a sort of holy city in this part of the world. It contains the remains of the famous Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and also of the celebrated Imâm Reza. The mausoleum of the latter is still an object of great interest, on account of its richness and beauty of architecture. It has gates of silver, and its doors are studded with jewels. It once had railings of gold, but these were taken away by ravaging conquerors. With its glittering domes and minarets and its handsome arcades, it is one of the most interesting curiosities

I have ever beheld. No Christian or Jew is permitted to visit it. The houses of the city are low and mean, being built of sun-dried bricks. The population is about fifty thousand. The place has some trade, but it has all the appearance of a decayed and decaying town. A good many turquoises are sent here, and sold to pilgrims passing on to Mecca, or returning thence. From this place Nishapoor lies in a south-westerly direction, at the distance of forty-six miles. In a day and a half, we reached it. We found it to be a wretched-looking town, of low, mean dwellings, crowded into a small space, encircled by a ditch and mud-wall. Nearly half of the interior of the town is encumbered with ruins.

I was much disappointed to find that the mines were at a distance of forty miles from Nishapoor. However, I determined to visit them, and therefore parted from the caravan, and set out on horseback with three merchants, one Hindoo, one Bokharan, and one Mesopotamian, all going to buy turquoises, like myself. Our route was south-westerly. The country over which we passed seemed naturally fertile, and the people showed tolerable skill in agriculture. Irrigation was general and well managed, considering the rude and unimproved state of every kind of domestic art. But at least three-fourths of the arable land lay in a fallow state, it being the custom to till it only once in five years; the rest of the time is allowed for it to recruit.

In a day and a half, we arrived at the mines. These are some eight or ten in number, situated in small hills. They are only wrought by the neighboring villagers, who use no machinery, but dig into the rocks with picks, drills, and chisels, in the most clumsy manner. The gems are found in a reddish brown argillaceous rock, as well as in rocks of quartz, of a whitish-gray color. The mines belong to the government, but are rented to a chief for the annual sum of two thousand *tomans*. The villagers have one-fourth of what they find.

I very soon discovered that all my plans of speculation were entirely at fault. The fact is, that the workmen here are the greatest cheats I ever met with. They ask an extravagant price for the turquoises, and do not hesitate to pass off bits of bluish glass, manufactured for the purpose, upon those who are ignorant, or not on their guard. I was taken in by a fellow in this way, who got from me twenty-seven dollars for a handful of glass, having greatly the appearance of true gems. In fact, they were handsomer than real ones, for they were of a very intense blue. When I found out the cheat, I went to a magistrate, and had the man brought up for trial. When I told my story, both the judge and the criminal laughed in my face. "Is that all?" said the former. "Why, selling glass for turquoises is an established trade here; the fault in your case is, that not being a merchant, you have entered into commerce. I dismiss the man you have summoned hither, and condemn you to pay the costs of the court."

"And how much are they?" said I.

"Sixty-two and a half cents," said his worship

I gave him a dollar, and he was preparing to give me the change. "Never mind the change," said I. "I will take it out in your way. You are a judge and, I presume, a lawyer."

"Yes; I am both."

"Well, what is your price for an opinion?"

"That depends upon circumstances."

"Suppose a man wrongs me, and I knock him down; how much ought I to pay?"

"That depends upon his quality."

"Suppose he is a judge, but unjust."

"Well, it would cost you a dollar."

"And how much for your opinion?"

"Thirty-seven and a half cents."

"That is cheap enough. Now, the change you owe me will pay for your legal opinion, and there is a dollar for knocking you down!"

Upon this, I gave his worship a slap with my full palm at the side of his head, which sent him across the room, and, at last, laid him on the floor. This was wrong, I know, but I was very angry. I did not wait to receive the judge's compliments, for I expected a storm. I went straight to the stable, and, saddling my horse, I left the village, and returned to Nishapoor.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I quit Nishapoor and set out for Teheran.—Join a Company of Traders.—Khorassan.—The Tiger's Throat.—Appearance of Danger.—A Terrible Alarm.—A Furious Battle.—I come off Victorious and push on to Demavend.—Find I have made my Fortune.—Jubilation.—Arrival at Teheran.—I Loom up.—A Sudden Turn of Fortune.—I am put in Prison.—My Trial.—I get the best of it.—A Shabby Return for my Generosity.—I do a very improper Thing.

As speedily as possible I made my preparations to quit Nishapoor, and proceed on my journey. My intention was to go to Teheran, the capital of Persia. This lies to the west a distance of more than three hundred miles, the route leading, for the most part, through a rugged, wild and mountainous country.

Having exchanged my little cob of a horse for a more lively animal, I joined a small caravan of traders, and we set forward. Nishapoor is situated in the province of Khorassan, a term which signifies *Country of the Sun.* The southern part of the district is a saline desert, which is frequently swept by a terrible wind called the *Simoon.* The northern portions consist of lofty and rugged ridges, and fertile valleys between.

Cattle-feeding is the chief employment of the inhabitants of the desert. There are among them, however, bands of Turcomans, Koords, and Djelers, who live by plunder, being mounted on swift camels or horses and roaming about from

place to place, restless as vultures, seeking whom they may devour.

Our company proceeded at the rate of about thirty miles a day, and at the end of a week they had performed more than half the journey. At last we came to a narrow pass called the Tiger's Throat, lying between two rocky mountains. The place was exceedingly wild, and scarcely allowed a pathway between the enormous rocks that had fallen from the impending cliffs on both sides, and choked up the valley. This spot was regarded with a degree of terror, partly on account of its natural wildness, partly because it had the reputation of being haunted by wolves, and more than all because it was the rendezvous of Turcoman robbers.

As we approached the place, our whole party became watchful, and every man prepared for defense. Some were armed with pistols, some with knives, others with scimitars, and three or four with long spears. One or two ferocious looking fellows were each provided with all these weapons.

For myself, not being aware of the danger, I was entirely unarmed, and would have given a good price for one of Colt's revolvers, or one of Sharpe's rifles; but these were out of the question. After a good deal of bickering, I bought a pistol of one of our company, a trading Armenian, who, like the greater part of our caravan, was on his way from Cabool to Damascus, or some of the intermediate capitals.

On examining the piece, however, I found it perfectly useless. I could think of nothing better than to cut myself a club about five feet in length, which, being of wood in the sap, was very heavy, and a formidable weapon. I took care to place myself about the middle of the caravan, in the rear of a brawny Syrian, armed to the teeth, my idea being, that he would take the brunt of the battle, if we should actually meet with an enemy.

It was just at evening that we entered this formidable pass. The moon was near its full, and in a short time was visible

over the mountains to the east. In a safe country and a pleasant state of mind, the full moon is a cheerful companion, and seems to throw a pleasant calm over the feelings; but in a wild region where the rocks around naturally assume the appearance of bears, lions, and tigers, and especially where these frightful images seem to acquire life and activity from the legends which haunt the place, the moon serves only to excite the terrors of the imagination. The grisly images around, become more frightful in the pale light that seems, after all, only to give relief and boldness to the monsters that crouch in the shadows. It may be well understood, therefore, that the minds of our party were wrought up to the highest pitch by the time we reached the middle of the valley, where we had reason to suppose that the terrible Turcomans might rush upon us.

At this critical moment there was a sudden sound, like the rush of a horseman, down the rocky sides of the mountain. "They come, they come!" burst in a wild shout from the whole line of our caravan. At the same moment every man was seen to put his horse to the gallop, and rush headlong through the windings of the pass. Some went forward, some dashed into the ravines at the side, some turned backward, and scampered away as fast as they could go.

For my part I stood still, holding my pistol in my left hand, which I intended to show as a warning, while I grasped my green shillelah in the right, for service. I waited several minutes, but no enemy appeared; I therefore moved forward, and soon put my horse into a smart trot. As I was descending a rocky declivity, I suddenly came upon a hideous fellow, armed with a spear at least eight feet long, a carbine, and other weapons.

As the full moonlight fell upon him, I could see that he was a man of great strength, and well mounted. He did not give me time to turn about and run, as I thought of doing, but, ut-

tering a yell of "Allah il allah," he came at me in a furious gallop. "Bunker Hill and Buena Vista!" said I, at the same time rising in my stirrups and whirling my club round in the air, as I had seen the Murphys do at New York.

Whiz came the spear close to my ear, and a moment after my enemy assaulted me with his scimitar. I expected to see my head fly off like a popped corn. Nevertheless, I swung my shillelah about, and taking advantage of a good opportunity, gave the fellow a slap at the side of the head which tumbled him off his horse, and sent him rolling over the rocks like a sack of meal. I immediately seized the bridle of his horse, and leading him by my side, trotted rapidly along through the dell.

I pursued what I supposed to be the right road till morning. I saw no one, and wondered what had become alike of the enemy and of my companions. The weather was clear, and though I was not sure that I was in the true path, I could see by the rising sun that I was going in the right direction. Continuing my journey, after two days' solitary travel I came to the town of Demavend, which is a small place situated at the foot of a mountain of the same name.

This is the loftiest peak of the celebrated Elburze range, which extends in a bending line across the whole of Northern Persia. It is in fact a part of the chain which stretches, under various names, across Central Asia, from the borders of the Black Sea to the eastern shores of China. Mount Demavend is fifteen thousand feet high. It has a conical shape, with a crater at the top, which shows that it has been volcanic. It yields large quantities of pumice-stone and pure sulphur. Around its base are numerous hot springs.

I remained at this place two or three days, to recruit and examine my prize, consisting of a horse I had captured from the Turcoman, together with the contents of the burthen he bore.

These I found to consist of merchandise of various kinds, of immense value. There were not only some exquisite rings, pendants, bracelets, and other ornaments, set with rubies, diamonds, and other precious stones, from Golconda, in Hindostan, but there were three magnificent shawls from Cashmere; a box of one hundred and sixteen superb turquoises of the largest and purest kind; several pieces of the most beautiful India muslin that I have ever seen; nearly a hundred uncut diamonds of various sizes; about two pounds of musk; six pounds of opium, and a variety of other articles of greater or less value. I estimated the whole to be worth at least fifty thousand dollars!

Of course I was in a state of great exultation. "My object is accomplished," said I, "my fortune is made! I can now go back and live like a nabob at Sandy Plain." I could hardly refrain from rushing into the streets and proclaiming my good fortune to the inhabitants of the village. A little reflection, however, satisfied me that I had better keep my own counsel. I repacked my precious stones, sold my own horse, and set out upon the one I had captured, for Teheran.

The next day I arrived at that city, which is the winter capital of Persia. It looks well as you approach it, its mosques, colleges, and caravanseries being numerous and in good condition. It has also several well furnished shops and bazaars, and a few handsome edifices belonging to the Persian nobility. There are two royal palaces, one in the city, and another on a hill in the vicinity. It is surrounded by an earthen wall, and from a distance, as I have said, it has a picturesque appearance, but the streets within the city consist of low houses built of earth, and have a mean appearance.

I took up my residence at one of the caravanseries, and being now easy in my circumstances, I indulged myself in a few luxuries which I considered no more than my due, after the many hardships, sufferings, and privations I had endured. But misfortune seems generally nearest when we least expect

it. I was one day walking in the bazaar, dressed in a new turban and rich green surtout, edged with fur and coming down to my heels; on my fingers I had no less than seven magnificent rings. In my bosom I wore a pin worth at least five hundred dollars. In fact, I was attired like a prince, and I have an idea that I looked like one.

As I passed through the crowd, every body turned and looked at me. I drew myself up to my full height and towered head and shoulders above the mass, around me. But suddenly I saw myself encircled by a set of desperate looking fellows, armed with scimitars, blue jackets, and red turbans. I had not time to say a word before I was seized and trotted off through the streets—a crowd of loafers and vagabonds—men, women, and children—trudging after us, and cackling like so many geese.

At last we arrived at a dark looking stone building, the door of which was speedily opened, and in I was thrust, my captors following me. Here we paused a moment, and there was a consultation. I took advantage of the opportunity to ask the leader of the band what I was to understand by all this violence. The man gazed at me a moment, but made no reply. I then addressed the whole company as follows:—

"This may be very good sport for you, gentlemen, but it is not pleasant to me. I have always understood that the Persians were a polite people, but never in my life have I been treated so rudely. Here am I, a stranger, in Teheran, quietly and innocently walking the streets, when I am suddenly seized and hurried off to prison! Nobody condescends to tell me the crime of which I am accused; no opportunity is given for explanation or defense.

"This is not only a breach of good manners, but it is a violation of justice and law, as understood in civilized countries. You had better take care of what you do. I belong to the universal Yankee nation, which beat the British, thrashed the

Algerines, conquered Mexico, and swallowed California whole. You'd better look out I say: General Pierce is President, and if he hears of the manner in which you treat a citizen of the United States, he'll make you pay dear for it!"

Having made this speech, I looked round to observe its effect, but the fellows said nothing, and all looked the other way. In a short time, a small fat man, of a sallow and feminine look, with a black turban on his head, came with a bunch of enormous keys. We followed him between a long range of rooms till we came to a stone archway. Here the little sallow man put in a key and opened a heavy door. In I was thrust, the door was locked, and I was left to myself!

Here was a pretty adventure. What a terrible downfall of my fortunes! The place was as dark as pitch, and very damp withal. I tried to whistle Yankee Doodle, but there was no music in me, which is pretty good evidence that I felt my situation to be rather a discouraging one. After a time I began to feel a little better, and concluding that matters would mend some time or other, set down upon a stone seat and began to consider my ways.

To make a long story short, I was taken out at the end of three days, and brought before the criminal court of Teheran. There were four judges, who wore turbans can as big as a peck. I was charged with robbing Malek Taroum al Taroum, a merchant of Armenia, in a fierce and felonious manner!

The crime was stated to have taken place by night, in the pass of the Tiger's Throat. The indictment set forth the event as one of the most daring robberies that had ever been committed. Malek had been knocked from his horse, tumbled over the rocks, and left for dead, while the robber fled with his horse, carrying off rich treasures of untold value.

Never was a man more completely flablergasted than I was at

this accusation, and what was the worst of all—the story was substantially true. The sufferer was now brought forward as a witness, and, to my amazement, I perceived that he was one of my companions on the journey from Nishapoor. In a moment I saw the whole truth. Somehow or other this man and myself, during the alarm in the valley, had mistaken each other for enemies. Each had imagined the other to be a Turcoman. In the battle I had come off victorious, and supposed that the effects of my robber enemy were the lawful spoils of war. He, too, thinking me a Turcoman, and finding me at Teheran, caused me to be arrested and brought before the court.

I allowed the case to proceed till the witness had told his story, in which, by the way, he had adhered to the truth, except the addition of a few flourishes, setting forth his valorous achievements in the combat. I then asked permission of the court to cross question the witness. This was granted, and we proceeded as follows:—

"You say that your name is Malek Taroum al Taroum?"

"It is," was the answer.

"You have been on a trading expedition to Cabool, and you were returning to your native country, which is Armenia?"

"Yes."

"At Nishapoor you were joined by a stranger, who accompanied you as far as the Tiger's Throat. This stranger purchased of you an old pistol, and gave you five dollars for it, as a means of defense against the Turcomans, who were expected to attack the caravan. The pistol was good for nothing, and, of course, you cheated the stranger?"

"It was a fair bargain; the man saw what he bought."

"Well, was this the pistol?" As I said this, I handed it to him, for I happened to have it in my pocket.

"It is the same," said Malek, after a slight examination.

"Look at me," said I, lifting my turban "am not I the stranger to whom you sold the pistol?"

Malek looked amazed, but answered in the affirmative.

"One thing more," said I. "In the fright, occasioned among our party in the Tiger's Throat, you got bewildered and turned backward, as you have already related. You met me in your path, and violently assaulted me. In the battle you were defeated. It would appear then that you sought my life, while I acted from self-defense. I took your property, as belonging to me, of right, because I was the victor in a deadly encounter. Now, it appears to me, that we should exchange conditions; that you should take my place in prison, and that I should be set at liberty."

The effect of this speech upon Malek was like that of a thunder-clap. He saw the full force of what I had said, and his evident embarrassment convinced the court that my statement was the simple truth.

"What do you say to this?" said one of the judges, addressing Malek.

"Before I answer," said the merchant, "let me ask of the court, whether I could not claim my goods, even supposing the stranger has told the truth?"

"That will be for the court to consider," said the judge. "Let us first have the facts. Was the caravan actually attacked in the Tiger's Pass by the Turcomans?"

"I believe not," said Malek. "So far as I can learn the caravan people were frightened by some accident, perhaps the rolling of a rock down one of the precipices. The noise sounded to them like the clatter of horses' feet, or the clashing of armed men in conflict. Some one cried out, 'They come!' and the whole party scattered."

"It appears to me very obvious," said the judge, "that the prisoner has given a true account of this affair. It explains circumstances which your story would render mysterious and improbable. What have you to say to the prisoner, who claims that you should take his place, and he be set at liberty?"

"And is he to keep my property?" said Malek, with a shudder.

"Why not?" said the judge.

"It was all an innocent mistake on my part," said the merchant, now completely humbled.

"Yes," said the judge, "but you put this man's life in peril. You sought to slay him, and he has escaped only by the will of God. You have pursued him and caused him to be imprisoned. You have arraigned him before this court, and have done what you could to effect his punishment."

"Still I acted without evil motives. I acted under a mistake. I am willing to make compensation."

"How much," said the judge.

Here I begged leave to speak. "Don't be hard upon the merchant," said I; "may it please your honors, I can see that this affair is a blunder from beginning to end. Let me be set at liberty, and I will cheerfully restore to Malek his property. I will leave it to him to make such compensation as he thinks proper."

The Armenian joyfully accepted this arrangement, and the court confirmed it. I was immediately liberated, and went with the merchant to my apartments at the caravansera, where I delivered him his property. He carefully examined the whole, and compared the articles with his inventory. Every thing was there except a single diamond, which I had sold. He took care to assure himself that he was in full possession, and then asked me what I expected in consideration of the circumstances.

"I leave it entirely to you," said I, "you are rich and I am poor. Give me what you please."

"Well," said the Armenian, "you have sold a diamond which was worth five hundred dollars."

"I received but fifty for it," said I.

"It was worth at least five hundred, and that, I think, is ample compensation for your three days' imprisonment."

"As you please," said I, quietly.

"Very well," said he, rising, "if you are content, I am. Farewell!" Upon this he was about to take his leave, when I said, "Stop a moment, the account is not square. Your liberality leaves me in debt. Upon this I took him by the collar, dragged him through the door out upon the gallery of the caravansera, brought him to the top of one of the stairways, and giving him a kick, sent him on all fours to the bottom, where he landed safely, in a soft heap of camel's manure. It was a very foolish and improper thing on my part, but I must beg to say I was rather excited.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The King and Court of Persia.—Description of this Kingdom.—Hadjee Ibrahim.—Shah Abbas.—Animals of Persia.—Trade and Commerce.—Money.—The Inhabitants.—Manners and Customs.—Religion.—Education.—Poets.—The Caspian Sea.—I set out to Visit Lankeren.—Baku.—The Naphtha Springs.—The Atash-Kudda.—The Ghebers.—Mud Volcanoes.—Astrakan.—Orenburg.—Set out to Return to Teheran.

It was winter when I was at Teheran, and the King and Court were there. The place is very damp and unhealthy in summer, and at that season it is deserted by a great part of the inhabitants, who then remove to the adjacent country, there being many pleasant villages around. The winter population is sixty or seventy thousand, but in summer not more than ten thousand remain.

Persia, which makes such a figure in ancient history, is now comparatively insignificant. In the time of the celebrated Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, and the founder of the great Persian Empire upon the ruins of Assyria, 536 before Christ,

it stretched from India to the borders of the Black Sea, and probably included about a hundred millions of inhabitants. About 330 B. C. it was conquered by Alexander, and from that period, amid many changes and vicissitudes, it has always continued to be an inferior kingdom. At the present time its population is about twelve millions; its territory, lying between the Caspian Sea on the north, and the Persian Gulf at the south, is about ten times as extensive as the state of New York, and seven times as extensive as New England.

The government is a complete despotism, and is administered with little wisdom. The nobles are numerous, and are entrusted with the provincial governments, where they practice every species of extortion and oppression. The following anecdote will illustrate this:

Hadjee Ibrahim was a noble of Teheran. A few years ago a shopkeeper of the capital went one day to the brother of Ibrahim, who was governor, to request the abatement of a tax which he was unable to pay.

"You must pay, or leave the city," replied the governor.

"Where shall I go?" asked the shopkeeper.

"To Shiraz," was the reply.

"Your nephew rules that city, and all your family are my enemies," was the answer.

"Then to Cashan."

"But your uncle is governor there."

"Then complain to the Shah."

"But your brother Hadjee is prime minister."

"Then go to the lower regions!" exclaimed the governor, in a passion.

"But your pious father is dead," retorted the shopkeeper.

Ibrahim burst into a laugh at the witty impudence of the man, and said:

"Then I will pay your tax myself, as my family keeps you from all means of redress, both in this world and in the next."

It would appear that although the Persian monarchs are among the most cruel of despots, they are not insensible to the claims of justice, if they chance to be put in such a way as to touch the heart. It is said of Shah Abbas, who flourished about the year 1600, A. D., and whose reign was regarded as the golden period of modern Persia, that he was once on a hunting expedition, when just at dawn, he met a very ugly looking peasant. At the sight of this person the king's horse started so violently as almost to throw him off. Abbas, who like most of his countrymen, was superstitious, deeming this a bad omen, ordered the man's head to be struck off. The poor peasant was immediately seized, and the scimitar was drawn for his execution, when he begged that they would inform him what crime he had committed.

"Your crime," said the Shah, "is your unlucky face, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which had nearly caused me to break my neck."

"Alas," said the man, "by this rule, what must I say of your *majesty's face*, which was the first object I saw this morning, and which is about to cause me to lose *my* head?"

The Shah was so diverted by the man's wit and presence of mind, that he not only spared his life, but made him a liberal present.

Among the wild animals of Persia, are lions, tigers, leopards, chetahs or hunting leopards, lynxes and hyenas. There are few reptiles, but many parts are dreadfully infested by insects. Scorpions, centipedes of great size, and gigantic spiders, all venomous, are numerous in certain districts. The musquitoes in the jungles of the north surpass, in number and size, any thing of the kind known in the United States. Hosts of locusts occasionally spread like clouds over the country, and carry devastation far and wide. The camel is largely used in the trading caravans; and fine breeds of horses are common. The horse, indeed, is the great pet of the Persians. It is attended with

as much care and attention as a child. It is clothed according to the weather, kept close in the stable during the heat of the day in summer, and taken out to breathe the fresh air at night. Dromedaries and mules are in great request as beasts of burthen.

The principal trade of Persia is with India, Turkey, Russia, Independent Tartary, and Affghanistan. All this commerce is carried on by caravans, chiefly of camels. The whole interior of Asia has indeed been the theatre of an extended caravan trade for thousands of years. From India the Persians receive Indigo, calicoes, muslins, gold and silver brocades, precious stones, China and earthen-ware. From Turkey they get European manufactures: from Russia, iron, broadcloth, gold lace, metal buttons, coarse calicoes, furs, fringes, cutlery, leather, glass-ware, quicksilver, &c. There is considerable direct trade with England, the Persians receiving woolen goods of all sorts, shawls, jewelry, fire-arms, watches, spectacles, glass-ware, earthen-ware, and articles of tin, copper, and iron.

To India the Persians send spices, dried fruits, tobacco, wine, drugs, dates, sulphur, turquoises, shawls, rose water, swords, horses, grey-hounds, &c.: to Turkey, grain, raw silk, tobacco, skins of lambs, spices, salt, sheep, &c.—Many articles of a similar kind are sent to Bagdad. There is considerable trade also, along the eastern coast of the Caspian, with the Turcomans, and by way of the interior, with the Tartar tribes, known as Usbecks. The chief article sent to these people, is a peculiar species of shawl, manufactured at Kerman.

The Persians have no shipping of any consequence, sea commerce being almost entirely in the hands of foreigners. The chief coin consists of *bajoglees* and *koroonees*, of silver, and *pool-e-siah*, or *black* money, of copper. The population is very mixed, consisting of Arabs, Turks, Tartars, Armenians, and Georgians, grafted on the original Persian stock. A large portion of the people live a nomade or wandering life, having

no habitation but tents, and no property but their flocks. The inhabitants of the towns and cities are devoted to trades and manufactures; there are numerous gardeners and farmers in the vicinity. The higher classes about the court are skillful in every species of intrigue, and are more distinguished for a slippery politeness than for integrity. They are described as at once sensual, venal, deceitful, and treacherous, and when they dare be so, they are arrogant and overbearing.

The townspeople, influenced by the example of those in high places, partake of their vices, though in an inferior degree. They are heroic, cheerful, polite, and sociable; the masters are kind, and the servants obedient. It is said there is a striking resemblance between this people and the French, in a universal politeness, running through all classes, and greatly smoothing the intercourse of society.

As a race, the Persians are very handsome, robust, and active. The women are beautiful, but in the towns they are kept secluded as in Turkey. The wives of the great spend their time in gossip, bathing, and a little embroidery, and in visiting one another. Many of them meet at the baths, where they have abundance of idle talk and racy scandal. Large, soft, languishing eyes, like those of the gazelle, are considered the chief features of beauty. Many of them are fair, like the women of Europe, but they all spoil their appearance, according to our taste, by painting their cheeks of various colors and tattooing their skins. They also smoke to excess, thus defiling their breath and ruining their teeth. When they go abroad they wrap themselves entirely in a cloak, extending from the head to the feet, and so arranged as to permit them to see out of two little holes. Though they are thus careful of their persons, their language is in the highest degree coarse and indelicate.

The Persians are Mahomedans of the sect called *Sheahs*, while the Turks belong to the sect called *Sunnites*. The two

are opposed to each other as bitterly as the Catholics and Protestants of Europe and America. The priests in Persia are numerous, and consist of a great many orders, the chief being called *mooshtehed*. Of this rank there are four or five, as there are four or five patriarchs in the Greek Church. There are still a few of the old Ghebers or fire-worshippers, who follow the ancient Zoroaster, whose doctrine was that "*by fire we breath; to this the earth owes its fertility, animals their existence, and plants their vegetation.*"

Considerable attention has been paid to education at different times, in Persia, and especially by some of the former sovereigns. This, however, was chiefly for the higher classes and for the priesthood. At present there are private schools for teaching to read and write, and especially to understand the prayers and practices of the Mahomedan religion. The children of the rich are taught by private masters at home. There is some literature, embracing poetry and tales, but books of true science and solid history are unknown. The chief poet is Hafiz, who lived in the time of Tamerlane. His verses are too extravagant to be tolerable in English. In one he said he would give the cities of Samarcand and Bokhara, then in all their splendor, for the mole on the cheek of his mistress. When Tamerlane came to Shiraz, where the poet lived, he asked how he dared thus to dispose of his two principal cities?

"Can the gifts of Hafiz impoverish Tamerlane?" said the poet; by which the king was greatly delighted, and consequently he became his friend and patron.

While Hafiz is a sentimental and lyrical poet, Saadi is a moralist, and in this vein he is at the head of Persian writers. He was born at Shiraz near the end of the twelfth century, and being in Syria he was taken by the Crusaders and compelled to work as a slave in building fortifications. From this condition he was released by a merchant of Aleppo, who paid

ten crowns for his ransom, and gave him his daughter in marriage with a dowry of a hundred crowns. She, however, proved a terrible shrew, and led poor Saadi a sad life. On one occasion she reproached him with having been bought of the Christians for ten crowns. "Yes," said the poet; "and then I was sold to you for a hundred crowns!"

There are other Persian poets, of whom the most famous is Firdusi, who wrote a poetical account of the Persian kings, extending to a dozen folio volumes!

Soon after I arrived at Teheran the spring set in, and having a great curiosity to see the Caspian Sea, I started for that purpose, with a company of traders going to sell goods to the Usbecks. The distance from Teheran to the Caspian is not over a hundred and fifty miles, but the road leads over the Elburz mountains, so that our journey to the little town of Esterabad, lying near the south-east corner of the Caspian, cost us five days of severe traveling. I here parted with the caravans, which proceeded along the eastern coast, while I sailed in a small sloop for the Russian port of Lankeren.

The Caspian Sea is one of the most remarkable sheets of water in the world. It is about 700 miles long, and from 140 to 400 miles wide. Its extent is about 120,000 square miles, equal to the British Islands, almost twice as extensive as all New England, and four times as large as Lake Superior. It receives several large rivers, as the Volga, Ural Terck, Kur, &c., yet it has no outlet, and such is the amount of evaporation, that it is 300 feet lower than it was in ancient times, and nearly 100 feet lower than the Black Sea. The water is salt, yet much less so than the ocean. It has no tides. It abounds in salmon and other fishes, with seals, &c. In winter its northern part is frozen over. The waters are shallow near the coasts, being but about twelve feet; in other places they are scarcely fathomable. Its shores are broken, and in some places mountainous, so that the winds are rendered irregular and variable, causing the navigation to be dangerous.

The Caspian Sea is bounded on the south by Persia, on the east by the Turcomans and Kirguiz Tartars, and on the west by Russia. Near the north-west corner, at the mouth of the great river Volga, is the Russian town of Astrakan, which has now almost monopolized the entire trade of this great inland sea. At present, steamboats ply from this city to several places along the shores.

In two days our sloop reached Lankeren, which I found to be a small town, formerly belonging to Persia, but recently taken by Russia. It is a place of some importance, being the chief port in this quarter. Here I staid two days, and then proceeded in the same vessel to Baku, a Russian town on the celebrated peninsular of Apsheron. This juts out from the western coast some fifty miles, and is noted for its mud volcanoes and springs of naphtha, or bitumen.

Baku has about 5000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by a double wall and deep ditch, constructed in the time of Peter the Great. It has several mosques and caravanserais, but it is very meanly built. Its houses have flat roofs as in the East, and these are covered with naphtha, which excludes the water. The chief advantages of this place consist in its central position, its good harbors, and its wells of naphtha. A steamboat runs between this place and Astrakan.

I had a great curiosity to see the naphta springs, which I found to be in a plain to the south-east of the city. The quantity produced is really enormous. As soon as the naphtha is taken out of a well it comes in again, so that 1000 and even 1500 pounds are often taken from one pit in a day. It is used by the natives in the country around, instead of lamp oil, yet, though it gives a clear flame, it throws out a large quantity of filthy, bad-smelling smoke. The naphtha is exported in large quantities.

Just to the east of this region of the naphtha springs, I saw a large edifice, and on inquiry was told that it was the Atash-

Kudda of the ancient Ghebers, or fire-worshippers, whom I have recently mentioned. Here is a space of ground nearly a mile in circuit, in the center of which, from time immemorial, a bluish flame has issued from the ground. Around this the people have built a wall, and to smother the flame, have covered the earth with a thick coat of loam. When, however, they want the flame for any purpose, as to cook their vegetables, or to make a pot boil, they scrape a hole in the loam and the fire bursts out. When they have done with it, they cover it up, and the flame gradually disappears.

This is so wonderful that I could hardly believe it, unless I had seen it. A kind of sulphurous gas rises with the flame, and when this is extinguished, a current of inflammable air continues for a time. This is taken in leathern bottles and may be transported to a distance. The whole country around Baku, at particular times, seems to be covered with a light bluish flame, while, however, does not consume, and a person in the midst of it feels no warmth. Sometimes large masses of fire seem rolling down from the edges of the mountains, with incredible velocity. In the clear moonlit nights of November and December, the whole western range of mountains appear to be clothed in flame.

Besides all this, there are around Baku what are called mud volcanoes. These frequently throw up large quantities of mud, though without any great signs of violence or agitation. My stay being limited, I had not the pleasure of seeing any of these curious phenomena.

I was very anxious to go to Astrakan, as I was told it was quite an interesting place, with 50,000 inhabitants. It has commercial relations with all parts of the Russian Empire, and is in fact a kind of central point between its vast territories of Europe and Asia. It is the chief depôt of the trade carried on between Russia, Persia, Tartary, India, and China. Orenburg, 500 miles to the north, though a small town, has

however large intercourse with Astrakan, especially in connection with the great inland commerce of Russia with Central Asia.

It was now time for me to return to Teheran, as I had engaged to accompany a caravan from that city to Bagdad, and the day for its departure was approaching. I therefore took passage in a little vessel, and after a boisterous run of seven days, reached Asterbad.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A strange set of Passengers.—Some account of Armenia.—Mount Ararat.—Story of the Armenian and the Charm.

In my passage from Baiku to Asterbad, we had on board several odd-looking customers, among whom was a merchant of Teheran, but a native of Armenia; a rough, athletic Keord; a roving, piratical sort of a fellow, from Turcomania; two or three Tartars, a Greek priest, and several other persons whose country I could not designate. Our passage was a long one; and in order to pass the time, a great many stories were told. I may as well repeat two or three of them, as they seem to illustrate the manners and customs of these far-off regions. The first I shall give is that of the Armenian, and was as follows:—

"Armenia, as you must know, is one of the oldest countries in the world. Here is Mount Ararat, a mountain standing apart and by itself, yet rising to the height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was here that the Ark of Noah rested after the deluge, and in its neighborhood, no doubt, were formed some of the earliest states and kingdoms

of the world. The upper part of the mountain is now covered with perpetual snow, and it is very difficult to reach its top. Whether it was so in Noah's time, I cannot tell: perhaps the water of the deluge melted it off, or perhaps he landed with his ark below the line of snow.

"But, however that might be, there once lived near the foot of the mountain, a shepherd by the name of Luke Gozzo. He was very poor, having only seven sheep, and seven goats, with a miserable shed of wood for a house in the summer. He had also a hole in the ground for his winter's residence, the climate being so severe that most of the people in this quarter are obliged thus to burrow in the earth for six months of the year. Poor Luke had also a little stony patch of land, upon which he raised a few onions, some cabbages, and two or three baskets of beans. This was his whole property; yet he had seven children, and what was very hard for poor Gozzo to comprehend, they were all boys. His wife was an honest creature, and a very thrifty housewife. She was content with her lot; and while her husband grumbled, and thought it very hard that Providence should send him nothing but boys, she took it all in good part, and did the best she could, so that by hook and by crook the family made out to live, in spite of their poverty.

"Now the country of Armenia is very mountainous, and in general the people are poor, so that it is common for the youths to quit the country and go to other places to seek their fortune. When they have got a little money, they often return, and live comfortably in their native mountains.

"When, therefore, the eldest of Luke Gozzo's boys had reached the age of fifteen years, it was thought necessary for him to leave the paternal roof, and go into some other country, and try to improve his circumstances. One sheep and one goat were accordingly sold to supply his outfit. He was provided with two shirts, a pair of shoes, a jacket, and a pair

of pantaloons, with fifty cents in money. This was his entire equipment, except a little bag with something carefully sewed up in it, given to him by his mother, with instructions not to open it till he found himself in trouble. This she called a *charm*, and although her husband laughed at her about it, she impressed it upon her son's mind that it was really a matter of importance. Thus provided, and having received the blessing of his parents, he set forth upon his adventures. The next year, another boy was fifteen, and he was provided and sent off in the same manner. The next year another went; and finally, at the end of seven years, all Luke's boys had departed in search of their fortunes. The seven sheep and the seven goats had also all been sold for their equipment.

"Luke and his wife were now left alone, and they were so poor, that they could hardly get the means of living. Seven years had passed away, and they had heard nothing of their children. But now a change began to take place. One morning they were awakened by the noise of sheep and goats bleating around the house. When they got up, a stranger met them at the door, who said to them, 'Your eldest son is now a rich merchant at Constantinople. He has sent you seven sheep and seven goats, and seven pieces of gold and seven pieces of silver, and he has sent me to deliver them, and here they are!' So the man delivered the sheep and the goats, and the gold and silver, and carrying the blessing of the father and mother to the son, he departed.

"A year now elapsed, when early one morning Luke and his wife were awakened by a noise without. When they arose, a stranger met them at the door and said, 'Your second son is a rich merchant at Bagdad, and he has sent you seven sheep and seven goats, and seven pieces of silver and seven pieces of gold. He has sent me to deliver them, and here they are.' So the man delivered the sheep and the goats, and the silver

and the gold; and carrying the blessing of the father and mother to the second son, he departed.

"At the end of another year, another stranger arrived with the same gifts, from the third son, who was now a rich merchant at Smyrna. At the end of another year, the same gifts came from the fourth son, who was now a rich merchant at St. Petersburg. At the end of another year, the same came from the fifth son, who was a rich merchant at London. At the end of another year, the same came from the sixth son, who was a rich merchant at Damascus; and at the end of another year, the same came from the seventh son, who was a rich merchant at Teheran.

"And now Luke Gozzo was rich, for he had large flocks of sheep and goats, and he had a big chest full of gold and silver. He had also the satisfaction to know that his sons had all prospered in life. Thus he and his wife were very happy, and glided gently down the stream of life together. Only one thing was wanting to complete their satisfaction, and that was to see their children once more. At last when they were stricken in years, their eldest son came; and while he tarried with them, the second came, and then the third; and finally all the seven sons were with them.

"And when they were together, they conversed about their several adventures, and how they had all prospered; and each one declared that his success was owing to the charm in the little bag, given to them by their mother at parting."

Here the Armenian paused, as if he had finished his story, but several persons at the same time asked him what was the charm in the little bag. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a small bag like a purse, but much worn, and holding it, he said, "Here is one of the charms."

"And are you one of the seven sons?" said I.

"I am," he replied, "and I am on my way back from the meeting of my brothers, to my home at Teheran."

"And you really attribute your success in life to this charm?"

"I do."

"It must be of the greatest value then?"

"Yes; would you like to buy one?"

I replied in the affirmative, and several other passengers also expressed a desire to purchase the art of success in life. At last, however, the Armenian said, "Come, I will open the bag, and show you the charm!" Upon this, he opened it, and on a bit of sheepskin was written, in the Armenian language, as follows:—"DO THE BEST YOU CAN, AND PRAY GOD TO HELP YOU!"

We all agreed that it was a good story, and now the Koord was called upon to tell one. But the account of this must be given in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Koords and Koordistan.—The Story of the Koord.

I MAY as well say that the country of the Koords, called *Koordistan*, borders Armenia on the south, and forms at present a part of the Turkish empire. The northern part is mountains, and here the people live in rude castles, built upon cliffs and rocks. Here are a considerable number of chiefs, who are almost independent of all government. Some of these live quietly by agriculture, but most of them are robbers. In the southern part, the country is more level, and the people are more civilized, and more devoted to agriculture.

Besides these, who live in fixed habitations, there are large numbers of wandering Koords, who dwell in tents, and remove with their horses, dromedaries, sheep, and goats, from place to place, as their needs may require. Their tents are

low and hastily put together upon piles; the covering is of coarse black cloth, there being a division inside, one part for the men and one for the women. Around an encampment consisting of several tents, and inclosing the flocks, is a fence made of hurdles and reeds, that is, reeds woven together. Horses, ready saddled, are tethered outside this inclosure.

The people are great horsemen; and like the Persians and Tartars, have fine breeds of horses. They employ the lance as a military weapon, and in the use of it are very skilful. They are strict Mohametans, and dress somewhat like Turks, though they wear a red conical bonnet, instead of a turban, and shave or pluck out the beard. A cloak of black goat-skin is in common use for an outer garment. Our traveling companion was thus attired; and therefore he had a very wild appearance. I may add that these wandering Koords are very much devoted to robbery, and often make extensive excursions either on swift dromedaries or on horseback, for the purpose of plunder. The whole country as far as Damascus and Aleppo, with others at a distance of one, two, and even three hundred miles off, is often ravaged by parties of these bold and hardy freebooters. It is, however, a curious fact, that these people do not seem to be greedy of money, and often perform liberal acts. If a stranger comes among them, they are hospitable; and when he goes away, they will sometimes make him rich presents. It is necessary to add that the greater part of the wandering Koords, who are professed robbers, live within the territories of Persia, the country called Koordistan lying partly in that kingdom. After this preface, the reader will appreciate the story of the our Koordish passenger which was as follows:—

"To the south of Armenia, and west of Koordistan, lies the district of Diarbekir, the capital being a city of the same name. Its ancient name was Anieda, and being surrounded with a lofty wall of black stone, it is called by the natives

Black-Anied. It is situated on the Tigris, and indeed is nearly encircled by that river. Its houses are built of stone, and it is altogether the most splendid city in that part of the country.

"Now, many years ago, there lived in this place a rich merchant by the name of Zamoun. In early life, he had traded in various countries, especially with China, and Hindostan, and Persia, and Bagdad, and Damascus; he had sent caravans loaded with precious stones, jewels in silver and gold, shawls, and other goods, from one place to another, even from China to Astrakan, and from Astrakan to China; and thus he had amassed great wealth.

"Rich as he was, however, Zamoun was a hard man. Whoever owed him money, must pay, or go to prison. Among others that became his victims was a chief of Koordistan, by the name of Boroz. He borrowed a large sum of money of Zamoun, promising to pay it at a given time. Not being able to do this, the hard-hearted merchant threw him into prison, took possession of his castle in Koordistan, and turned his family out of doors. When some one remonstrated with him for this severity, he replied that these Koords are great rascals, that they never kept their engagements, and it was rather a merit than a crime to shut them up in prison whenever a chance was offered.

"But although Zamoun was thus hard-hearted, and seemed to love money above every thing else, there was in fact one thing which he loved still better, and that was his daughter Peria. She was a beautiful girl of sixteen years of age, and all that remained to him of his family. But at last she was taken ill, and gradually pined away, so that she could hardly stand. Her father was greatly distressed, and sent for all the most celebrated physicians of Diarbekir and the vicinity. They shook their heads, and said that the disease was very mysterious, and therefore they could not venture to tell its name or predict

its result. On the whole, however, they had little reason to hope for her recovery.

"While things were in this desperate state, Zamoun heard of a young stranger who had just arrived in Diarbekir, and who, it was said, was a famous physician. He sent to him, and besought him to come and see his daughter. The stranger came, and having examined the patient, he remarked, 'You love this child, Zamoun?'

"'Yes, above all things.'

"'Above your wealth?'

"'Yes, I would cheerfully give all I possess to insure her recovery.'

"'Well, her disease is severe but not hopeless. If you desire it, I will undertake her treatment. If I fail, I will accept no fee; if I succeed, you shall give me all your possessions—lands, houses, merchandise, and money. What say you to my proposition?'

"'It is most unreasonable: you would not ask me to accede to it? Do not take advantage of my agony. If you have skill, I beseech you to use it for the restoration of my child.'

"'I will make you another proposition,' said the physician. 'If I save your daughter, I will take either your fortune or her as my reward, but it shall be at my option.'

"'Oh, have pity on me,' said the agonized father. 'While we are chaffering as to the fee, my child is dying. I accede to your proposition. Only save her, and it is all I ask.'

"'But the contract must be in writing.

"'Well, write it, and I will sign it.'

"The contract was accordingly written, and duly executed. The physician then sat down by the patient, and after a careful examination, he prescribed certain remedies. For two days no change was perceived, but at last she fell into a profound sleep, and after a time, awoke much refreshed. The

crisis was past, the danger was over. In two weeks the young girl was completely restored.

"The physician was now absent for a few days, but at last he returned and went to the house of Zamoun. The merchant trembled when he saw him, for he supposed he had come to demand the fulfilment of the contract. He would have kept him out of the house, had he dared to do so. He thought it best, however, to greet him civilly. Accordingly, after some hesitation, he went forward and gave the usual salutations. He then said, 'I suppose you have come for your fee: there is a thousand crowns of silver, which you will confess is a generous reward. I owe you much, and you see I pay accordingly.'

"'You seem to forget the contract between us.'

"'No, I remember it, but that of course is a farce: you cannot think of enforcing so absurd an agreement.'

"'Do you mean to deny its validity?'

"'Of course, I do.'

"'Well, we will see how it is.'

"The physician departed, and proceeded to the pacha of the district. The case was stated to him, and the decision was, that the contract was valid. Zamoun was therefore commanded immediately to fulfil it. Officers went with the physician to return this answer, and to enforce the contract.

"The merchant saw there was no escape, and therefore he prepared to obey. He called upon the physician to decide which he should claim, his fortune or his child.

"'Your child!' was the reply.

"The old man fell upon his knees and begged the physician rather to take his fortune. The heart of the young man was touched: he took the contract in his hands, tore it in pieces, and gave them to Zamoun. With a mingled look of delight and amazement, the old man took the fragments, and then asked—

"'Is this a sudden act of madness, or is it your deliberate intention?'

"'It is my deliberate intention.'

"'And you thus release me from my engagement?'

"'I do.'

"'And you leave me my fortune and my child?'

"'I do.'

"'This is a miracle! Who are you?'

"'I belong to a people you despise.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'I am a Koord!'

"'You have redeemed the race in my opinion; such an act as you have just performed could hardly have been achieved even by a citizen of Diarbekir.'

"'But you have not heard all.'

"What more have you to say?'

"'I am the son of Boroz!'

"The old man staggered: this was too much, and a sudden paralysis seized him. The shock, however, was slight, and soon passed away. He now confessed that the physician had conquered him. He caused Boroz to be immediately liberated from prison, and offered to restore his castle; he also pressed the physician to receive a large sum of money for his services. Both the father and son, however, refused to accept any thing, and soon departed to their own country.

"Here they took possession of a small estate belonging to them, but they had been there only two months when a message came from Zamoun, saying that his daughter was again at the point of death, and begging the young physician immediately to come to Diarbekir, and prescribe for her. With this request, he complied. On examining the patient, he was greatly puzzled, for though she had symptoms of fever, he could discover no cause for it. In a short time she was quite restored, but just as the physician was about to depart, she had a relapse.

"Zamoun was a shrewd man, and he now readily divined

the cause of his daughter's illness. Taking the young physician aside, he said:

"'Have you discovered the seat of my daughter's disease?'

"'It is in the region of the heart; but I have not discovered the cause.'

"'And have you divined the cure?'

"'I am afraid not. My medicines have given temporary relief, but, as you see, the symptoms have returned.'

"'Will you allow me to prescribe for her?'

"'You can do what you will with your own child.'

"'Then I prescribe you as her husband!'

"The physician did not object. As soon as Peria was informed of the arrangement she had a terrible spasm, but she got over it, and in a week was so perfectly recovered as to go through the ceremony of marriage."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Turcomans.—The Turcoman's Story.

The Koords are good story-tellers, and some of them have a wonderful talent at making up poetry and tales off-hand, and these they recite with great effect. Our rough companion, on the present occasion, told his story in such a way as to make it very interesting.

We now called upon the Turcoman for his story, and so he began. But before I repeat what he said, I must say a word about Turcomania, and the strange people who inhabit it. It lies along the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, and extends to the sea of Aral, on the east. Southward it stretches in deserts of sand, intersected by occasional patches of verdure, to the borders of Persia. The people appear to be a mixed

race, descended from the Usbecks and other Tartar tribes, yet they are of a very peculiar character. They are small in size, of a square build and swarthy complexion. They live in rude tents, and some of them dwell in caves. They manufacture a coarse camel's hair cloth, which, with goat and sheep-skins, serve for clothing. Their tents are covered with a species of felt.

For the most part, they are wanderers from place to place, though a portion of them have fixed habitations, and raise a few melons, with some rice, cucumbers, &c. They are governed by chiefs, yet these have no great authority. Small companies of these people may be seen in all the surrounding countries, and especially in Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor. These resemble the gipsies, and wherever they go, they are thieves and robbers on a small scale. In their own country they are shepherds and horsemen, always taking advantage of opportunities for plunder. The caravans of traders and travelers, constantly crossing the interior of Asia in every direction, have from time immemorial furnished opportunities to the Arabs, the Koords, and the Turcomans for plunder, and no doubt have served to perpetuate the predatory habits of these ruthless races. In former ages, the Turcomans at several periods have been numerous, and have made themselves formidable to the surrounding countries. Northern Persia has been rendered desolate by their ravages, and to this day it remains almost a waste, where formerly there was a rich and thriving population. At certain epochs they have established kingdoms which have risen to importance and power. Even the Turkish dynasty originated with a body of Turcoman soldiers. I will now give you the narrative of our Turcoman fellow-passenger.

"Our Armenian friend has told us the story of his family of seven sons, all of whom prospered in life by observing a certain rule, that is, '*Do the best you can, and pray God to help you.*' That may do for a Christian but it will not answer for a

Mahometan. Our doctrine is that all things are fore-ordained, and that our own conduct cannot change the decision of fate. My story will illustrate this principle.

"At the north-eastern corner of the Caspian Sea is a large bay called the Dead Gulf. Upon the shore of this sheet of water, there once lived a man by the name of Agour. He was very poor, and dwelt in a cave with his family, consisting of a wife and two children. These were twin boys, and were so much alike that it was almost impossible to tell them apart. Even the parents often mistook one for the other, and for this reason their names were marked on their breasts with a hot iron. One—the eldest—was called Kamil, and the other Irak.

"When they were twenty years old, they said they did not wish to live all their lifetime in a cave, cultivating a little patch of ground, and half starving in spite of their hard exertions. They chose rather to go forth and seek their fortunes. So they departed together.

"They joined a small band of Turcomans who were going in search of plunder. These proceeded eastward, and at length they reached the country of Khorassan. While in the neighborhood of the city of Meshed, they came across a caravan; this they attacked and secured a considerable booty. Among the spoils were two beautiful young ladies; and these being captured by the twin brothers, fell to their share. One of the ladies was fair, and the other was dark, and as both brothers preferred the fair one, they could not agree as to the division. Accordingly they drew lots for the choice, and Kamil, the elder brother, obtained the one he desired. It turned out that she was the daughter of the Pacha of Meshed, and Kamil obtained for her ransom a thousand crowns. The brunette was her maid, and Irak received for her ransom only a hundred crowns.

"After a variety of adventures, the brothers returned to their country, Kamil having obtained a large sum of money,

and Irak only about a tenth part as much. Leaving all this in the care of their father, they set out with another band for a still more distant enterprise. Passing around the southern point of the Caspian Sea, they crossed the Persian territories, traversed Mesopotamia, and at last came to Syria. On the desert which spreads around the famous ruins of Palmyra, they met a party of travelers, under the escort of a large body of Arab soldiers. The Turcomans, being deceived as to their number, immediately began the attack. A furious battle followed, in which every Turcoman was slain except the twin brothers. Kamil was wounded, taken captive, and carried to Damascus. He soon recovered, and was sold as a slave to a rich merchant.

"He was now employed in a flower garden, in which situation he remained for several months, his chief duty being to water the flowers. The garden was surrounded by a high wall on every side, save one, which was closed by the merchant's house. Here was a latticed window, out of which the merchant's wife and daughter could look into the garden, though they could not themselves be seen. But one day, perhaps by accident, the lattice flew open, and Kamil saw, sitting at the window, the most beautiful young lady he had ever beheld. She immediately ran away, but the next day the same thing happened, and at last the lattice got such a trick that it flew open every day, and just at the time that Kamil happened to be in the garden.

"Well, Kamil plucked a beautiful moss rose, and, without being seen, by means of a pole, he placed it on the window. After a time the maiden came and took it, and then she let fall, in reply, a small white rose. An acquaintance thus began, ended in mutual affection, and after a time Kamil and the young lady went away together. They had plenty of means, for the girl brought all her jewels; so they proceeded to Mecca, where they were married. On their way back they saw a small party of travelers beset by a band of Bedouin

Arabs. In a moment Kamil discovered that his father-in-law was among the travelers, and that he and his party were on the point of being overwhelmed. Sending off his wife and attendants to a distance, he mounted a fleet horse, seized his scimetar, and dashed into the midst of the fight. The Bedouins, amazed at this sudden attack, and seeing two or three of their number instantly fall beneath the blade of the stranger, suddenly took to flight.

"Kamil now went to his father-in-law, who was trampled in the sand, and a good deal bruised, though not otherwise injured. When the old man had recovered his senses, Kamil made himself known. He also brought his wife, who fell upon her knees before her father, and begged his forgiveness. The old man had suffered very much by the loss of his daughter, and was now on a pilgrimage to Mecca, as well to expiate the sins supposed to have brought such a calamity upon him, as to ask advice of the seers of the Holy City, which might enable him to recover her. Now that he found her in safety, and apparently happy, after some scolding, he forgave her, and took her husband into favor. Having completed their pilgrimage to Mecca, they all returned to Damascus, where Kamil received from his father-in-law a beautiful house, and a great deal of money, so that he was very rich, and with his beautiful wife, he was very prosperous.

"A number of years now passed away; but, at length, a war broke out between the different tribes of Syria. Kamil was selected as one of the captains, and went forth to the battle. In one of the conflicts he bore down every thing before him. His courage and his energy attracted the attention and applause of all around him. At last, a horseman, belonging to the enemy, singled him out, and made a furious attack upon him. They fought for a long time, their weapons ringing with the blows aimed at each other. Finally, Kamil's horse, having received a sabre cut in the throat, fell dead upon the field.

Kamil fell, and was buried beneath him. His enemy dismounted; but, as he was about to plunge his weapon in the heart of Kamil, he stumbled, and, as he plunged forward, Kamil's scimetar passed through his bosom.

"As soon as Kamil could extricate himself from his horse, he went to the relief of his fallen enemy. The latter groaned as he looked upon him. Surprised at this exclamation, Kamil gazed intently at the dying soldier. 'Is it possible that this is my brother?' said he. 'I thought he was slain in the battle near Palmyra; but, surely this man greatly resembles him.' He then opened his mantle, and, upon his breast, he saw the name of Irak!

"Great was the grief of Kamil, for he almost felt that he had killed his brother. He stooped down and kissed the pallid brow of the wounded man. The latter, who had been in a swoon, awoke, and looked on Kamil, and said:—

"'Is this paradise?'

"'It is not paradise,' said Kamil, weeping to see the mind of his brother thus wavering.

"'Why, then,' said Irak, 'do I see Kamil?'

"'We are both on earth, my brother, and both, I trust, destined to live and be happy.'

"'No, no, there is no happiness for me. But I thought you were killed at the battle of Palmyra?'

"'No; I was taken and carried into slavery. I am now rich, and you shall come with me to Damascus, where I will make you rich also.'

"'It is impossible; ever since we parted I have been the constant sport of misfortune. It cannot be. Fate has so decreed. Ah, it is dark: it is death! Farewell, my brother.'"

This story was rather serious; and, for a time, we were all silent. The conversation, however, was soon renewed, and we had several other tales, which shall be related in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Story of the Greek Priest.—The Monk of St. Basilius.—The Tartar's Tale, or the Fatal Race for a Bride.

I HOPE the reader is not tired of these stories, for they seem to be illustrative, as before remarked, of the manners and customs of the classes of persons of which the narrators, were in some degree, the types. If the reader is, however, of a different opinion, he can skip this chapter, and go on to the pages which follow it. For the benefit of others, I now give the tale related by our fellow voyager, the Greek Priest.

"There was, once upon a time," said the narrator—taking his pipe from his mouth—a monk, who came to the monastery of Saint Basilius, at Moscow, and desired admittance. He was very much emaciated, and seemed so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. He was taken to a room, and every thing required for his comfort, was provided for him. He, however, refused to take food, and soon he sank into a sort of swoon or lethargy, which seemed like death itself.

"In this state he remained for several days, until, at last, it appeared that he was really dead. Accordingly, preparations were made to bury him; but, just as they were screwing down his coffin, he rose up in his grave-clothes, and looked around with a horrible stare. Every body was frightened, and ran away. Pretty soon the monks, who looked upon what had happened as a terrible apparition, saw a form moving along the avenue which led to the chapel, where they had assembled. It was clad in a shroud, with a fillet around its head, giving to the ghastly countenance, the very face of Death. They all fell upon

their knees, crossed themselves, and began to say the prayers appointed for the casting out of evil spirits.

"Very few dared to look at the horrible spectre; but those who did, were thrilled with terror to see the ghost walk up and down the chapel, as if looking for something. Finally, it came to a smooth stone, set in the wall near the altar. Here it paused, and began to examine it. After a little space, it touched a spring, and the stone flew round, presenting some inscription upon the surface thus disclosed to the view. The ghost fell upon its knees, and seemed to peruse this mystic writing with profound interest. The chapel was dark, and only the light of the tapers burning at the altar fell upon the stone; yet, the apparition seemed to have no difficulty in making out the purport of the inscription. Apparently satisfied at what he had seen, he again touched the spring; the stone flew round, and all seemed as it was before. The ghost then walked out of the chapel, and disappeared.

"The whole monastery was thrilled with horror at this awful visitation. After a time, however, some of the priests ventured to approach the room of the strange father. On entering the place they found it vacant. They went to the coffin, and the dead body was no longer there!

"For a long time the story of this awful event was the theme of wonder and discussion among the brotherhood of Saint Basilius' monastery. A great many attempts were made to unravel the mystery. The general opinion was, that the apparition was the ghost of some monk, who had committed a great crime, and who, having died without absolution, his spirit wandered forth from the regions of torment to which it was consigned. It was generally supposed that his history was in some way connected with the stone in the side of the chapel; but, for a long time, no one dared to approach the place. After some months, however, it was determined to seek the mysterious spring, and try to solve the mystery.

"It chanced to be just a year from the time on which the ghost had visited the chapel, that the fathers had all assembled to make their experiment. With beating hearts and trembling hands, they approached, and passed their fingers along the wall. One after another they tried to discover the secret; and, at last, one of them chanced to press his thumb on a particular place, when a sharp click was heard, and instantly the stone flew round, just as it had done when touched by the ghost. All the priests started, and looked around. What was their horror to see, coming down the aisle of the chapel, the image of a man, but so thin and ghastly that it seemed only a spirit. They all fled in terror, and left the unwelcome stranger alone. One monk only dared to look through the screen of the organ to see what happened.

"He saw the apparition approach the stone; the latter, discovering that it was turned round, knelt, and read the inscription apparently with extreme interest. When he had done, he seemed relieved, and, with a noiseless tread, departed.

"This incident revived the previous wonder and terror of the whole monastery. Again, all sorts of conjectures were formed as to its meaning, but no one could interpret the marvellous appearance and strange demeanor of the ghost. At length, a year had passed away, and again a thin, emaciated friar begged admission at the gate. He seemed like the holy father who had appeared some two years before, and who had been supposed to die in his room; but, if possible, he was even more worn and wasted. His hair was white, and his thin, snowy beard fell down to his girdle. When he walked, no sound was made by his footstep; when he spoke, a whisper only issued from his lips. His eye seemed but a transparent ball of glass, which, however, reflected a single glowing ray of light.

"He was received, though a chill feeling of terror ran through the monastery. He went to his room, where he remained four days without food. At last he seemed about to

die, and a confessor was sent for. One of the brethren came to him, and he said in a faint whisper: —

"'Are we alone?'

"There was something so soft, yet so distinct, in this tone, that the holy confessor felt his heart grow cold, and his hair rise on end. He was so disturbed, that for a time he could not reply. At last, he said: —

"'Yes, brother, we are alone.'

"'And, are you a monk of the order of Saint Basilius?'

"'I am.'

"'And, have you been recently shriven, and have you partaken of the Holy Eucharist, so that you have full power to hear the confession of a great sinner, and a dying man?'

"'I have, brother.'

"'And, is what I am about to reveal to you under the sacred seal of secresy?'

"'It is; and you may speak as if addressing the Ear of God.'

"Alas! it is a terrible revelation, but it must be made, or I must die, and my unshriven soul must pass into perdition. Let me proceed, then; but, brother, put your ear close, for my voice is faint.'

"Well, I can hear; proceed, therefore, with your confession.'

"'Not here, not here; I must go to the chapel. It is there alone I can tell my story."

"At this, the holy confessor felt a sense of terror seize upon his limbs, and he was on the point of flying from the presence of this mysterious stranger. He, however, summoned up all his courage, and, assisting the fainting friar to rise, led him to the chapel. The sufferer requested to be conducted to a place at the left hand of the altar, near the wall. When he reached this, he was completely exhausted. After a time, he was able to rise on his knees, and, in this position, he proceeded in a faint tone, as follows: —

"'Holy father, you see before you a wretch, who has committed sacrilege!'

"The confessor groaned, but he encouraged the penitent to proceed.

"'My name,' said the trembling friar, 'is ———'"

* * * * * *

Here the Greek priest, who had told the story with great effect, and had wrought up the interest of his listeners to the highest pitch, suddenly paused. We all waited some moments in anxious suspense to hear the horrible revelation. But the priest took out his pipe, lighted it, and began very quietly to smoke. Several of us then asked him to proceed, and finish his tale.

"It is finished!" said he.

"But, tell us the confession!" said one of the party.

"The secrets of the confessional are sacred," said the priest.

"But, who was this man that had committed sacrilege, and what became of him?"

"I have told you the story just as it was told to me."

As the priest said this, there was a sly smile in the corner of his mouth, and, thereupon, we all burst into a laugh, acknowledging that it was a very clever quiz.

The reader will remember that all this time we were on the deck of a little schooner, making our way slowly to Astrabad. At sea, people catch at straws for amusement, and, therefore, it will be readily understood that we all listened to the stories of the company, whether they were good or bad. Each person was called upon to tell a story; and, when we had done laughing at the horrible legend of the ghost of Saint Basilius' monastery, it was the turn of a fierce looking Tartar, from the banks of Lake Baikal, and he proceeded as follows:—

"As there are persons here from various countries, I must tell them that among the Tartars of the Kirquiz nation, it is the custom, when a man is about to marry, for him and the

bride to be mounted on horseback. The bride then sets out, and goes to the distance of about half a mile, when her lover starts to overtake her. In general she rides fast, and even if she is willing to be caught, she pretends to do all in her power to escape. In point of fact, our history records very few instances in which ladies thus pursued have not been overtaken."

"The reason is, perhaps," said one of the company," that they don't know how to ride."

"On the contrary," said the Tartar, "our women are good riders, and many of them equal the other sex in this accomplishment. Our people, of both sexes, are trained to riding on horseback from infancy. If you were to visit one of our encampments, you would see children climbing upon the horses, and playing upon their backs, as you see monkeys sporting among the branches of the trees.

"Well, once upon a time, near the borders of Lake Baikal, there was a Tartar maiden of great beauty, who was courted by at least a dozen lovers. Among them were several persons of great wealth, and one who bore the title of Khan. He was, in fact, the chief of a considerable tribe who dwelt in the neighborhood. The lady seemed not to fancy any of these persons, but at last a young man came to offer himself, who fairly won her heart. He was a chief, but of a small tribe, and destitute of riches. He was, indeed, brave, and a famous horseman, but the father of the maiden wished his daughter to make a more ambitious match.

"Thus affairs went on for some time, until, at last, the maiden, weary of the importunity of her lovers and the impatience of her father, proposed to mount a fleet horse, and having a start of half a mile, her lovers might pursue, and he who caught her first should have her.

"This arrangement was finally accepted by all parties. The preparations for the chase were soon made, and the tribes all

around assembled to witness it. The maiden, whose name was Maoki, which means the Flying Deer, was mounted on a small black mare, of the breed of Mount Libanus, and celebrated for their swiftness.

"The Khan, whom I have mentioned as one of the lovers, was mounted on a horse of iron gray, of prodigious strength and vigorous action. When he moved, it seemed like the working of a machine of iron. His step was high, yet direct, and far-reaching. All who saw him, said in their hearts, that his master would win the prize. Maoki herself looked with dismay upon the noble animal and his proud rider, for of all her suitors, she liked him the least. Nay, there was something about him so hard, dark, and severe, that she feared, if she did not hate him.

"The other lovers were variously mounted, but all had selected the most famous steeds known in the whole country round, for their speed and their endurance. The young chief favored by Maoki, and who bore the name of Larone, or the Whirlwind, came on a milk-white charger, his eyes beaming with intelligence and fire, while his dilating nostrils seemed like two blazing coals, fanned by the wind. As he came up, Maoki smiled, though she seemed not to look at him. As he passed near her, she said in a low tone, 'I shall be the bride of death or the Whirlwind!' This met no ear but his.

"The arrangements all being completed, Maoki set forward, and soon reached the point fixed upon as marking the advance she was to have in the race. At the signal for a start, all the lovers bounded away like the wind. The course taken by Maoki was over a level plain stretching out for miles. Her fleet black mare, with long silky main and tail, laid herself down, and seemed to fly with the wings of a raven. On came the thundering band along her track, some piercing the air with wild cries, and some lashing their steeds with the knout. Soon the whole chase was only to be seen in the distance, and

finally they all seemed on the remote surface of the plain, like insects creeping along the edge of the horizon.

"The spectators long watched the scene with intense interest. At last there arose a wild shout, 'They are coming! they are coming!' It was indeed true. Maoki had made a wide sweep on the plain, and having eluded her pursuers, was flying back, as if to take shelter at the point of her departure. Swift as a hawk she came, her beast reeking with foam, and her nostrils seeming to be on fire. Close at her heels was the Khan and his iron charger. Next came the white steed of Larone, springing and gathered with the facility and speed of a mountain deer. Then, straggling far behind, but yet with desperate efforts, came the rest of the pursuers.

"Maoki approached the place of her departure, and a cry of applause burst from the assembled spectators: but all wondered what she intended to do. Just as she came close to the crowd, she touched the rein, and her horse shot by like an arrow. Two bounds behind was the Khan, and close upon him was Larone. It was a fine but fearful sight. The horses were gushing with blood at the nostrils, and each breath they drew, was like the plash of hail against the frozen cover of a tent.

"Suddenly a cry of horror burst from the crowd. Maoki was speeding directly toward the cliff that beetled along the shore of the lake. She was already on its verge. Another bound, and she and her horse disappeared. They had gone over the cliff! In an instant the Khan followed with his steed, and almost at the same moment, Larone also was lost to the view. The people hurried to the shore, and there they saw a strong swimmer in the waters of the lake, mounted upon his steed, and approaching the land. It was the Khan, and he was soon safe on the shore, but all beside had disappeared, and were never seen after that fatal day."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I engage in the Service of the Armenian Merchant.—My Outfit.—Journey to Bagdad.—The ancient City of Hamadan.—Semiramis, Alexander, Mordecai, Esther, Arphaxad.—Kermanshah.—Excavations of Taki Bostan.—Bagdad.—Description of the Place.—Government, Trade, Manners, and Customs.—My Trading Operations.—Serious Illness and Loss of my Beard.—Set out to return to Teheran.—The Simoon in the Desert.—Remarkable Events.—Arrival at Teheran.—Am dismissed by my Employer.—An interesting Interview.—Strange Christianity.—A Romance.—All Right at Last.—Return to Sandy Plain.

In the course of my voyages and travels, to and from the Caspian sea, I had got very well acquainted with the Armenian merchant, and he seemed to have formed a pretty good opinion of me. At least, I so inferred, for he offered to engage me in his service as a trading agent, and as I had nothing better to do, I accepted his proposal.

My first expedition was to Bagdad, situaded on the Tigris, four hundred miles in a south-westerly direction from Teheran. My equipage consisted of a dromedary, or one-humped camel, loaded with raw silk, pipe sticks, and dressed lamb skins. Altogether these weighed two hundred pounds, and cost about seven hundred dollars. I was expected to sell them for at least two thousand.

In all respects I was equipped like a prince, with a long loose coat, loose trowsers, red morocco boots, and a turban. My beard, now fourteen inches long, gave me a venerable appearance. My height, one-third greater than that of most of the Persians, rendered me an object to be looked at, in such a country as this.

No one who has goods with him ever travels alone in this

country; so I joined one of the caravans, which contained two hundred and thirty-seven camels, and a few horses. Nearly all the persons belonging to it were traders, though there were a few pilgrims, bound for Mecca. There were a Persian poet, or story-teller, four jugglers from Hindostan, and a prince of Beloochistan, with six attendants.

We followed the great route which connects Teheran with Mesopotamia, and in five days reached Hamadan, a distance of one hundred and ninety miles. We found this place to contain about thirty thousand inhabitants. It covers a large space, the houses being interspersed with a great many trees. It has a mean appearance, and is, indeed, only important as a stopping place and rendezvous, on a great trading thoroughfare. To a historian, it is exceedingly interesting, for here was the city of Ecbatana, capital of the Median empire, and built two thousand years before Christ. The immense ruins of walls and buildings, scattered here and there, fully support the ancient accounts of its magnificence.

Now, I need not tell the reader that I am a man of no learning. My school education was pretty much confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a little history, which I learnt from the Bible and the School Histories; but I have the curiosity natural to a Yankee, and the lively interest in every thing that bears the marks of antiquity, common to Americans. The people of old countries, born and brought up in the midst of ruins, even though these may be associated with the deeds of Alexander, or Nebuchadnezzar, or Pharaoh, or Moses, or some other great character, regard them only as common stones; but we of the United States, to whom antiquity is a novelty, look upon these things with a curiosity amounting almost to reverence. When I found out that Semiramis had been here; when they showed me a building, which, by its inscription, claimed to be the tomb of Mordecai and another that of Esther; when I saw a heep of ruins, said to be

the sepulchres of the Median kings, and among them, Arphaxad of the Scriptures; when I learned that the place had been besieged and taken by Nebuchadnezzar; all my American readers will readily understand that, simple and common as was my early education, I felt a profound interest in wandering about and looking at the vestiges of this curious city.

Hamadan may, indeed, be regarded as one of the most wonderful places in the world, on account of its antiquity, and its history. It is, perhaps, as ancient as Babylon or Nineveh. Like them, it has been the capital of many successive empires and kingdoms; like them it has been often besieged, taken, and destroyed; but, unlike them, it has always arisen from its ruins. While Babylon and Nineveh have been buried and almost forgotten, for more than a thousand years, Hamadan has existed, and even in modern times has been successively conquered by Othman, Zinghis Timour, Hussein, Ahmed, and Nadir Shah. Where is there another city, that for four thousand years, is known to have been the favorite residence of kings? The history of this place reaches back to early Bible times, and coming down to the present day, would fill a volume, presenting, perhaps, a more extraordinary gallery of portraits than were ever before collected into one picture.

However interesting it might have been to have pored over the ruins of Hamadan, I stayed there only two days. Our caravan then took up its line of march, and soon reached Kermanshah, which is a place of some note, having thirty thousand inhabitants. It is the capital of a province, and the beglerbeg, or governor, is a Persian prince. Six miles to the east, are the celebrated excavations and sculptures of Taki Bostan. Here, an arch sixty feet high, twenty feet deep, and twenty-four feet wide, is cut in the solid rock. Above and around are gigantic figures, carved on the face of the rock, and executed in an admirable manner. These stupendous

works are imputed to Semiramis. Is it not a strange country, where one is constantly meeting with works executed by those who lived three or four thousand years ago?

We found this place in a thriving condition, and, in that respect, different from most other cities of Persia, for nearly all are on the sites of ancient towns which have decayed, leaving behind their ghastly ruins, to show the contrast between former prosperity and present degradation. We remained here, however, but a single day, to rest our beasts. In four days after leaving Kermanshah, we reached Bagdad—our whole journey of nearly four hundred miles having been performed in about fifteen days.

Every body has heard of Bagdad, the capital of the Saracen caliphs, or emperors, and the residence of Haroun al Raschid, who figures so largely in the amusing stories of the Arabian Nights; but every body has not seen it, or even read about it, as it now is. I must, therefore, give a brief account of it.

It stands on both sides of the river Tigris—the greater part of the city being on the eastern bank. The stream is crossed by a bridge of planks, resting on boats, anchored side by side. The width of the river is about two hundred yards. It is an insignificant looking stream for one so famous—for it must be remembered that it has been renowned from the days when Nineveh began to rise along its borders.

The city is now a miserable skeleton of what it was a thousand years ago, in the time of the splendid caliphs Haroun, Almamoun, and others. Its population does not exceed seventy or eighty thousand; the wall which encompasses it is five miles in circuit. This is of mud and brick, and at intervals is flanked with towers: some of them, built by the caliphs, are of surprising magnitude.

Most of the streets are dark and narrow. In many of them two persons can hardly pass each other. There are several bazaars, which are very extensive, and supplied with a great

variety of merchandise, but they are all destitute of beauty. Few of the ancient buildings remain, yet there are enough to show the magnificence of the place in the time of its glory. The palace of the caliphs, so superb that one can hardly conceive its beauty and splendor, has totally disappeared. Among the existing relics of former glory, is the tomb of Zobeida, the most beloved of the wives of Haroun al Raschid, with the gate of the Talisman—both exquisite specimens of Saracenic skill and taste.

Bagdad is in what is generally called Koordistan, the site of the ancient empire of Assyria. To the west of it lies Mesopotamia, the ancient Babylonia or Chaldea. These two countries, lying between the Koordistan mountains on the east, and the desert of Arabia on the west, comprise a territory of one hundred thousand square miles—and one of the finest valleys in the world. Here the first families after the flood, began to swell into nations. Here were Babel, and Babylon, and Nineveh, and here are their remains, buried beneath heaps of soil, having been hidden from the eye of man for ages. There is not on the globe, perhaps, a finer region. Here no doubt, was the garden of Eden—and here, we know, was the great nursery of mankind in the infant days of our race. It was, no doubt, chosen by the Creator, on account of its fertility, as the place where the human family should multiply and increase, and replenish the earth. And what is it now? "The mighty cities of Babylon, and Nineveh, and Seleucia, and Ctesiphon, have crumbled into dust. The humble tent of the Arab occupies the spot formerly adorned with the palaces of kings, and his flocks procure but a scanty pittance of food amid the fallen fragments of ancient magnificence. The banks of the Euphrates, and the Tigris, once so prolific, are, for the most part, covered with thickets of brushwood; and the interior of the province, which was traversed and fertilized by innumerable canals is destitute of either inhabitants or vegetation."

The chief cause of all this degradation is the government, for this fine region, like Asia Minor, Syria, and other countries renowned in history, and blessed by nature, has long been subject to the crushing sway of Turkey. "No grass grows beneath the hoof of the Sultan's horse," is a proverb, the truth of which is written wherever the mosque and the harem are known. Nothing is more certain than that the Turks are a degenerate race, incapable of improvement themselves, and always debasing those who have the misfortune to fall under their dominion. Even Bagdad, which, in the first flush of Saracen glory, attained an almost unexampled pitch of splendor, refinement, and civilization, has gradually sunk lower and lower, under the Turkish government. Degradation, physical and moral, is written in the very faces of the population—for never, any where on earth, have I seen so ugly a people—at once so mean in aspect and expression!

Although the trade of Bagdad has declined, and is still declining, the bazaars present scenes of considerable activity. Crowds of camels are seen in the squares, and along the stalls for merchandise. There are dealers from Persia, Hindostan, Tartary, Arabia, Armenia, Constantinople, and various parts of Syria. Gold brocade, rich silks, sumptuous carpets, and magnificent shawls, are displayed among spices of all kinds, gall-nuts, sugar, pepper, sandal-wood, cutlery, leather, otto of roses, saffron, velvets, and tamarisk. The scene presented is picturesque, for although there is a certain uniformity in the general outline of Asiatic costumes, there is still a good deal of contrast and variety of form and color, in the details of the dress, among these traders gathered from the four winds.

The air and manner of the merchants differs in a singular degree from those of our Christian cities. Instead of the brisk, acquisitive, eager conduct of our traders, these Asiatics have all the gravity, quiet, and submissiveness of a Chinese idol. The shops, or stalls, are ranged in rows. In one of

them a dealer in silks, for instance, seats himself upon a cushion, with his legs under him. To aid his digestion, and to pass the time, he perhaps solaces himself with a pipe, in which he either smokes tobacco or opium. If any one comes to look at his goods, he merely replies to questions; he probably does not stir from his seat. He seems sublimely indifferent as to whether his wares be purchased or not. A question and an answer are usually sufficient for the longest bargain. There is but one price, and of course there is no chaffering.

I adopted the same plan as the rest. I hired a small stall, put a sample of my silk, pipe sticks, and lamb skins in the window, and squatted upon my cushion. Like a patient fisherman I waited three days, with only here and there a nibble: the fourth I had a strong bite, sold my whole stock, and prepared to set out on my journey back to Teheran. But again ill luck befel me in the midst of my seeming prosperity. It was now the fruit season, and tempted by the delicious melons which abound in the markets of Bagdad, I ate too freely of these, and was consequently seized with dysentery, which brought me to the very gates of death. I had lost all consciousness, and as a last remedy, the physician caused my beard to be cut off, and my head to be shaved. These means, with others, had a beneficial effect, and after a short time I began to mend. In three weeks I was so far recovered as to set out for Teheran, making one in a small caravan of traders.

I had gone about half the journey, when I saw a sudden agitation in the caravan. The people leaped to the ground, and fell with their faces to the earth. The camels kneeled and thrust their noses close to the ground. I asked for explanation, and the man of whom I inquired, pointed across the plain before us. I then saw a cloud of sand, agitated like boiling water. It came rolling towards us with a sound similar to that of a heavy fall of rain. Before I could leap from my

camel, I was smitten with a burning wind, which took away my breath, and I fell senseless to the earth.

How long I remained in this situation, I can hardly tell. At length, however, I recovered my senses, and began to look around me. My dromedary was standing at a little distance, but, with this exception, the whole caravan seemed to have disappeared. As I proceeded toward my beast, I discovered a heap of sand, gathered by the tempest which had just swept by—and sticking out of it, I noticed the corner of a robe, richly embroidered. I laid hold of it, and soon discovered beneath the heap of earth, the body of a man—one of the traders of the caravan, whom I had frequently noticed on our journey. Putting my hand on his chest, I perceived that he still breathed. I raised him up, and, after a few moments, his eyes opened. He looked around. At first he took me for a robber, but soon discovering his mistake, he made signs for me to stoop down and listen.

Putting my ear close to his lips, I heard a few whispered sentences, but in a language totally unknown to me. Seeming to suppose I understood him, however, the poor man put his trembling hand into his robe, and drew forth a parcel, which he gave to me. He then, with great effort, took a ring from his finger and gave it to me. After this he was completely exhausted, and, uttering a faint moan he fell back in my arms—his eyes forever closed in death. I buried him mournfully in the sand, mounted my camel, and two days after, joined the caravan.

Immediately on arriving at Teheran, I proceeded to my employer, who, however, received me with a look of astonishment. I easily guessed the reason, for I had been shorn like Samson, and the change in my appearance, through the loss of a beard more than a foot long was, no doubt, very striking. I gave an account of my stewardship, and paid over the proceeds of my enterprise. The merchant took the money, and counting out my portion, which amounted to three hun-

dred and seventy dollars, wrote mutual receipts, and we signed them. He then said:—

"Well, sir, you have discharged your commission with success and fidelity. Farewell!"

"But,"—said I,—"this is strange conduct on your part: you engaged me for several expeditions, provided I was successful."

"Yes, but circumstances have changed: you have lost your chief merit."

"Indeed, and what was that?"

"Your beard."

"You are joking."

"Not at all: I never stoop to a joke. I look upon a beard as indispensable to a man who is to live by exercising influence over other men."

"How so?"

"A beard is a mask to the mind. It hides what a man thinks, feels, intends, purposes. Strip off the mask, and the whole soul is laid open by the revelations of the playing muscles—the tell-tale, ebbing and flowing of the blood within the veins. A man without a beard is a woman, whose very thoughts are written in the face. I want not women in my service, for mine is not woman's work. If you would thrive, conceal your own, while you drive into the thoughts of others. The great art of life, indeed, in commerce with mankind, whatever may be our vocation, is to wear a mask, and God has given it to man in the shape of a beard. He who takes it off is a fool."

Saying this, the Armenian turned on his heel, and I was left alone.

"Well!"—thought I,—"this is a very odd world of ours. However, there's no use in kicking against the pricks." So I went to my quarters, and began to consider my ways. While I was meditating upon the past, the present, and the future, I suddenly recollected the parcel which had been given me by

the poor man who died in the desert. I looked it over and over, and tried to interpret the inscription. It was a small thin packet, tied with a silken thread, the outer envelope being of parchment. I opened it, and found five strips of thin bluish paper, written over with the same mysterious characters as those on the covering. Then I recollected the ring, which I had thrust into a side pocket, and taking it out, I carefully examined it. It was of plain gold on the outside, but on looking within the circle, here again I found an inscription in the same characters as those in the packet.

After considerable reflection, I concluded to go back and take counsel of the Armenian. He refused to see me at first; when he was informed that I had important business with him, he received me. I proceeded at once to tell him the story of the stranger, and the commission he had confided to me. As I went on, I perceived, even through the mask of the Armenian's beard, that he was profoundly interested; bearing, however, a stoical indifference of demeanor, he asked several questions, and finally requested me to show him the parcel and the ring. I took them out, and let him read the inscriptions, though I carefully kept possession of both.

With a keen and stealthy lifting of the eye-brows, the merchant perused my features. He then said:

"You have asked my advice: will you follow it, if I give it to you?"

"If it suits me, yes."

"Tell me one thing: do you confide in me."

"As a sharp merchant, certainly. But you have a beard and I have none. We do not stand on an equal footing: you are masked. Now, you will excuse me for being upon my guard."

"The loss of his hair was the ruin of the strongest of men: the loss of yours seems to have quickened your wits. I see that I must deal with you as a man, not as a woman. Give me those papers and that ring, and I will reward you with a hundred piasters."

"No, no—not for a hundred thousand will I give them up, till I know what they are, and whose they are."

"They belong to me: they are mine!"

"Not quite."—and as I said this I gave the Armenian a keen look, put the articles in my pocket, and turned toward the door. He followed me.

"Come, come," said he, in a wheedling way, "let us take counsel together. Walk into my cabinet, and we will consider the matter."

"No, you've too much beard for me!"

As I said this, the Armenian put his fingers to the back of his head, and suddenly his entire beard fell off, showing a chin shaven as smooth as the back of my hand.

"You are a conjurer," said I.

"Will you treat with me, now?" said he.

"Less than ever. I had formed a good opinion of you, from your story of Luke Gozzo and his seven sons. You told me that you had all made your fortunes by following your mother's maxim: *Do the best you can, and trust God for the rest.* It now seems that you are only a cunning, crafty, deceitful old rascal."

"Cunning, crafty, deceitful, I admit. These qualities are, indeed, my boast. It is by using these gifts that I do the best I can: it is in using these gifts which God has given me, that I put my trust in him.

"And, do you speak this sincerely, or in mockery?"

"In perfect sincerity."

"Does your idea of right and wrong tolerate this life of deception and fraud?"

"Certainly; my morals, my religion inculcate these things."

"Then you are a Turk!"

"No; I am a Christian!"

"Whew! Is it possible that Christianity can mean such different things in different latitudes and longitudes."

"I am no philosopher: I care not for creeds: I am simply an Armenian merchant, whose doctrine is, always to do the best he can. Now, I have dealt openly with you; will you deal openly with me?"

"You have only told me half your story," said I. "Tell me what interest have you in this ring—in these papers!"

"I will tell you frankly. When I was young, I borrowed a thousand piasters of a Jew, in Damascus, agreeing to double the amount every year till the whole was paid. I signed those papers, and gave that ring, both in the secret cypher of our trade, so as to avoid the penalty of the law; for such usury was punished with death. From that day, I have never been able to find my creditor. It is now thirteen years, and the debt, according to the terms of my bond, would amount to over four millions of piasters."

"This is a strange story: how can you prove it to be true."

"Here is the evidence;" and the merchant showed me copies of letters, to and from his brother at Damascus, relating to this matter, and clearly proving it to be as he said.

"Well; so far I am satisfied. But, of course, you do not hold yourself bound to pay such an absurd debt."

"Certainly; to the utmost farthing, if I have so much in the world."

"But, I thought you said it was your maxim to use craft and deception when you had a chance."

"Yes, in the way of trade; but a debt is binding forever."

"But, this debt is against the law; you can set it aside?"

"A debt is sacred with an Armenian merchant; nothing but the bond itself can redeem it."

"And, so you desire to possess yourself of these obligations?"

"You understand me perfectly."

"Well, you can afford to pay something for them."

"Certainly."

"How much?"

"Five thousand piasters!"

"Say ten thousand."

"Well; here is the money."

The Armenian here handed me out ten little bags full of gold. I hesitated; for, after all, I was not quite sure that I was doing right. Several questions began to rise in my own mind. I, however, handed the parcel and the ring to the merchant, and, taking up the gold, was about to depart. The Armenian was absorbed in looking over the notes, when suddenly he started.

"Stay," said he: "Here is a fatal mistake!"

"What is it?" said I."

"Why, all these notes are cancelled: here it is so written on the face of each! This has been done by the Jew, and he was coming to deliver them to me himself."

"I am glad of it," said I; "it's a very pretty romance all round. Here, take back your money. I had some doubts about receiving it; my conscience is lighter now."

The Armenian looked at me steadily. A variety of thoughts seemed to pass across his mind. At last, he said:—

"No! Keep it—it is yours!"

"As a gift?"

"No; as payment of a debt. You have taught me a lesson of rectitude which is worth ten thousand piasters. Take the money, and—farewell!"

Having said this, the Armenian left the room, and I saw him no more.

This is the end of the adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead, as given to the public by himself. It is understood that, soon

after the events related in the last chapter, he returned to Sandy Plain, where he was welcomed by his friends, and where he was looked up to by the people generally, and the children in particular, as a great traveler.

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